
P O P E's

ODYSSEY.

VOL. V.

A



GEORGE R.

GEORGE, by the Grace of God, King of *Great Britain, France and Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all to whom these Presents shall come, Greeting: Whereas *Bernard Lintot* of our City of *London*, Bookseller, hath by his Petition humbly represented unto Us, that he is now Printing a Translation, undertaken by Our Trusty and Well-beloved *Alexander Pope*, Esq; of the *Odyssey* of *Homer* from the *Greek*, in Five Volumes in *Folio* upon large and small Paper, in *Quarto* upon Royal Paper, in *Octavo* and *Duodecimo*, with large Notes upon each Book, and that he has been at great Expence in carrying on the said Work, and the sole Right and Title of the Copy of the same being vested in the said *Bernard Lintot*, he has humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing thereof for the term of fourteen Years: We are therefore graciously pleased to gratify him in his Request, and do by these Presents, agreeable to the Statute in that behalf made and provided, for Us, Our Heirs and Successors, give and grant unto him the said *Bernard Lintot*, his Executors, Administrators and Assigns, Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing of the said Translation of the *Odyssey* of *Homer*, for and during the term of fourteen Years, to be computed from the Day of the Date hereof. Strictly forbidding and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, and other our Dominions, to reprint or abridge the same, either in the like, or any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies of the same or any Part thereof Reprinted beyond the Seas, within the said Term of Fourteen Years, without the Consent or Approbation of the said *Bernard Lintot*, his Heirs, Executors and Assigns, by Writing under his or their Hands and Seals first had and obtained, as they and every of them offending herein will answer the contrary at their Perils. Whereof the Master, Wardens, and Company of *Stationers* of Our City of *London*, the Commissioners and other Officers of our Customs, and all other our Officers and Ministers whom it may concern are to take Notice, that due Obedience be given to Our Pleasure herein signified. Given at Our Court at *St. James's* the Nineteenth Day of *February* 1727. In the Eleventh Year of our Reign.

By His Majesty's Command,

TOWNSHEND.

THE
ODYSSEY
OF
HOMER.

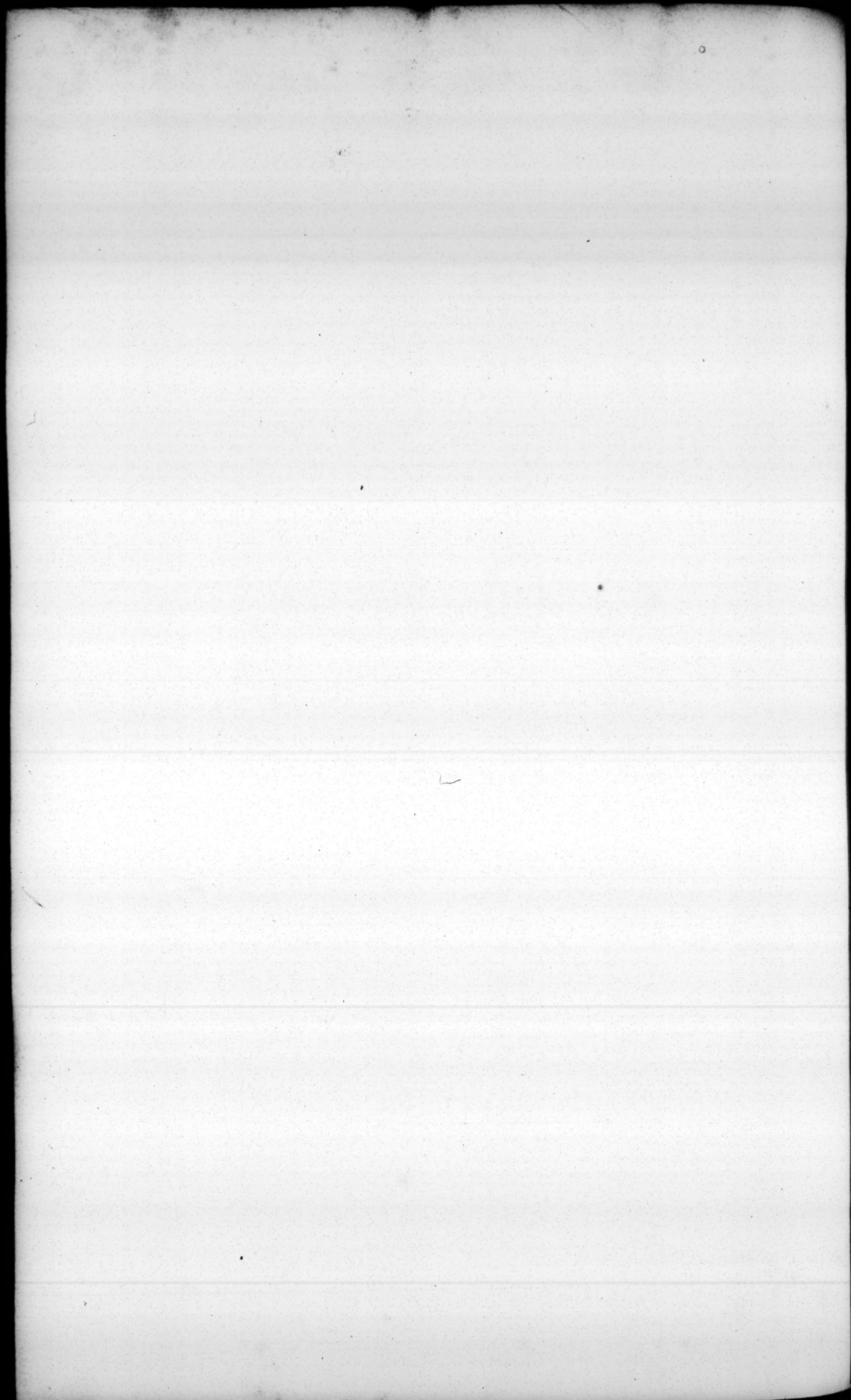
Translated from the *GREEK*.

VOL. V.



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THE
TWENTIETH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

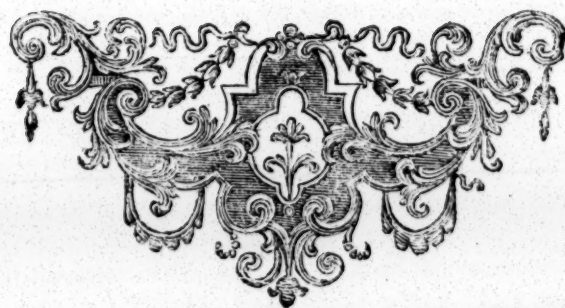
VOL. V.

B



The ARGUMENT.

While Ulysses lies in the Vestibule of the Palace, he is witness to the disorders of the women. Minerva comforts him and casts him asleep. At his awaking he desires a favourable sign from Jupiter, which is granted. The feast of Apollo is celebrated by the People, and the Suitors banquet in the Palace. Telemachus exerts his authority amongst them, notwithstanding which, Ulysses is insulted by Ctesippus, and the rest continue in their excesses. Strange Prodigies are seen by Theoclymenus the Augur, who explains them to the destruction of the Wooers.



THE



THE
TWENTIETH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.



N ample hide divine *Ulysses*
spread,

And form'd of fleecy skins his
humble bed:

(The remnants of the spoil the
suitor-crowd

In festival devour'd, and victims vow'd.)

Then o'er the chief, *Eurynome* the chaste

5

With duteous care a downy carpet cast:

With dire revenge his thoughtful bosom glows,

And ruminating wrath, he scorns repose.

As thus pavilion'd in the porch he lay,

Scenes of lewd loves his wakeful eyes survey,

10

Whilst

Whilst to nocturnal joys impure, repair
 With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.
 His heart with rage this new dishonour stung,
 Wav'ring his thoughts in dubious balance hung;
¹⁵ Or, instant should he quench the guilty flame
 With their own blood, and intercept the shame;
 Or to their lust indulge a last embrace,
 And let the Peers consummate the disgrace?
 Round his swol'n heart the murm'rous fury rows;
²⁰ As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls,
 And bays the stranger groom: so wrath compress
 Recoiling, mutter'd thunder in his breast.
 Poor suff'ring heart! he cry'd, support the pain
 Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.
²⁵ Not fiercer woes thy fortitude cou'd foil,
 When the brave partners of thy ten years toil
 Dire *Polypheme* devour'd: I then was freed
 By patient prudence, from the death decreed.
 Thus anchor'd safe on reason's peaceful coast,
³⁰ Tempests of wrath his soul no longer tost;
 Restless his body rolls, to rage resign'd:
 As one who long with pale-ey'd famine pin'd,

The

The fav'ry cates on glowing embers cast
Incessant turns, impatient for repast:

Ulysses so, from side to side devolv'd, 35
In self-debate the Suitors doom resolv'd.

When in the form of mortal nymph array'd,
From heav'n descends the *Jove*-born martial Maid;
And hov'ring o'er his head in view confess'd,
The Goddess thus her fav'rite care address'd. 40

Oh thou, of mortals most inur'd to woes!
Why rowl those eyes unfriended of repose?
Beneath thy palace-roof forget thy care;
Blest in thy Queen! blest in thy blooming heir!
Whom, to the Gods when suppliant fathers bow, 45
They name the standard of their dearest vow.

Just is thy kind reproach (the chief rejoin'd)
Deeds full of fate distract my various mind,
In contemplation rapt. This hostile crew
What single arm hath prowess to subdue? 50
Or if by *Jove*'s, and thy auxiliar aid,
They're doom'd to bleed; O say, coelestial maid!
Where shall *Ulysses* shun, or how sustain,
Nations embattel'd to revenge the slain?

- 55 Oh impotence of faith! *Minerva* cries,
 If man on frail unknowing man relies,
 Doubt you the Gods? Lo *Pallas*' self descends,
 Inspires thy counsels, and thy toils attends.
 In me affianc'd, fortify thy breast,
 60 Tho' myriads leagu'd thy rightful claim contest;
 My sure divinity shall bear the shield,
 And edge thy sword to reap the glorious field.
 Now, pay the debt to craving nature due,
 Her faded pow'rs with balmy rest renew.
 65 She ceas'd: Ambrosial slumbers seal his eyes;
 His care dissolves in visionary joys:
 The Goddess pleas'd, regains her natal skies. }
 Not so the Queen; The downy bands of sleep
 By grief relax'd, she wak'd again to weep:
 70 A gloomy pause ensu'd of dumb despair;
 Then thus her fate invoc'd, with fervent pray'r.
Diana! speed thy deathful ebon dart,
 And cure the pangs of this convulsive heart.
 Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! far from humane race,
 75 Tost thro' the void, illimitable space:
 Or if dismounted from the rapid cloud,
 Me with his whelming wave let Ocean throwd!

So, *Pandarus*, thy hopes, three orphan fair
Were doom'd to wander thro' the devious air;
Thy self untimely and thy comfort dy'd, 80
But four Cœlestials both your cares supply'd.
Venus in tender delicacy rears
With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years:
Imperial *Juno* to their youth assign'd
A form majestic, and sagacious mind: 85
With shapely growth *Diana* grac'd their bloom;
And *Pallas* taught the texture of the loom.
But whilst to learn their lots in nuptial love,
Bright *Cytherea* fought the bow'r of *Jove*;
(The God supreme, to whose eternal eye 90
The registers of fate expanded lie)
Wing'd *Harpies* snatch'd th' unguarded charge away,
And to the Furies bore a grateful prey.
Be such my lot! Or thou *Diana* speed
Thy shaft, and send me joyful to the dead: 95
To seek my Lord among the warrior-train,
E're second vows my bridal faith profane.
When woes the waking sense alone assail,
Whilst night extends her soft oblivious veil,

Of

100 Of other wretches care the torture ends:
No truce the warfare of my heart suspends!
The night renews the day-distracting theme,
And airy terrors fable ev'ry dream.
The last alone a kind illusion wrought,
105 And to my bed my lov'd *Ulysses* brought,
In manly bloom, and each majestic grace
As when for *Troy* he left my fond embrace:
Such raptures in my beating bosom rise,
I deem it sure a vision of the skies.
110 Thus, whilst *Aurora* mounts her purple throne,
In audible laments she breathes her moan:
The sounds assault *Ulysses'* wakeful ear;
Mis-judging of the cause, a sudden fear
Of his arrival known, the Chief alarms;
115 He thinks the Queen is rushing to his arms.
Up-springing from his couch, with active haste
The fleece and carpet in the dome he plac'd;
(The hide, without, imbib'd the morning air.)
And thus the Gods invok'd, with ardent pray'r.
120 *Jove*, and etherial thrones! with heav'n to friend
If the long series of my woes shall end;

Of

Of humane race now rising from repose,
 Let one a blissful omen here disclose:
 And to confirm my faith, propitious *Jove*!
 Vouchsafe the sanction of a sign above.

125

Whilst lowly thus the Chief adoring bows,
 The pitying God his guardian aid avows.
 Loud from a sapphire sky his thunder sounds:
 With springing hope the Heroe's heart rebounds.
 Soon, with consummate joy to crown his pray'r, 130
 An omen'd Voice invades his ravish'd ear.
 Beneath a pile that close the dome adjoin'd,
 Twelve female slaves the gift of *Ceres* grind;
 Task'd for the royal board to bolt the bran
 From the pure flour (the growth and strength of man) 135
 Discharging to the day the labour due,
 Now early to repose the rest withdrew;
 One maid, unequal to the task assign'd,
 Still turn'd the toilsome mill with anxious mind;
 And thus in bitterness of soul divin'd. } 140

Father of Gods and men! whose thunders rowl
 O'er the *Cerulean* Vault, and shake the Pole;

Whoe'er from heav'n has gain'd this rare Ostent,
(Of granted vows a certain signal sent)

¹⁴⁵ In this blest moment of accepted pray'r
Piteous, regard a wretch consum'd with care!
Instant, O *Jove*! confound the Suitor train,
For whom o'er-toil'd I grind the golden grain:
Far from this dome the lewd devourers cast,

¹⁵⁰ And be this festival decreed their last!

Big with their doom denounc'd in earth and sky,
Ulysses' heart dilates with secret joy.

Mean-time the menial train with unctuous wood
Heap'd high the genial hearth, *Vulcanian* food:

¹⁵⁵ When, early dress'd, advanc'd the royal heir;
With manly grasp he wav'd a martial spear,
A radiant fabre grac'd his purple zone,
And on his foot the golden sandal shone.
His steps impetuous to the portal press'd;

¹⁶⁰ And *Euryclea* thus he there address'd.

Say thou, to whom my youth its nurture owes,
Was care for due refection, and repose,
Bestow'd the stranger guest? Or waits he griev'd,
His age not honour'd, nor his wants reliev'd?

Pro-

Promiscuous grace on all the Queen confers;
 (In woes bewilder'd, oft the wisest errs.)
 The wordy vagrant to the dole aspires,
 And modest worth with noble scorn retires.

165

She thus: O cease that ever-honour'd name
 To blemish now; it ill deserves your blame.
 A bowl of gen'rous wine suffic'd the guest;
 In vain the Queen the night-refection prest;
 Nor wou'd he court repose in downy state,
 Unblest'd, abandon'd to the rage of fate!

170

A hide beneath the portico was spread,
 And fleecy skins compos'd an humble bed:
 A downy carpet cast with duteous care,
 Secur'd him from the keen nocturnal air.

175

His cornel javelin poiz'd, with regal port,
 To the sage *Greeks* conven'd in *Themis'* court,
 Forth-issuing from the dome the Prince repair'd:
 Two dogs of chace, a lion-hearted guard,
 Behind him sow'rly stalk'd. Without delay
 The dame divides the labour of the day;
 Thus urging to their toil the menial train.
 What marks of luxury the marble stain!
 Its wonted lustre let the floor regain;

180

} 185
 }

The seats with purple cloathe in order due;
 And let th'absterfive sponge the board renew:
 190 Let some refresh the vase's sullied mold;
 Some bid the goblets boast their native gold:
 Some to the spring, with each a jar, repair,
 And copious waters pure for bathing bear:
 Dispatch! for soon the Suitors will assay
 195 The lunar feast-rites to the God of day.

She said; with duteous haste a bevy fair
 Of twenty virgins to the spring repair:
 With varied toils the rest adorn the dome.
 Magnificent, and blithe, the Suitors come.
 200 Some wield the founding ax; the dodder'd oaks
 Divide, obedient to the forceful strokes.
 Soon from the fount, with each a brimming urn,
 (*Eumæus* in their train) the maids return.
 Three porkers for the feast, all brawny chin'd,
 205 He brought; the choicest of the tusky kind:
 In lodgments first secure his care he view'd,
 Then to the King this friendly speech renew'd:
 Now say sincere, my guest! the Suitor train
 Still treat they worth with lordly dull disdain;
 210 Or speaks their deed a bounteous mind humane?

}
 Some

Some pitying God (*Ulysses* sad reply'd)
With vollied vengeance blast their tow'ring pride!
No conscious blush, no sense of right restrains
The tides of lust that swell their boiling veins:
From vice to vice their appetites are tost, 215
All cheaply fated at another's cost!

While thus the Chief his woes indignant told,
Melanthius, master of the bearded fold,
The goodliest goats of all the royal herd
Spontaneous to the Suitors' feast preferr'd: 220
Two grooms assistant bore the victims bound;
With quav'ring cries the vaulted roofs resound:
And to the Chief austere, aloud began
The wretch unfriendly to the race of man.

Here, vagrant, still? offensive to my Lords! 225
Blows have more energy than airy words;
Those arguments I'll use: nor conscious shame,
Nor threats, thy bold intrusion will reclaim.
On this high feast the meanest vulgar boast
A plenteous board: Hence! seek another host! 230

Rejoinder to the churl the King disdain'd,
But shook his head, and rising wrath restrain'd.

From *Cephalenia* cros the surgy main
Philæti late arriv'd, a faithful swain.

²³⁵ A steer ungrateful to the bull's embrace,
 And goats he brought, the pride of all their race;
 Imported in a shallop not his own:
 The dome re-echo'd to their mingled moan.
 Strait to the guardian of the bristly kind

²⁴⁰ He thus began, benevolent of mind.

What guest is he, of such majestic air?
 His lineage and paternal clime declare:
 Dim thro' th' eclipse of fate, the rays divine
 Of sovereign state with faded splendor shine.

²⁴⁵ If Monarchs by the Gods are plung'd in woe,
 To what abyss are we foredoom'd to go!
 Then affable he thus the Chief address'd,
 Whilst with pathetic warmth his hand he press'd.

Stranger! may fate a milder aspect shew,
²⁵⁰ And spin thy future with a whiter clue!
 O *Jove*! for ever deaf to human cries;
 The tyrant, not the father of the skies!
 Unpiteous of the race thy will began,
 The fool of fate, thy manufacture, man,

BOOK XX. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.*

15

With penury, contempt, repulse, and care,

255

The gauling load of life is doom'd to bear.

Ulysses from his state a wand'rer still,

Upbraids thy pow'r, thy wisdom, or thy will:

O Monarch ever dear!— O man of woe!—

Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!

260

Like thee, poor stranger guest, deny'd his home!

Like thee, in rags obscene decreed to roam!

Or haply perish'd on some distant coast,

In *Stygian* gloom he glides a pensive ghost!

O, grateful for the good his bounty gave,

265

I'll grieve, 'till sorrow sink me to the grave!

His kind protecting hand my youth preferr'd,

The regent of his *Cephalenian* herd:

With vast increase beneath my care it spreads,

A stately breed! and blackens far the meads.

270

Constrain'd, the choicest beeves I thence import,

To cram these cormorants that crowd his court:

Who in partition seek his realm to share;

Nor human right, nor wrath divine revere.

Since here resolv'd oppressive these reside,

275

Contending doubts my anxious heart divide:

Now,

Now, to some foreign clime inclin'd to fly,
 And with the royal herd protection buy:
 Then, happier thoughts return the nodding scale,
 280 Light mounts despair, alternate hopes prevail;
 In op'ning prospects of ideal joy,
 My King returns; the proud Usurpers dye.
 To whom the Chief: In thy capacious mind
 Since daring zeal with cool debate is join'd;
 285 Attend a deed already ripe in fate:
 Attest, oh *Jove*, the truth I now relate!
 This sacred truth attest each genial pow'r,
 Who blest the board, and guard this friendly bow'r!
 Before thou quit the dome (nor long delay)
 290 Thy wish produc'd in act, with pleas'd survey,
 Thy wond'ring eyes shall view: his rightful reign
 By arms avow'd *Ulysses* shall regain,
 And to the shades devote the Suitor-train. }
 O *Jove* supreme, the raptur'd swain replies,
 295 With deeds consummate soon the promis'd joys!
 These aged nerves with new-born vigor strung,
 In that blest cause shou'd emulate the young—

Affents

Assents *Eumæus* to the pray'r address;
And equal ardors fire his loyal breast.

Mean-time the Suitors urge the Prince's fate, 306
And deathful arts employ the dire debate:
When in his airy tour, the bird of *Jove*
Trufs'd with his finewy pounce a trembling dove;
Sinister to their hope! This omen ey'd
Amphinomus, who thus presaging cry'd. 305

The Gods from force and fraud the Prince defend;
O Peers! the sanguinary scheme suspend:
Your future thought let fable Fate employ;
And give the present hour to genial joy.

From council strait th'assenting peerage ceas'd, 310
And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast.
Dis-roab'd, their vests apart in order lay,
Then all with speed succinct the victims slay:
With sheep and shaggy goats the porkers bled,
And the proud steer was on the marble spread. 315
With fire prepar'd they deal the morsels round,
Wine rosy-bright the brimming goblets crown'd,
By sage *Eumæus* born: the purple tide
Melanthius from an ample jar supply'd:

320 High canisters of bread *Philæti* plac'd;
 And eager all devour the rich repast.
 Dispos'd apart, *Ulysses* shares the treat;
 A trivet-table, and ignobler seat,
 The Prince appoints; but to his Sire assigns
 325 The tasteful inwards, and nectareous wines.
 Partake my guest, he cry'd, without controul
 The social feast, and drain the cheering bowl:
 Dread not the railer's laugh, nor ruffian's rage;
 No vulgar roof protects thy honour'd age;
 330 This dome a refuge to thy wrongs shall be,
 From my great Sire too soon devolv'd to me!
 Your violence and scorn, ye Suitors cease,
 Lest arms avenge the violated peace.

Aw'd by the Prince, so haughty, brave, and young,
 335 Rage gnaw'd the lip, amazement chain'd the tongue.
 Be patient, Peers! at length *Antinous* cries;
 The threats of vain imperious youth despise:
 Wou'd *Jove* permit the meditated blow,
 That stream of eloquence shou'd cease to flow.
 340 Without reply vouchsaf'd, *Antinous* ceas'd:
 Mean-while the pomp of festival increas'd;

By Heralds rank'd, in marshal'd order move
 The city-tribes, to pleas'd *Apollo's* grove:
 Beneath the verdure of which awful shade,
 The lunar hecatomb they grateful laid;
 Partook the sacred feast, and ritual honours paid. } 345
 But the rich banquet in the dome prepar'd,
 (An humble side-board set) *Ulysses* shar'd.
 Observant of the Prince's high behest,
 His menial train attend the stranger guest; 350
 Whom *Pallas* with unpar'd'ning fury fir'd,
 By lordly pride and keen reproach inspir'd.
 A *Samian* Peer, more studious than the rest
 Of vice, who teem'd with many a dead-born jest;
 And urg'd, for title to a consort Queen, 355
 Unnumber'd acres arable and green;
 (*Ctesippus* nam'd) this Lord *Ulysses* ey'd,
 And thus burst out, imposthumate with pride.

The sentence I propose, ye Peers, attend:
 Since due regard must wait the Prince's friend, 360
 Let each a token of esteem bestow:
 This gift acquits the dear respect I owe;

With

With which he nobly may discharge his feat,
And pay the menials for the master's treat.

365 He said; and of the steer before him plac'd,
That finewy fragment at *Ulysses* cast,
Where to the pastern-bone by nerves combin'd,
The well-horn'd foot indissolubly join'd;
Which whizzing high, the wall unseemly sign'd.]

370 The Chief indignant grins a ghastly smile;
Revenge and scorn within his bosom boil:
When thus the Prince with pious rage inflam'd:
Had not th'inglorious wound thy malice aim'd
Fall'n guiltless of the mark, my certain spear
375 Had made thee buy the brutal triumph dear:
Nor shou'd thy Sire a Queen his daughter boast,
The Suitor now had vanish'd in a ghost:
No more ye lewd Compeers, with lawless pow'r
Invade my dome, my herds and flocks devour;
380 For genuine worth, of age mature to know,
My grape shall redden, and my harvest grow.
Or if each other's wrongs ye still support,
With rapes and riot to profane my court;

What

What single arm with numbers can contend?
 On me let all your lifted swords descend,
 And with my life such vile dishonours end.

} 385
 .

A long cessation of discourse ensu'd,
 By gentler *Agelaus* thus renew'd.

A just reproof, ye Peers! Your rage restrain
 From the protected guest, and menial train:
 And Prince! to stop the source of future ill,
 Assent your self, and gain the royal will.

390

Whilst hope prevail'd to see your Sire restor'd,
 Of right the Queen refus'd a second Lord:

But who so vain of faith, so blind to fate,

395

To think he still survives to claim the state?

Now press the sovereign dame with warm desire

To wed, as wealth or worth her choice inspire:

The Lord selected to the nuptial joys,

Far hence will lead the long-contended prize:

400

Whilst in paternal pomp, with plenty blest,

You reign, of this imperial dome possesst.

Sage and serene *Telemachus* replies;

By him at whose behest the thunder flies!

405 And by the name on earth I most revere,
 By great *Ulysses*, and his woes I swear!
 (Who never must review his dear domain;
 Inroll'd, perhaps, in *Pluto's* dreary train.)
 Whene'er her choice the royal Dame avows,
 410 My bridal gifts shall load the future spouse:
 But from this dome my Parent-Queen to chase!—
 From me, ye Gods! avert such dire disgrace.
 But *Pallas* clouds with intellectual gloom
 The Suitors souls, insenate of their doom!
 415 A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd the fated crowd;
 The roofs resound with causeless laughter loud:
 Floating in gore, portentous to survey!
 In each discolour'd vase the viands lay:
 Then down each cheek the tears spontaneous flow,
 420 And sudden sighs precede approaching woe.
 In vision rap'd; the * *Hypereſian* Seer
 Up-rose, and thus divin'd the vengeance near.
 O race to death devote! with *Stygian* shade
 Each destin'd Peer impending Fates invade:
 425 With tears your wan distorted cheeks are drown'd;
 With sanguine drops the walls are rubied round:

* *Theoclymenus*.

Thick swarms the spacious hall with howling ghosts,
To people *Orcus*, and the burning coasts!
Nor gives the Sun his golden orb to rowl,
But universal night usurps the pole!

430

Yet warn'd in vain, with laughter loud elate
The Peers reproach the sure Divine of Fate;
And thus *Eurymachus*: The dotard's mind
To ev'ry sense is lost, to reason blind:
Swift from the dome conduct the slave away;
Let him in open air behold the day.

435

Tax not, (the heav'n-illumin'd Seer rejoin'd)
Of rage, or folly, my prophetic mind,
No clouds of error dim th' etherial rays,
Her equal pow'r each faithful sense obeys.
Unguided hence my trembling steps I bend,
Far hence, before yon' hov'ring deaths descend;
Lest the ripe harvest of revenge begun,
I share the doom ye Suitors cannot shun.

440

This said, to sage *Piræus* sped the Seer,
His honour'd host, a welcome inmate there.
O'er the protracted feast the Suitors sit,
And aim to wound the Prince with pointless wit:

445

Cries

Cries one, with scornful leer and mimic voice,
450 Thy charity we praise, but not thy choice;
Why such profusion of indulgence shown
To this poor, tim'rous, toil-detesting drone?
That other feeds on planetary schemes,
And pays his host with hideous noon-day dreams.
455 But, Prince! for once at least believe a friend,
To some *Sicilian* mart these courtiers send,
Where, if they yield their freight across the main,
Dear sell the slaves! demand no greater gain.

Thus jovial they; but nought the Prince replies;
460 Full on his Sire he rowl'd his ardent eyes;
Impatient strait to flesh his virgin-sword,
From the wise Chief he waits the deathful word.
Nigh in her bright alcove, the pensive Queen
To see the circle sat, of all unseen.

465 Sated at length they rise, and bid prepare
An eve-repast, with equal cost and care:
But vengeful *Pallas* with preventing speed
A feast proportion'd to their crimes decreed;
A feast of death! the feasters doom'd to bleed! }

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWENTIETH BOOK.

VOL. V.

H



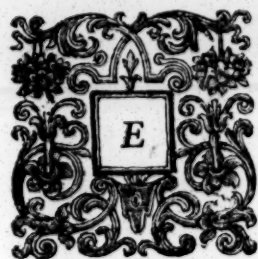
OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWENTIETH BOOK.

I.

VERSE 12. *With wanton glee, the prostituted fair.]*



USTATHIUS expatiates upon the conduct of these female servants of *Penelope*. Silence and a decent reserve (remarks that Author) is the ornament of the fair sex; levity and laughter betray them into an unguarded behaviour, and make them susceptible of wanton impressions. The *Athenians*, as *Pausanias* informs us, had a Temple sacred to Love and *Venus* the Whisperer. *Venus* was called the Whisperer (*Ψιθυγία*) because they who there offer'd up their prayers apply'd their mouths to the ear of the statue of that Goddess, and whisper'd their petitions; an Intimation, that Women ought to govern their tongue, and not let it transgress either by loudness or loquacity. But this no way affects the Ladies of *Great Britain*; they speak so well, they should never be silent.

Ulysses, *Homer* tells us, is almost provok'd to kill these females with his own hands: This has been imagin'd a thought unworthy an Heroe. The like objection has been made against *Aeneas* in *Virgil* (*Aeneid*, lib. 2. ver. 567.)

Thus,

Observations on the Twentieth Book.

*Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
 The graceless Helen in the porch I spy'd
 Of Vesta's temple: there she lurk'd alone,
 Muffled she sate, and what she could, unknown;
 Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
 Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward.*

This whole passage is said to have been expung'd from *Virgil* by *Tucca* and *Varius*; for as *Virgil* there expresses it,

*'Tis true a soldier can small honour gain,
 And boast no conquest from a woman slain,* Dryden.

But the Objection is probably made with too great severity, both against *Homer* and *Virgil*: It is no disgrace to the best or bravest man, to be subject to such passions as betray him into no unworthy actions: A Heroe is not suppos'd to be insensible; he distinguishes himself as such, if he restrains them within the bounds of reason. Both *Aeneas* and *Ulysses* are fir'd with a just indignation, and this is agreeable to human nature; but both of them proceed to no outrageous action, and this shews that their passions are govern'd by superior reason. However this resentment of *Ulysses* is less liable to objection than that of *Aeneas*: *Ulysses* subdues his indignation by the reflection of his own reason; but *Virgil* introduces a Machine to compose the spirit of *Aeneas*:

—— all shining heav'nly bright,
*My mother stood reveal'd before my sight,
 She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break, &c.*

It may be further added that the case is very different between *Aeneas* and *Ulysses*. The persons whom *Ulysses* intends to punish are his subjects and servants, and such a punishment would be no more than an act of justice, as he is their Master and King; and we find in the sequel of the *Odyssey* that he actually inflicts it. It should therefore be thought an instance of *Homer's* judgment, in painting the disorders of these servants in such strong colours, that we may acknowledge the justice, when he afterwards brings them to punishment.

V E R S E

II.

VERSE 20. *As o'er her young the mother-mastiff growls, &c.]*
This in the original is a very bold expression, but *Homer* to soften it, instances a comparison which reconciles us to it. *Ennius* has literally translated it, as *Spondanus* observes:

----- *animusque in pectore latrat.*

That is word for word,

----- *Κραδὴν δ' οἱ ἐνδον ὑλάκει.*

The similitude itself is very expressive; as the mastiff barks to guard her young, so labours the soul of *Ulysses* in defence of his Son and Wife, *Penelope* and *Telemachus*. *Dacier* was afraid that the comparison could not be render'd with any beauty in the *French* tongue, and therefore has substituted another in the room of it, *Son cœur rugissoit au dedans de luy, comme un Lion rugit autour d'une bergerie, où il ne scauroit entrer.* But however more noble the Lion may be than the Mastiff, it is evident that she utterly deviates from the allusion: The Mastiff rages in defence of her young, *Ulysses* of his Son *Telemachus*; but how is this represented by a Lion roaring round a fold, which he is not to defend, but destroy? We have therefore chosen to follow *Homer* in the more humble but more expressive similitude; and what will entirely reconcile us to it, is the great honour which was paid to Dogs by the Ancients: they were kept as a piece of state by Princes and Heroes, and therefore a comparison drawn from them was held to be as noble as if it had been drawn from a Lion.

III.

VERSE 23. *Poor suff'ring heart! he cry'd, support the pain
Of wounded honour, and thy rage restrain.]*

These two Verses are quoted by *Plato* in his *Phædo*, where he treats of the soul's immortality; He makes use of them to prove that *Homer* understood the soul to be un compounded and distinct

distinct from the body. “ If the soul, argues that Author, were a
 “ compounded substance, if it were harmony (as some philo-
 “ sophically assert) she would never act discordantly from the
 “ parts which compose it; but we see the contrary, we see the
 “ soul guide and govern the parts of which she herself is pretend-
 “ ed to be composed; she resists, threatens and restrains our pas-
 “ sions, our fears, avarice and anger: in short, the soul speaks to
 “ the body as to a substance of a nature entirely different from
 “ its own. *Homer* therefore evidently understood that the soul
 “ ought to govern and direct the passions, and that it is of a
 “ nature more divine than harmony.

This is undoubtedly very just reasoning, and there is an expres-
 sion, observes *Dacier*, that bears the same import in the holy
 Scriptures: *The heart of David smote him when he number'd the
 people.* There is this difference; in *Homer* by *heart* is understood
 the corporeal substance, in the Scriptures, the spiritual; but both
 make a manifest distinction between the soul and the body.

IV.

VERSE 32. *As one who long, &c.*] No passage in the
 whole *Odyssey* has fall'n under more ridicule than this compari-
 son; Monsieur *Perault* is particularly severe upon it: *Homer* (says
 that Critic) compares *Ulysses* turning in his bed to a black-pud-
 ding broiling on a gridiron; whereas the truth is, he compares
 that Hero turning and tossing in his bed, burning with impa-
 tience to satisfy himself with the blood of the Suitors, to a
 man in sharp hunger preparing the entrails of a victim over a
 great fire; and the agitation represents the agitation of *Ulysses*.
Homer compares not the thing, but the persons.

Boileau, in his notes upon *Longinus*, answers this objection.
 It is notorious that the belly of some animals was one of
 the most delicious dishes amongst the ancients: that the
sumex or sow's belly was boasted of for its excellence by
 the *Romans*, and forbidden by a sumptuary law as too volup-
 tuous. Besides, the *Greek* word used to express a black-pudding
 was not invented in the days of *Homer*. *Ogylby* indeed thus
 renders it:

As one a pudding broiling on the coals.

But

But you will ask, Is not the allusion mean at best, and does it not convey a low image? Monsieur *Dacier* answers in the negative, in his notes upon *Aristotle's Poetics*. The comparison is borrow'd from sacrifices which yielded blood and fat, and was therefore so far from being despicable, that it was look'd upon with veneration by antiquity. *Lib. 1. of the Iliad*:

*On these, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choicest morsels lay from every part.*

The *Cawls* and the *choicest morsels* were the fat of the Victim, selected as the best part of it, to be offer'd to the Gods. We may find that the thought was noble in the oriental language, for the Author of *Ecclesiast*. makes use of it, 47. 2. *As is the fat taken from the peace-offering, so was David chosen out of the children of Israel*. And the same allusion which was used to represent the worth and excellence of *David*, could be no degradation to *Ulysses*.

But what is understood by the *belly of the beast, full of fat and blood*? *Boileau* is of opinion that those words denote the fat and the blood which are in those parts of an animal naturally: but he is in an error, as appears evidently from these lines, *lib. 18. of the Odyssey*.

Γαστέρες αἱ δ' αἰγῶν κέατ' ἐν πυρί· τὰς δ' ἐπὶ δόρπῳ
Κατθέμεθα κνίωσιν τε καὶ αἵματι ἐμπλήσαντες.

Implentes sanguine & pinguedine, in cœnâ deponamus; a demonstration that *Homer* intends not the natural fat and blood of the animal.

V.

VERSE 56. *If man on frail unknowing man relies,
Doubt you the Gods? —*]

There is excellent reasoning in this: If a friend whom we know to be wise and powerful, advises us, we are ready to follow his instructions; the divine Being gives us his council, and we refuse it. Monsieur *Dacier* observes that *Epictetus* had this passage in his view, and beautify'd his morality with it. "The
" prote-

Observations on the Twentieth Book.

“ protection of a Prince or Potentate (says that Author) gives us
 “ full tranquility, and banishes from us all uneasy apprehension.
 “ We have an all-powerful Being for our Protector, and for our
 “ Father; and yet the knowledge of it is not sufficient to drive
 “ away our fears, inquietudes and discontents. ”

What *Homer* further puts into the mouth of the Goddess of Wisdom is consonant to sacred verity, and agrees with the language of the holy Scripture; *Psalms* xxvii. 3. *Tho' an host of men were laid against me, yet shall not my Heart be afraid.*

The Poet almost in every book mentions the destruction of the Suitors by the single hand of *Ulysses*, to reconcile us to it by degrees, that we may not be shock'd at the great Catastrophe of the Poem as incredible: It is particularly judicious to insist upon it in this place in a manner so solemn, to prepare us for the approaching event. If the destruction of the Suitors should appear humanly improbable by being ascrib'd solely to *Ulysses*, it is at least reconcileable to divine probability, and becomes credible thro' the Intervention of a Goddess.

VI.

VERSE 72. *Diana! speed thy deathful ebon dart, &c.*] I doubt not but the Reader will be pleas'd with the beauty of this soliloquy. There is an assemblage of tender images and moving complaints, and yet they are such as betray no meanness of spirit: The lamentation of *Penelope* is the lamentation of a Queen and Heroine; she mourns, but it is with dignity. The Poet makes a good use of her sorrows, and they excellently sustain her character of persevering to elude the addresses of the Suitors, when she wishes even to die rather than to yield to them.

But I confess the inserting so many particularities of the daughters of *Pandarus*, &c. greatly lessens the pathetic of this speech.

VII.

VERSE 74. *Snatch me, ye whirlwinds! &c.*] The ancients (says *Dacier*) were persuaded that some persons were carried away by storms and whirlwinds. I would rather imagine such expressions to be entirely figurative and poetical; it is probable that

what gave occasion to these fictions might be no more than the sudden deaths of some persons, and their disappearance was ascrib'd, in the language of Poetry, to storms and whirlwinds. The *Orientals* delighted in such bold figures. *Job* xxvii. 21. *The east wind carrieth him away, and as a storm hurrieth him out of his place.* And *Isaiah* xli. 16. *The wind shall carry them away and the whirlwind shall scatter them.*

VIII.

VERSE 82. *Venus in tender delicacy rears*

With honey, milk, and wine, their infant years.]

Monsieur *Dacier* observes upon this passage ; *Venus* is said to feed these Infants with wine, milk, and honey ; that is, she nursed them in their infancy, with plenty and abundance. For this is the import of the expression : a land flowing with milk and honey means a land of the greatest fertility, as is evident from the writings of *Moses*. So the Prophet, *Butter and honey shall he eat, till he knows how to refuse the evil and chuse the good* ; that is, till the age of discretion.

IX.

VERSE 84. *Imperial Juno to their youth assign'd*

A form majestic, and sagacious mind.]

It may seem that *Homer* ascribes improper gifts to this Goddess ; Wisdom is the portion of *Minerva*, Beauty of *Venus*, why then are they here ascrib'd to *Juno* ? *Spondanus* calls this an insolvable difficulty. *Dacier* explains it by saying, that the beauty of Princesses is different from that of persons of inferiour station : their beauty consists in a majesty that is every way great and noble, and strikes with awe, very different from the little affectations and formal softnesses of inferior beauty ; the former kind is the gift of *Venus* to the lower part of the fair sex, the latter is bestow'd on Princesses and Queens, by *Juno* the Regent of the skies.

X.

VERSE 92. *Wing'd Harpies snatch'd th' unguarded charge away.*] It is not evident what is meant by these Princesses being carried away by the *Harpies*: *Eustathius* thinks that they wander'd from their own country, and fell into the power of cruel governesses, whose severities the Poet ascribes to the *ἑρινύες*, or *Furies*. *Dacier* imagines, that these two Princesses having seen the unhappy fate of their sister *Aëdon* (who was married to *Zethus*, and slew her own son) fear'd a like calamity; and dreading marriage, retir'd to some distant solitude, where never being heard of, it gave room for the fiction. It must be allow'd that the thought excellently agrees with the wishes of *Penelope*: These Princesses were taken away at the point of their marriage; *Penelope* believes herself to be in the same condition, and wishes to be lost rather than submit to second nuptials. This Speech has a further effect; we find *Penelope* reduc'd to the utmost exigency, she has no further subterfuge: the Poet therefore judiciously paints this exigency in the strongest colours, to shew the necessity of unravelling the intrigue of the Poem in the conclusion of the *Odyssey*.

XI.

VERSE 107. *As when for Troy he left my fond embrace.*] This little circumstance is not without a good effect: it shews that the whole soul of *Penelope* was possess'd with the image of *Ulysses*. *Homer* adds, *such as he was when he sail'd to Troy*; which is insert'd to take off our wonder that she should not discover him; this *Ulysses* in disguise is not like the *Ulysses* she formerly knew, and now delineates in her imagination. *Eustathius*.

XII.

VERSE 110. *Thus whilst Aurora mounts her purple throne.*] This is the morning of the fortieth day; for part of the eighteenth book, and the whole nineteenth, and so far of the twentieth book, contain no more time than the evening of the thirty ninth day.

VERSE

XIII.

VERSE 113.

----- a sudden fear

Of his arrival known, the Chief alarms.]

I was at a loss for an explication of this line, till I found it in *Eustathius*; for why should *Ulysses* imagine that *Penelope* knew him to be *Ulysses*, after a speech that express'd so much concern for his absence? *Ulysses*, having only heard the voice, not distinguish'd the words of her lamentation, mistakes the tears of *Penelope* for tears of joy; he suspects that the discovery is made by *Euryclea* or *Telemachus*; that they have told her the truth to give her comfort; and fears lest in the transport of her joy she should act something that would betray him to the Suitors, and prevent his designs: He therefore immediately withdraws, and makes a pray'r to Heav'n for a sign to re-assure his hopes, that he may proceed with confidence to their destruction.

XIV.

VERSE 120. Jove and ethereal Thrones -----

123. ----- a blissful Omen -----]

The construction in the Greek is ungrammatical, for after *Ζεῦ πά-
τερ* in the singular, the Poet immediately adds *εἰ μ' ἐθέλοντες* in
the plural number; *τὰ λοιπὰ δαιμόνια* are imply'd, says *Eusta-
thius*, so that *Θεοὶ* is understood, which rectifies the constru-
ction.

The Reader will fully understand the import of this Prayer, from
the nature of Omens, and the notions of them amongst the
Ancients: If, says *Ulysses*, *my prayer is heard, let there be a voice
from within the palace to certify me of it*; and immediately a voice
is heard, O Jupiter, *may this day be the last to the Suitors!* Such
speeches as fell accidentally from any person were held ominous,
and one of the ancient ways of divination: *Ulysses* understands it
as such, and accepts the Omen. It was in use among the Ro-
mans, as appears from *Tully* of Divination, when *P. Æmilius* was
going to war with *Perseus* King of the *Macedonians*, he found
his little daughter in tears: O Father, says she, *Perseus is dead!*
meaning her little dog nam'd *Perseus*; *Æmilius* immediately re-
ply'd, O Daughter I embrace the Omen, applying it to *Perseus* King
of

of the *Macedonians*; who was afterwards conquer'd by him, and died a Captive in *Rome*. The same practice was us'd by the *Hebrews*, it was call'd *Bath Kol*; this is an instance of it: Two *Rabbies* desiring to see *Samuel* a *Babylonish* doctor, let us follow, said they, the hearing of *Bath Kol*; travelling therefore near a school, they heard a boy reading these words out of *Samuel* xxv. 1. And *Samuel died*. They observ'd it, and found that their Friend was dead. The *Sortes Virgilianæ* afterwards were much of this kind.

XV.

VERSE 128. 'Loud from a saphire sky——] It was this circumstance, of thunder bursting from a *serene sky*, that made it ominous: it was noted as such amongst the *Romans* in the books of the *Augurs*; and *Horace* brings it as a proof against the opinions of *Epicurus*.

----- *Diespiter*
Igni corusco nubila dividens,
Plerumque per purum tonantes
Egit equos, volucremque currum.

Virgil likewise speaks of thunder as ominous, when *Anchises* saw the lambent flame round the head of *Iulus*: He prays to *Jupiter*, and immediately it thunders.

Vix ea fatus erat senior, subitoque fragore
Intonuit.

The *Stoics* drew an argument from thunder from a serene air against the Doctrines of *Epicurus*, who taught that the Gods had no regard of human affairs; for they concluded such thunder to be prater-natural, and an argument of a divine Providence.

XVI.

VERSE 133. *Twelve female slaves the gift of Ceres grind.*] This little particularity shews us the great profusion of the *Suitors*, who employ'd twelve mills to find them bread. There is a particular energy in the word *ἐπερρώοντο*; it denotes the great labour

hour and assiduity of these people in preparing the bread, and consequently the great waste of the Suitors. It likewise preserves a piece of antiquity, that Kings formerly had mills in their palaces to provide for their families, and that these mills were attended by women; I suppose because preparing bread was an household care, and therefore fell to the lot of female servants.

XVII.

VERSE 165. *Promiscuous grace on all, the Queen confers.*] This speech of *Telemachus* may seem to be wanting in filial respect, as it appears to condemn the conduct of his mother: But (remarks *Eustathius*) the contrary is to be gather'd from it. His blame is really a commendation; it shews that her affection was so great for *Ulysses*, that she receiv'd every vagrant honourably, who deceiv'd her with false news about him; and that other persons who brought no tidings of him, tho' men of greater worth, were less acceptable.

XVIII.

VERSE 180. *To the sage Greeks conven'd in Themis' court,
Forth-issuing from the dome the Prince repair'd:]*
It was customary for Kings and Magistrates to go early every morning into the public assemblies, to distribute justice, and take care of public affairs: but this assembly contributing nothing to the action of the *Odysses*, the Poet passes it over in a cursory manner, without any enlargement. *Eustathius*.

XIX.

VERSE 189. *And let th' abstersive sponge the board renew.]*
The table was not antiently cover'd with linnen, but carefully cleans'd with wet sponges. Thus *Arrian*, ἀρὸν τὰς τεγνέζας, σπόγγισον: And *Martial*:

Hæc tibi sorte datur tergendis spongia mensis.

They made use of no napkins to wipe their hands, but the soft and fine part of the bread, which they called ἀπομαγδαλῖαι, which afterwards they threw to the dogs; this custom is mention'd in the *Odyssey*, lib. 10.

Ὡς δ' ὅταν ἀμφὶ ἀνακλᾶ κύνες δαίτηθεν ἰοῖα
Σαίνωσ', αἱ εἰ γὰρ τε φέρεται μελίγματα θυμῷ.

*As from some feast a man returning late,
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,
Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive,
Such as the good man ever wont to give.*

The morsel in the translation, and the μελίγματα in the Greek, mean these pieces of bread, or ἀπομαγδαλῖαι, with which the Ancients wip'd their hands after eating, and then threw to the dogs.

XX.

VERSE 195. *The lunar feast-rites to the God of day.]* This was the last day of one month, and the first of the following: The Greek months were lunar, the first day of every month was a day of great solemnity, and it was consecrated to *Apollo*, the author and fountain of light. *Ulysses* had said, lib. 14. v. 186.

*Ere the next moon increase, or this decay,
His ancient realms Ulysses shall survey;
In blood and dust each proud oppressor mourn.*

Τῷ μὲν Φθινόπωρον μηνός, τῷ δ' ἱσαμένοιο.

This, says *Solon* in *Plutarch*, means that *Ulysses* shall return on the last day of the month precisely; and here we find it verify'd. *Ulysses* discovers himself upon this day, and kills the Suitors: By his return, in the foregoing period, is meant his discovery; for he was return'd when he made that assertion to *Eumæus*. It is therefore probable, that the above-recited verse was rightly interpreted by *Solon*.

VERSE

XXI.

VERSE 237. *Imported in a shallop——*] To understand this passage, it is necessary to remember that *Melanthius* and *Philetius* fed their flocks and herds in *Cephalenia*, an adjacent Island, under the dominion of *Ulysses*; but living in different parts of it, they are brought over in separate vessels, by different ferrymen, *πορθμῆες*, as *Homer* expresses it.

XXII.

VERSE 245. *If Monarchs by the Gods, &c.*] This is the reasoning of *Philetius*: Kings are in a peculiar manner the care of the Gods; and if the Gods exempt not Kings from calamities, how can inferior persons (says *Dacier*) expect to be exempted, or complain in the day of adversity? But I persuade my self the words have a deeper sense, and mean *Ulysses*; “ Well may vagrants
“ suffer, when Kings, such as *Ulysses*, are not free from afflictions.

XXIII.

VERSE 251. *O Jove! for ever deaf to human cries;
The tyrant, not the father of the skies!]*

These words are to be ascrib'd to the excess of sorrow which *Philetius* feels for the sufferings of *Ulysses*; for they certainly transgress the bounds of reason. But if we consider the state of Theology in *Homer's* time, the sentence will appear less offensive; “ How can *Jupiter* (says *Philetius*) who is our father, throw his
“ children into such an abyss of misery? Thou, oh *Jove*, hast
“ made us, yet hast no compassion when we suffer.” It is no easy matter to answer this argument from the heathen Theology, and no wonder therefore if it confounds the reason of *Philetius*; but we who have certain hopes of a future state, can readily solve the difficulty: that state will be a time of retribution; it will amply recompense the good man for all his calamities, or as *Milton* expresses,

Will justify the ways of God to men.

It

Observations on the Twentieth Book.

It may be observ'd in general that this introduction of *Philæti*us and his speech, so warm in the cause of *Ulysses*, is inserted here with admirable judgment; The Poet intends to make use of his assistance in the destruction of the Suitors; he therefore brings him in giving *Ulysses* full assurance of his fidelity; so that when that Heroe reveals himself to him, he does not depart from his cautious character, being before certify'd of his honesty.

I will only add that *Philæti*us is not to be look'd upon as a common servant, but as an officer of state and dignity: and whatever has been said in these annotations concerning *Eumæus* may be apply'd to *Philæti*us; he is here call'd ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν, a title of honour, and *Ulysses* promises to marry him into his own family in the sequel of the *Odyssey*; consequently he is a personage worthy to be an actor in Epic Poetry.

XXIV.

VERSE 260. *Fresh flow my tears, and shall for ever flow!*] The words in the original are ἴδιον ὡς ἐνόησα, and they are very differently explain'd by *Dacier* and *Eustathius*: ἴδιον, τέτ' ἐστὶν ἰδρωσα, ἠγωνίασα, "I have sweated and been in an agony at the thought of the severe dispensations of *Jupiter*;" this is the interpretation of *Eustathius*. *Dacier* takes ἴδιον to be an adjective, and then it must be connected with the preceding period.

Οὐκ ἐλεαίρεις ἄνδρας, ἐπὴν δὴ γίνεαι αὐτὸς,
Μισγέμεναι κακότητι, καὶ ἄλγεσι λευγαλείοισι,
Ἰδιον ὡς ἐνόησα. —

Ut privatim, vel domestico admonitus sum exemplo, for so we may render ἴδιον, meaning *Ulysses*; then the sense will be this; *Jupiter, tho' thou hast made us, thou hast no compassion upon mankind, thou castest us into evils and misery; as I have learn'd by a private or domestic instance, namely in the person of Ulysses.* If my judgment were of any weight, I should recommend this interpretation rather than that of *Eustathius*, which seems to be a forc'd one, and I remember no instance of this nature in *Homer*; but the preference is submitted to the Reader's decision.

VERSE

XXV.

VERSE 305. *Amphinomus, who thus presaging cry'd.*] It may be ask'd why *Amphinomus* gives this interpretation to the Prodigy? and why might not the Eagle denote the Suitors, and the Pigeon *Telemachus*? No doubt but such an interpretation would have been specious, but contrary to the rules of Augury. The Eagle is the King of birds, and must therefore of necessity denote the chief personage, and consequently could only be apply'd to *Ulysses*, or *Telemachus*. *Amphinomus* thus interprets it, and the Suitors acquiesce in his interpretation.

XXVI.

VERSE 311. *And in the dome prepar'd the genial feast.*] The Ancients, says *Eustathius*, observe that this is the only place where the Suitors offer any Sacrifice throughout the whole *Odyssey*, and that there is no instance at all, that they make any prayer to the Gods. But is it evident from this place, that this is a Sacrifice? 'tis true the sacrificial term of *ἱεγεῖον* is mention'd; but perhaps that word may not denote a Sacrifice; for *ἱερεῖα*, tho' it primarily signifies the flesh of animals offer'd to the Gods, yet in a less proper acceptation implies the flesh of all animals indifferently. Thus *Athenæus*, *περὶ τὴν τῶν νεογνῶν ἱερείων*, which must be render'd, *the flesh of young animals*. Thus, *Lib. 7. ἐσθνηπλάτερεα τὰ νύκτωρ θνόμενα ἱερεῖα*, *the flesh of animals that are kill'd by night soonest putrify*; and *Galen* uses *ζῶν*, and *ἱεγεῖον*, for an animal indiscriminately. The reason is, because originally no animal was ever slain but some part of it was offer'd to the Gods; and in this sense every *ζῶν* was *ἱεγεῖον*. If we consult the context in *Homer*, it must be allow'd that there is no other word but *ἱεγεῖον* that distinguishes this from a common repast, thro' the whole description; and if that word will bear a remote signification, as *ἱεγεῖον* does, I should conclude, that this is no Sacrifice. Nay, if it should be found that *ἱεγεῖον* implies of necessity a religious act, yet it will not prove that this is more than a customary meal, since the Ancients at all entertainments made Libations to the Gods; What may seem to strengthen this conjecture is that the Poet immediately adds, that the *Greeks*, *Ἀχαιοὶ*, sacrific'd in the

Observations on the Twentieth Book.

grove of *Apollo*; without mentioning that the Suitors partook in the sacrifice: nay they seem to be feasting in the palace, while the *Greeks* are offering in the grove.

XXVII.

VERSE 323. *A trivet-table, and ignobler seat.*] This circumstance is not inserted unnecessarily; the table is suitable to the disguise of *Ulysses*, and it might have created a jealousy in the Suitors if *Telemachus* had us'd him with greater distinction.

XXVIII.

VERSE 370. ----- *grins a ghastly smile;*] The Expression in *Greek* is remarkable:

----- μείδῃσι δὲ θυμῷ
Σαρδάνιον (or Σαεδόνιον)

Some tell us that there is an herb frequent in the island of *Sardinia*, which by tasting distorts the muscles, that a man seems to laugh while he is under a painful agony; and from hence the *Sardinian laugh* became a Proverb, to signify a laugh which conceal'd an inward pain. Others refer the expression to an ancient custom of the *Sardinians* (a colony of the *Lacedemonians*) it is pretended that upon a certain festival every year, they not only slew all their prisoners of war, but also all the old men that were above seventy, and oblig'd these miserable wretches to laugh while they underwent the severity of torment. Either of these reasons fully explains the meaning of the Σαεδόνιον & γέλως; and shews it to denote an exterior laugh, and an inward pain. I am inclin'd to prefer the former interpretation, not only as it appears most natural, but because *Virgil* seems to understand it in that sense, for he alludes to the above-mention'd quality of the *Sardinian Herbs*, *Eclogue* 7. v. 41.

Immo ego Sardois videor tibi amarior herbis

----- deform'd like him who chaws
Sardinian herbage to contract his jaws.

The

The Reader may observe that *Ctesippus* breaks out into buffoonry, and the Suitors frequently are guilty of it in other parts of the *Odyssey*: These levities have been proscrib'd by the Critics as too low, and unworthy of Epic Poetry: but *Homer* adapts himself to his characters, he paints ridiculous men in ridiculous colours; tho' I will not say but such characters are more proper for Comedy than Epic Poetry. If ever they are pardonable, they are in *Homer*, who puts these low pleasantries into the mouths of drunkards and debauchees; such persons being generally men of no worth or serious deportment.

XXIX.

VERSE 403. *Sage and serene Telemachus replies; &c.*] It is observable that *Telemachus* swears by the sorrows of his father; an expression, in my judgment, very noble, and at the same time, full of a filial tenderness. This was an ancient custom amongst the *Orientals*, as appears from an oath not unlike it in *Genesis* xxxi. 53. *And Jacob swore by the fear of his father Isaac.*

But how is this speech to be understood? for how can *Telemachus* persuade his mother to marry, when he knows that *Ulysses* is return'd? There is a conceal'd and an apparent meaning in the expression. *Telemachus*, observes *Eustathius*, swears that he will not hinder his mother from taking an husband, but he means *Ulysses*: the words therefore are ambiguous, and the ambiguity deceives the Suitors, who believe that by this oath *Telemachus* obliges himself not only not to hinder, but promote the intended nuptials.

XXX.

VERSE 415. *A mirthful phrenzy seiz'd, &c.*] It is in the Greek, *They laugh'd with ocher mens cheeks*. There are many explications of this passage: *Eustathius* imagines it to denote a feign'd and pretended laughter. *Erasmus* explains it, *non libenter, neque ex animo ridere, sed ita ridere quasi non tuis, sed alienis maxillis rideas*. But if we consult the conduct of the Suitors, a contrary interpretation will seem to be necessary: for this laughter of the Suitors appears to be very real, and from the heart. *Homer* calls it *ἄσβεστον*, *excessive, inextinguish'd*; and again, *ἠδὲ γέλασαν*, *or they laugh'd with joy, suaviter riserunt*; which expressions de-

note

note a real and unfeign'd laughter. But how will the words be brought to bear this construction? Very naturally: They laugh'd as if they had borrow'd their cheeks, as if their cheeks were not their own, and consequently they were not afraid to use them with licence and excess; (such persons as the Suitors having no regard for any thing that belongs to another.)

Horace makes use of the same expression,

Cum rapies in jus, malis ridentem alienis.

And likewise *Valerius*:

Errantesque genæ, atque alieno gaudia vultu.

This is the opinion of *Dacier*: But there are some lines in the *Greek* that make it doubtful, for immediately after the expression of laughing with other mens cheeks, *Homer* adds, that their eyes flow'd with tears, and sorrow seiz'd their Souls. 'Tis true, *Homer* describes the Suitors under an alienation of mind, and a sudden distraction occasion'd by *Minerva*; and from hence we may gather the reason why they are tost by so sudden a transition to contrary passions, from laughter to tears; this moment they laugh extravagantly, and the next they weep with equal excess: persons in such a condition being liable to such vicissitudes.

XXXI.

VERSE 417. *Floating in gore, portentous to survey!
In each discolour'd vase the viands lay.*

This is to be look'd upon as a prodigy, the belief of which was establish'd in the old world, and consequently, whether true or false, may be allow'd to have a place in Poetry. See Book XII. Annot. 32.

In the following speech of *Theoclymenus* there is a beautiful enthusiasm of Poetry; but how are we to understand that *Theoclymenus* sees these wonders, when they are invisible to all the Suitors? *Theoclymenus* was a Prophet, and speaks of things future as present; it is the eye of the Prophet that sees these events, and the language of prophecy that speaks of them as present. Thus when he says he sees the palace red with blood, and throng'd with
ghosts;

ghosts; he anticipates the event, which is verify'd in the approaching death of the Suitors.

Eustathius is of opinion that by the last words of this speech *Theoclymenus* intends to express an Eclipse of the sun; this being the day of the new moon, when eclipses happen. Others understand by it the death of the Suitors, as when we say the sun is forever gone down upon the dead: *Theocritus* uses that expression, *Θνήσκοντι πάντα δεδυκεῖν ἥλιον*. *Homer* means by it, that the Suitors shall never more behold the light of the sun,

----- ἥλιος ὅ
'Ουρανὸς ἐξάπολωλε -----

So far *Eustathius*. It may be added that the *Roman* Poets used the same expression in this latter signification. Thus *Catullus*,

*Nobis, quum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.*

Either of these expositions makes the passage intelligible.

XXXII.

VERSE 436. *Let him in open air behold the day.*] The Suitors taking the prediction of *Theoclymenus* literally, viz. *I see you all involv'd in darkness*, think him distracted, not conceiving his words to be a prophecy; and therefore by way of derision command him to be carry'd into a place of publick resort, that he may convince himself it is full day. *Eustathius* imagines they intended to reproach him with drunkenness, because it makes all objects appear indistinct and different from the reality: He quotes a pleasant expression of *Anacharsis* to this purpose: A certain person telling him at an entertainment that he had married a very ugly woman; *I think so too*, replies *Anacharsis*; *but fill me a Bumper, that I may make her a beauty.*

XXXIII.

VERSE 437. *Tax not (the heav'n-illumin'd Seer rejoin'd,) &c.]*
Eustathius explains the answer of *Theoclymenus* to be both pleasant
VOL. V. N and

and serious: " I have *eyes*, and therefore have no occasion for
 " a guide to lead me from the palace: I have *ears*, and there-
 " fore hear that my absence is desir'd; I have both my *feet*,
 " and therefore am able to go away without giving others
 " the trouble to assist me; and I have an *understanding* well in-
 " form'd, by which I see the evil that threatens the Suitors,
 " and haste away to avoid it.

XXXIV.

VERSE 456. *To some Sicilian mart these courtiers send.*] It is evident from this passage that the name of *Sicily* is very antient, and *Eustathius* makes the following remark upon it: That the reason why the Poet never mentions this word in describing the wanderings of *Ulysses* which happen chiefly near *Sicily*, is to make his Poetry more surprising and marvellous; and that the more to countenance those fabulous relations and miracles which he has told to the *Pheacians*, he chuses to speak of it by names less known, and less familiar to his Readers. *Dacier* observes from *Bochart*, that this island receiv'd the name of *Sicily* from the *Phœnicians*, long before the birth of *Homer*, or the war of *Troy*: *Sicul* in their language signifies *perfection*; they call'd it the *Isle of perfection*, because it held the chief rank amongst all the islands of the *Mediterranean*: " It is the largest and best island
 " in all our seas," says *Strabo*. It has likewise been thought to have taken its name from the *Syrian* language, namely from *Segol*, or *Segul*, a *Raisin*. For long before the vine was known in *Afric*, *Sicily* was famous for its Vineyards, and from thence the *Carthaginians* imported their raisins and wines. *Homer* celebrates this island for its vines in the 9th *Odyssey*.

*Spontaneous wines from weighty clusters pour,
 And Jove descends in each prolific show'r.*

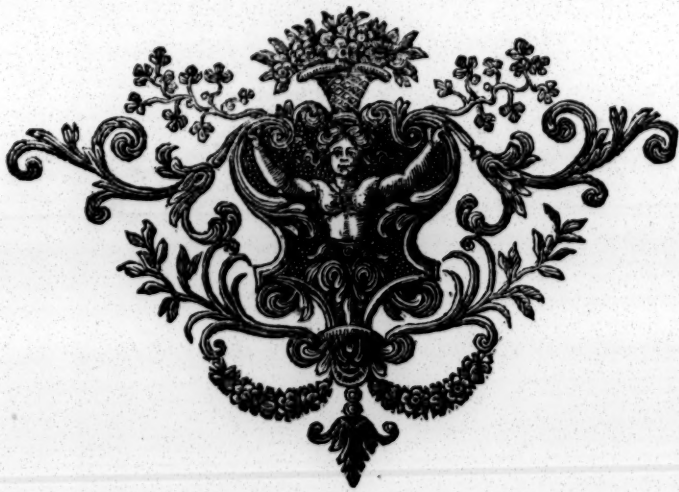
It is likewise probable from this passage, that the *Sicilians* traded in slaves; for their lands were fertil, and they merchandiz'd for them to manure the ground. I should rather think that they were remarkable for their barbarity to their slaves; the Suitors speaking by way of terror to intimidate *Theoclymenus*; and the expression seems to bear the same import with that concerning *Echetus*,

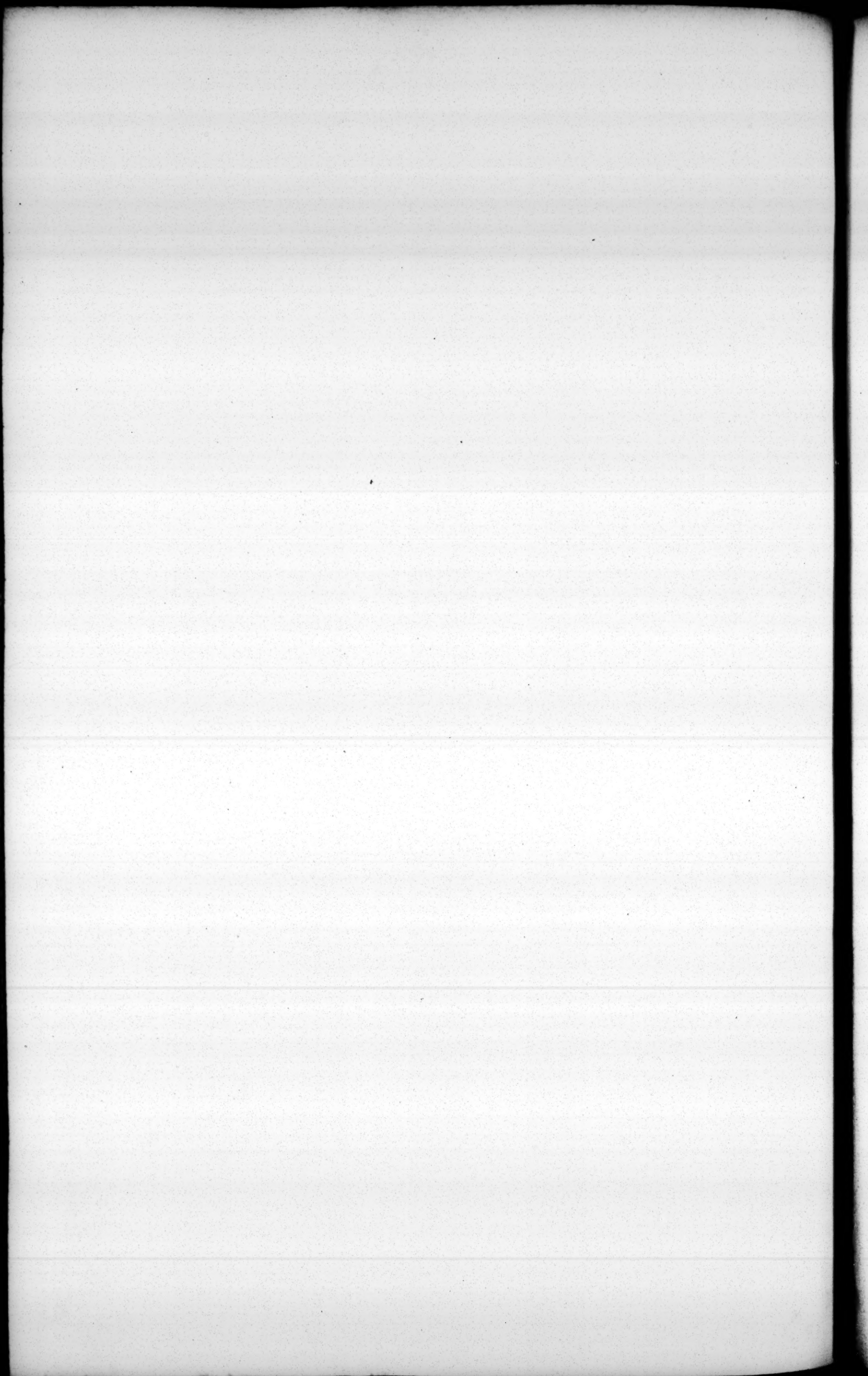
Echetus, we will send him to Echetus, or the Sicilians, who will use him with the utmost cruelty.

XXXV.

VERSE 463. *Nigh in her bright alcove, the pensive Queen.*
The word in the original is $\delta\iota\phi\epsilon\sigma\sigma\iota$, and signifies a large seat that would hold two persons, from $\delta\iota\varsigma$ $\phi\acute{\epsilon}\sigma\sigma\iota\nu$.

This circumstance (observes *Eustathius*) is not inserted in vain: the Poet describes *Penelope* thus seated, that she might see and hear the actions and designs of the Suitors, in order to form her conduct according to the occasion: Now for instance, she perceives their insolence risen to such an height, that she dares make no further delay, but immediately proclaims herself the prize of the best Archer: And this naturally connects the story with the next book.





THE
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

VOL. V.

O



The ARGUMENT.

The bending of Ulysses's Bow.

Penelope, to put an end to the solicitation of the Suitors, proposes to marry the person who should first bend the bow of Ulysses, and shoot thro' the ringlets. After their attempts have prov'd ineffectual, Ulysses taking Eumæus and Philætius apart, discovers himself to them; then returning, desires leave to try his strength at the bow, which, tho' refus'd with indignation by the Suitors, Penelope and Telemachus cause it to be deliver'd to his hands. He bends it immediately, and shoots thro' all the rings. Jupiter in the same instant thunders from Heav'n; Ulysses accepts the Omen, and gives a sign to Telemachus, who stands ready arm'd at his side.



T H E



THE
TWENTY-FIRST BOOK
OF THE
O D Y S S E Y.



AND *Pallas* now, to raise the
rivals fires,

With her own art *Penelope* in-
spires:

Who now can bend *Ulysses* bow,
and wing

The well-aim'd arrow thro' the distant ring,
Shall end the strife, and win th' imperial dame; 5
But Discord and black Death await the game!

The prudent Queen the lofty stair ascends,
At distance due a virgin-train attends;
A brazen key she held, the handle turn'd,
With steel and polish'd elephant adorn'd: 10

Swift

Swift to the inmost room she bent her way,
Where safe repos'd the royal treasures lay;
There shone high-heap'd the labour'd brass and ore,
And there the bow which great *Ulysses* bore,
15 And there the quiver, where now guiltless slept
Those winged deaths that many a matron wept.

This gift, long since when *Sparta's* shores he trod,
On young *Ulysses Iphitus* bestow'd:
Beneath *Orsilochus* his roof they met;
20 One loss was private, one a publick debt:

Messena's state from *Ithaca* detains
Three hundred sheep, and all the shepherd swains;
And to the youthful Prince to urge the laws,
The King and Elders trust their common cause.

25 But *Iphitus* employ'd on other cares,
Search'd the wide country for his wand'ring mares,
And mules, the strongest of the lab'ring kind;
Hapless to search! more hapless still to find!
For journeying on to *Hercules* at length,
30 The lawless wretch, the man of brutal strength.
Deaf to Heav'n's voice, the social rite transgress;
And for the beauteous mares destroy'd his guest.

He

He gave the bow; and on *Ulysses'* part
Receiv'd a pointed sword and missile dart:
Of luckless friendship on a foreign shore
Their first, last pledges! for they met no more.
The bow, bequeath'd by this unhappy hand,
Ulysses bore not from his native land,
Nor in the front of battle taught to bend,
But kept, in dear memorial of his friend.

35

40

Now gently winding up the fair ascent,
By many an easy step, the matron went;
Then o'er the pavement glides with grace divine,
(With polish'd oak the level pavements shine)
The folding gates a dazzling light display'd,
With pomp of various architrave o'erlay'd.
The bolt, obedient to the silken string,
Forfakes the staple as she pulls the ring;
The wards respondent to the key turn round;
The bars fall back; the flying valves resound;
Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring,
So roar'd the lock when it releas'd the spring.
She moves majestic tho' the wealthy room,
Where treasur'd garments cast a rich perfume;

45

50

55 There from the column where aloft it hung,
Reach'd, in its splendid case, the bow unstrung:
Across her knees she lay'd the well-known bow,
And pensive fate, and tears began to flow.
To full satiety of grief she mourns,
60 Then silent, to the joyous hall returns,
To the proud Suitors bears in pensive state
Th' unbended bow, and arrows wing'd with Fate.

Behind, her train the polish'd coffer brings,
Which held th' alternate brass and silver rings.
65 Full in the portal the chaste Queen appears,
And with her veil conceals the coming tears:
On either side awaits a virgin fair;
While thus the matron, with majestic air.

Say you, whom these forbidden walls inclose,
70 For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
If these neglected, faded charms can move?
Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,
Hear the conditions, and commence the strife.

75 Who first *Ulysses*' wond'rous bow shall bend,
And thro' twelve ringlets the fleet arrow send,

Him

Him will I follow, and forsake my home,
For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
And still to last, the vision of my night!

80

Graceful she said, and bade *Eumæus* show
The rival peers the ringlets and the bow.
From his full eyes the tears unbidden spring,
Touch'd at the dear memorials of his King.

Philetius too relents, but secret shed

85

The tender drops. *Antinous* saw, and said.

Hence to your fields, ye rusticks! hence away,
Nor stain with grief the pleasures of the day;
Nor to the royal heart recall in vain
The sad remembrance of a perish'd man.

90

Enough her precious tears already flow —

Or share the feast with due respect, or go

To weep abroad, and leave to us the bow:

No vulgar task! Ill suits this courtly crew

That stubborn horn which brave *Ulysses* drew.

95

I well remember (for I gaz'd him o'er

While yet a child) what majesty he bore!

And

- And still (all infant as I was) retain
 The port, the strength, the grandeur of the man!
- 100 He said, but in his soul fond joys arise,
 And his proud hopes already win the prize.
 To speed the flying shaft thro' ev'ry ring,
 Wretch! is not thine: the arrows of the King
 Shall end those hopes, and Fate is on the wing! }
- 105 Then thus *Telemachus*. Some God I find
 With pleasing phrenzy has possess'd my mind;
 When a lov'd mother threatens to depart,
 Why with 'this ill-tim'd gladness leaps my heart?
 Come then ye Suitors! and dispute a prize
- 110 Richer than all th' *Achaian* state supplies,
 Than all proud *Argos*, or *Mycæna* knows,
 Than all our Isles or Continents enclose:
 A woman matchless, and almost divine,
 Fit for the praise of ev'ry tongue but mine.
- 115 No more excuses then, no more delay;
 Haste to the tryal — Lo! I lead the way.
 I too may try, and if this arm can wing
 The feather'd arrow thro' the destin'd ring,

Then

Then if no happy'r Knight the conquest boast,
I shall not sorrow for a mother lost; 120
But blest in her, possess these arms alone,
Heir of my Father's strength, as well as throne.

He spoke; then rising, his broad sword unbound,
And cast his purple garment on the ground.

A trench he open'd; in a line he plac'd 125
The level axes, and the points made fast.
(His perfect skill the wond'ring gazers ey'd,
The game as yet unseen, as yet untry'd.)

Then, with a manly pace, he took his stand;
And grasp'd the bow, and twang'd it in his hand. 130

Three times, with beating heart, he made essay;
Three times, unequal to the task, gave way:

A modest boldness on his cheek appear'd;
And thrice he hop'd, and thrice again he fear'd.
The fourth had drawn it. The great Sire with joy 135
Beheld, but with a sign forbade the boy.

His ardour strait th' obedient Prince suppress'd,
And artful, thus the Suitor-train address'd.

Oh lay the cause on youth yet immature!
(For heav'n forbid, such weakness should endure) 140

How shall this arm, unequal to the bow,
Retort an insult, or repel a foe?
But you! whom heav'n with better nerves has blest,
Accept the tryal, and the prize contest.

¹⁴⁵ He cast the bow before him, and apart
Against the polish'd quiver propt the dart.
Resuming then his feat, *Eupitheus*' son
The bold *Antinous* to the rest begun.

“ From where the goblet first begins to flow,

¹⁵⁰ “ From right to left, in order take the bow;

“ And prove your sev'ral strengths — The Princes
And first *Leiodes*, blameless priest, appear'd: [hear'd,

The eldest born of *Oenops*' noble race,

Who next the goblet held his holy place:

¹⁵⁵ He, only he of all the Suitor-throng,

Their deeds detested, and abjur'd the wrong.

With tender hands the stubborn horn he strains,

The stubborn horn resisted all his pains:

Already in despair he gives it o'er;

¹⁶⁰ Take it who will, he cries, I strive no more.

What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow?

What Souls and Spirits shall it send below?

Better

Better indeed to die, and fairly give
Nature her debt, than disappointed live,
With each new sun to some new hope a prey, 165
Yet still to-morrow falser than to-day.
How long in vain *Penelope* we fought?
This bow shall ease us of that idle thought,
And send us with some humbler wife to live,
Whom gold shall gain, or destiny shall give. 170

Thus speaking, on the floor the bow he plac'd,
(With rich inlay the various floor was grac'd)
At distance far the feather'd shaft he throws,
And to the feat returns from whence he rose.

To him *Antinous* thus with fury said. 175
What words ill-omen'd from thy lips have fled?
Thy coward function ever is in fear;
Those arms are dreadful which thou canst not bear.
Why should this bow be fatal to the brave?
Because the Priest is born a peaceful slave. 180
Mark then what others can — He ended there,
And bade *Melanthius* a vast pyle prepare;
He gives it instant flame: then fast beside
Spreads o'er an ample board a bullock's hide.

With

185 With melted lard they soak the weapon o'er,
Chafe ev'ry knot, and supple ev'ry pore.
Vain all their art, and all their strength as vain;
The bow inflexible resists their pain.
The force of great *Eurymachus* alone

190 And bold *Antinous*, yet untry'd, unknown:
Those only now remain'd; but those confess
Of all the train the mightiest and the best.

Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew,
The Masters of the herd and flock withdrew.

195 The King observes them: he the hall forsakes,
And, past the limits of the Court, o'ertakes.
Then thus with accent mild *Ulysses* spoke:
Ye faithful guardians of the herd and flock!
Shall I the secret of my breast conceal,

200 Or (as my soul now dictates) shall I tell?
Say, shou'd some fav'ring God restore again
The lost *Ulysses* to his native reign?
How beat your hearts? what aid wou'd you afford?
To the proud Suitors, or your ancient Lord?

205 *Philæti*us thus. Oh were thy word not vain!
Wou'd mighty *Jove* restore that man again!

These

These aged sinews with new vigor strung
In his blest cause shou'd emulate the young.
With equal vows *Eumæus* too implor'd
Each pow'r above, with wishes for his Lord.

210

He saw their secret souls, and thus began.
Those vows the Gods accord: Behold the man!
Your own *Ulysses*! twice ten years detain'd
By woes and wand'rings from this hapless land:
At length he comes; but comes despis'd, unknown,
And finding faithful, you, and you alone.

215

All else have cast him from their very thought,
Ev'n in their wishes, and their pray'rs, forgot!
Hear then my friends! If *Jove* this arm succeed,
And give yon' impious Revellers to bleed,

220

My care shall be, to bless your future lives
With large possessions and with faithful wives;
Fast by my palace shall your domes ascend,
And each on young *Telemachus* attend,
And each be call'd his brother, and my friend.

225

To give you firmer faith, now trust your eye:
Lo! the broad scar indented on my thigh,

When with *Autolychus*'s sons, of yore,
On *Parnass*' top I chac'd the tusky boar.

230 His ragged vest then drawn aside disclos'd
The sign conspicuous, and the scar expos'd:
Eager they view'd; with joy they stood amaz'd;
With tear-full eyes o'er all their master gaz'd:
Around his neck their longing arms they cast,
235 His head, his shoulders, and his knees embrac'd:
Tears follow'd tears; no word was in their pow'r,
In solemn silence fell the kindly show'r.
The King too weeps, the King too grasps their hands,
And moveless, as a marble fountain, stands.

240 Thus had their joy wept down the setting sun,
But first the wise-man ceas'd, and thus begun.
Enough — on other cares your thought employ,
For danger waits on all untimely joy.
Full many foes, and fierce, observe us near;
245 Some may betray, and yonder walls may hear.
Re-enter then, not all at once, but stay
Some moments you, and let me lead the way.
To me, neglected as I am, I know
The haughty Suitors will deny the bow;

But

But thou *Eumæus*, as 'tis born away, 250
Thy master's weapon to his hand convey.
At ev'ry portal let some matron wait,
And each lock fast the well-compacted gate:
Close let them keep, whate'er invades their ear;
Tho' arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear. 255
To thy strict charge, *Philæti*us! we consign
The court's main gate: To guard that pass be thine.

This said, he first return'd: the faithful swains
At distance follow, as their King ordains.
Before the flame *Eurymachus* now stands, 260
And turns the bow, and chafes it with his hands:
Still the tough bow unmov'd. The lofty man
Sigh'd from his mighty soul, and thus began

I mourn the common cause; for, oh my friends!
On me, on all, what grief, what shame attends? 265
Not the lost nuptials can affect me more,
(For *Greece* has beauteous dames on ev'ry shore.)
But baffled thus! confess'd so far below
Ulysses' strength, as not to bend his bow!
How shall all ages our attempt deride? 270
Our weakness scorn? *Antinous* thus reply'd.

Not

Not so, *Eurymachus*: That no man draws
²⁷⁵ The wond'rous bow, attend another cause.
Sacred to *Phæbus* is the solemn day,
Which thoughtless we in games would waste away:
'Till the next dawn this ill-tim'd strife forgoe,
And here leave fixt the ringlets in a rowe.

²⁸⁰ Now bid the Sew'r approach, and let us join
In due libations, and in rites divine,
So end our night: Before the day shall spring,
The choicest off'rings let *Melanthius* bring;
Let then to *Phæbus*' name the fatted thighs
²⁸⁵ Feed the rich smokes, high-curling to the skies.
So shall the patron of these arts bestow
(For his the gift) the skill to bend the bow.

They heard well pleas'd: the ready heralds bring
The cleansing waters from the limpid spring:
²⁹⁰ The goblet high with rosie wine they crown'd,
In order circling to the peers around.
That rite compleat, up-rose the thoughtful man,
And thus his meditated scheme began.

If what I ask your noble minds approve,
²⁹⁵ Ye peers and rivals in the royal love!

Chief,

Chief, if it hurt not great *Antinous'* ear,
 (Whose sage decision I with wonder hear) 295
 And if *Eurymachus* the motion please;
 Give heav'n this day, and rest the bow in peace.
 To-morrow let your arms dispute the prize,
 And take it He, the favour'd of the skies!
 But since 'till then, this tryal you delay, 300
 Trust it one moment to my hands to-day:
 Fain would I prove, before your judging eyes,
 What once I was, whom wretched you despise;
 If yet this arm its ancient force retain;
 Or if my woes (a long-continu'd train) } 305
 And wants and insults, make me less than man? }

Rage flash'd in lightning from the Suitors eyes,
 Yet mix'd with terror at the bold emprise.

Antinous then: O miserable guest!

Is common sense quite banish'd from thy breast? 310

Suffic'd it not within the palace plac'd

To sit distinguish'd, with our presence grac'd,

Admitted here with Princes to confer,

A man unknown, a needy wanderer?

315 To copious wine this insolence we owe,
And much thy betters wine can overthrow:
The great *Eurytion* when this frenzy stung,
Perithous' roofs with frantick riot rung;
Boundless the *Centaur* rag'd; 'till one and all
320 The Heroes rose, and dragg'd him from the hall;
His nose they shorten'd, and his ears they slit,
And sent him sober'd home, with better wit.
Hence with long war the double race was curst,
Fatal to all, but to th' aggressor first.
325 Such fate I prophesy our guest attends,
If here this interdicted bow he bends:
Nor shall these walls such insolence contain;
The first fair wind transports him o'er the main;
Where *Echetus* to death the guilty brings,
330 (The worst of mortals, ev'n the worst of Kings)
Better than that, if thou approve our cheer,
Cease the mad strife, and share our bounty here.
To this the Queen her just dislike exprest:
'Tis impious, Prince! to harm the stranger-guest,
335 Base to insult who bears a suppliant's name,
And some respect *Telemachus* may claim.

What

What if th' Immortals on the man bestow
Sufficient strength to draw the mighty bow?
Shall I, a Queen, by rival chiefs ador'd,
Accept a wand'ring stranger for my Lord? 340
A hope so idle never touch'd his brain:
Then ease your bosoms of a fear so vain.
Far be he banish'd from this stately scene
Who wrongs his Princess with a thought so mean
O fair! and wisest of so fair a kind! 345

(Respectful thus *Eurymachus* rejoin'd)
Mov'd by no weak surmise, but sense of shame,
We dread the all-arraigning voice of Fame;
We dread the censure of the meanest slave,
The weakest woman: all can wrong the brave. 350
" Behold what wretches to the bed pretend
" Of that brave Chief whose bow they cou'd not bend!
" In came a Beggar of the strolling crew,
" And did what all those Princes could not do.
Thus will the common voice our deed defame, 355
And thus posterity upbraid our name.

To whom the Queen. If Fame engage your views,
Forbear those acts which Infamy pursues;

Wrong

Wrong and oppression no renown can raise;

³⁶⁰ Know Friend! that Virtue is the path to praise.

The stature of our guest, his port, his face,

Speak him descended from no vulgar race.

To him the bow, as he desires, convey;

And to his hand if *Phæbus* give the day,

³⁶⁵ Hence, to reward his merit, he shall bear

A two-edg'd faulchion and a shining spear,

Embroider'd sandals, a rich cloak and vest,

And safe conveyance to his port of rest.

O royal mother! ever-honour'd name!

³⁷⁰ Permit me (cries *Telemachus*) to claim

A son's just right. No *Grecian* Prince but I

Has pow'r this bow to grant, or to deny.

Of all that *Ithaca's* rough hills contain,

And all wide *Elis'* courser-breeding plain,

³⁷⁵ To me alone my father's arms descend;

And mine alone they are, to give or lend.

Retire oh Queen! thy household task resume,

Tend, with thy maids, the labors of the loom;

The bow, the darts, and arms of chivalry,

³⁸⁰ These cares to man belong, and most to me.

Mature

Mature beyond his years, the Queen admir'd
His sage reply, and with her train retir'd:
There in her chamber as she sat apart,
Revolv'd his words, and plac'd them in her heart.
On her *Ulysses* then she fix'd her soul, 385
Down her fair cheek the tears abundant roll,
'Till gentle *Pallas*, piteous of her cries,
In slumber clos'd her silver-streaming eyes.

Now thro' the press the bow *Eumæus* bore,
And all was riot, noise, and wild uproar. 390
Hold, lawless rustic! whither wilt thou go?
To whom, insensate, dost thou bear the bow?
Exil'd for this to some sequester'd den,
Far from the sweet society of men,
To thy own dogs a prey thou shalt be made; 395
If heav'n and *Phæbus* lend the Suitors aid.

Thus they. Aghast he laid the weapon down,
But bold *Telemachus* thus urg'd him on.
Proceed false slave, and flight their empty words;
What? hopes the fool to please so many lords? 400
Young as I am, thy Prince's vengeful hand
Stretch'd forth in wrath, shall drive thee from the land.

Oh! could the vigor of this arm as well
 Th'oppressive Suitors from my walls expell!
 405 Then what a shoal of lawless men should go
 To fill with tumult the dark courts below?
 The Suitors with a scornful smile survey
 The youth, indulging in the genial day.
Eumæus, thus encourag'd, hastes to bring
 410 The strife-full bow, and gives it to the King.
 Old *Euryclea* calling then aside,
 Hear what *Telemachus* enjoyns (he cry'd)
 At ev'ry portal let some matron wait,
 And each lock fast the well-compacted gate;
 415 And if unusual sounds invade their ear,
 If arms, or shouts, or dying groans they hear,
 Let none to call or issue forth presume,
 But close attend the labors of the loom.
 Her prompt obedience on his order waits;
 420 Clos'd in an instant were the Palace gates.
 In the same moment forth *Philætiüs* flies,
 Secures the court, and with a cable tyes
 The utmost gate. (the cable strongly wrought
 Of *Byblos'* reed, a ship from *Egypt* brought)

Then

Then unperceiv'd and silent, at the board
His feat he takes, his eyes upon his Lord. 425

And now his well-known bow the Master bore,
Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er;
Lest time or worms had done the weapon wrong,
Its owner absent, and untry'd so long. 430

While some deriding — How he turns the bow!
Some other like it sure the man must know,
Or else wou'd copy; or in bows he deals;
Perhaps he makes them, or perhaps he steals. —
Heav'n to this wretch (another cry'd) be kind! } 435
And bless, in all to which he stands inclin'd,
With such good fortune as he now shall find. }

Heedless he heard them; but disdain'd reply;
The bow perusing with exactest eye.
Then, as some heav'nly minstrel, taught to sing 440
High notes responsive to the trembling string,
To some new strain when he adapts the lyre,
Or the dumb lute refits with vocal wire,
Relaxes, strains, and draws them to and fro;
So the great Master drew the mighty bow: 445

And

And drew with ease. One hand aloft display'd
 The bending horns, and one the string essay'd.
 From his essaying hand the string let fly
 Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.

450 A gen'ral horror ran thro' all the race,
 Sunk was each heart, and pale was ev'ry face.
 Signs from above ensu'd: th'unfolding sky
 In lightning burst; *Jove* thunder'd from on high.
 Fir'd at the call of Heav'n's almighty Lord,
 455 He snatch'd the shaft that glitter'd on the board:
 (Fast by, the rest lay sleeping in the sheath,
 But soon to fly the messengers of death)

Now sitting as he was, the chord he drew,
 Thro' ev'ry ringlet levelling his view;

460 Then notch'd the shaft, releast, and gave it wing; }
 The whizzing arrow vanish'd from the string, }
 Sung on direct, and threaded ev'ry ring. }

The solid gate its fury scarcely bounds;
 Pierc'd thro' and thro', the solid gate resounds.

465 Then to the Prince. Nor have I wrought thee
 Nor err'd this hand unfaithful to its aim; [shame;

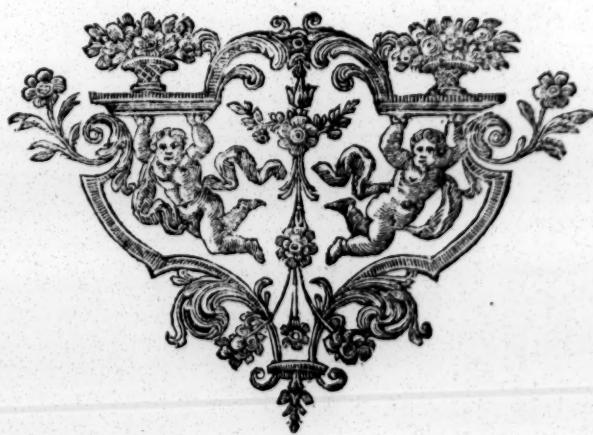
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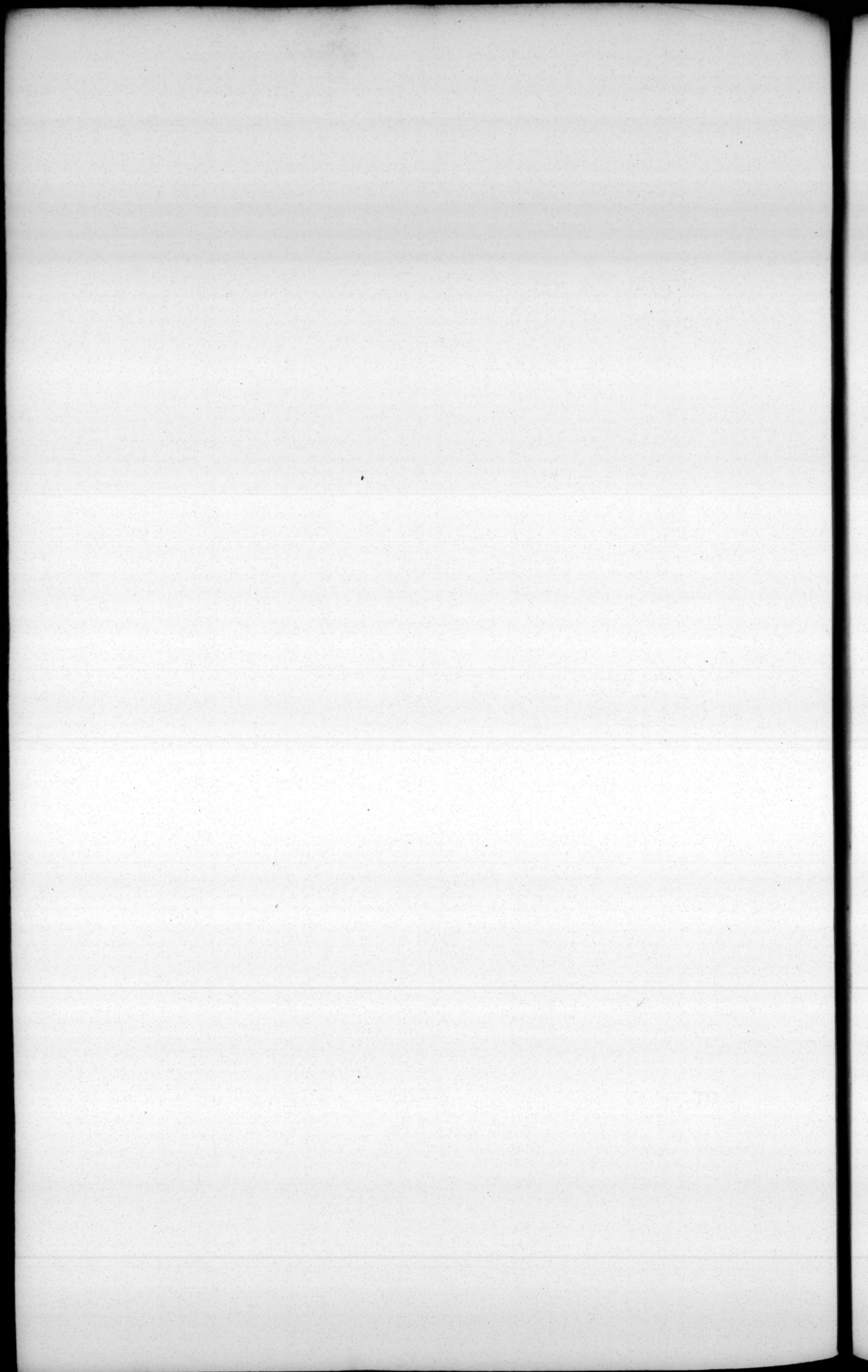
Nor prov'd the toil too hard; nor have I lost
That ancient vigor, once my pride and boast.
Ill I deserv'd these haughty Peers disdain;
Now let them comfort their dejected train,
In sweet repaste the present hour employ,
Nor wait 'till ev'ning for the genial joy.
Then to the lute's soft voice prolong the night,
Musick, the banquet's most refin'd delight.

470

He said: then gave a nod; and at the word
Telemachus girds on his shining sword.
Fast by his father's side he takes his stand;
The beamy jav'lin lightens in his hand.

475





OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

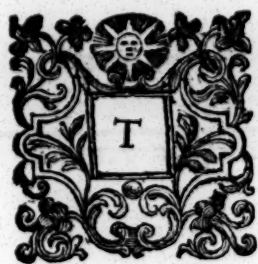


OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.

I.



HIS book is entitled Τόξος θέσις, or the *proposition of the Bow*: This action of *Penelope* has given occasion of raillery both to modern and ancient Critics; they insinuate that she propos'd this exercise of the bow to try the strength of her gallants, determining to have regard to that single qualification in the choice of her husband.

*Penelope vires juvenum tentabat in arcu,
Qui latus argueret, corneus arcus erat.*

They interpret νευγὴν ἐνλάνσαι into a sense very contrary to the character of *Penelope*. 'Tis true, other Authors have directly charg'd her with In chastity, and affirm that she had a son named *Pan*, because *all* the Suitors had a share in him. *Lycophron* calls her

Βασάραν σεμνῶς καὶ σωρεύσαν.

It is the exercise of the Bow that has occasion'd these imputations; for none of *Homer's* Commentators have given the reason why she proposes that exercise in particular; and therefore see-

ing no reason for it, they have invented a false one, and give the story a ridiculous air: I flatter my self that a better solution may be found out, and a reason given why *Penelope* proposes this exercise in particular, and preferably to any other.

We are to remember that this day was sacred to *Apollo*; this is evident from the preceding book, where the *Ithacans* offer an Hecatomb in a grove consecrated to that Deity: The diversion suits the day, the exercise of the bow being proper to be practised on the festival of that Deity, who is the patron of it. Several of the titles of *Apollo* are derived from it; 'Εκάεργος, 'Εκατηφόρος, 'Αργυρότοξος. It is strange that this necessary observation should escape the notice of all Commentators.

If any thing further were wanting to reconcile us to the conduct of *Penelope* in proposing the Bow, an instance almost parallel to it might be produced from History. When *Cambyfes* was preparing to make war against *Æthiopia*, the King of that country bent his great bow with two fingers in the presence of the *Persian* Ambassadors, and unbending it again, deliver'd it to them with these words: That when the *Persians* could do the like, they might hope to conquer the *Æthiopians*. There is nothing more absurd in the delivery of the bow to the Suitors by *Penelope*, than in the same act of the *Æthiopian* King to the *Persian* Ambassadors.

II.

VERSE 9. *A brazen key she held, &c.*] The numerous particularities and digressive Histories crowded together in the beginning of this book have not escap'd censure. The Poet very circumstantially describes the key, and the make of it, as likewise the bow and quiver, then tells us who gave it to *Ulysses*; at the mention of the donor's name he starts into a little History of him, and returns not in many lines to his subject; he then no less circumstantially describes the chamber, and the frame of the door, he descends to every particular of *Penelope's* opening it, and every step and motion she takes till she produces the bow before the Suitors. This conduct has been liable to objection, as made up of particulars of small importance, to no propos'd end. But notwithstanding, every circumstance is not without its effect and beauty, and nothing better shows the power of the Poet's diction.

Observations on the Twenty-first Book.

79

diction. So great a Critic as *Vida* admir'd this very passage.
Poetic. lib. 2.

*Ipsa procos etiam ut jussit certare sagittis
Penelope, optatas promittens callida tædas
Victori, per quanta moræ dispendia mentes
Suspensas trahit, ante viri quam proferet arcum?*

The Poet adapts his verse to the nature of his subject; the description loiters, to express the studied delay of *Penelope*, and her unwillingness to bring affairs to a decision. However I will not promise that these digressions and ancient histories will please every Reader; the passage is so far from being faulty, that it is really an instance of *Homer's* judgment; yet every thing that is not a fault, is not a beauty. The case is, *Penelope* proposes the trial of the bow, merely to protract time from the nuptials; she is slow in producing it for the same reason; and *Homer*, to paint this slowness in a lively manner, lets the subject of the Poem stand still, and wanders out of the way, that he may not come too soon to the end of his journey.

III.

VERSE 21. *Messena's state, &c.*] It has been disputed whether *Messene* here was a city or a country; *Strabo* affirms it to be a country, *lib. 8.* It was a port of *Laconia*, under the dominion of *Menelaus* in the time of the war of *Troy*; and then (continues that Author) the city named *Messene* was not built. *Pausanias* is of the same opinion, *lib. 4. c. 1.* “ Before
“ the battle of *Leuctra* between the *Thebans* and *Lacedæmonians*,
“ it is my judgment that there was no City called *Messene*;
“ this is evident from the words of *Homer*,

Τὼ δ' ἐν Μεσσηνί ζυμβλήτην ἀλλήλοισιν
Ὀικῶ ἐν Ὀρτιλόχοιο.

Now *Ortilochus* lived in *Pheræ*, a city of *Messenia*, and consequently *Ulysses* and *Iphitus* meeting at his Palace in *Messenia*, *Homer* must mean the country, not the city. That *Ortilochus* lived in *Pheræ*, appears from the third *Odyssey*.

’Ες

Observations on the Twenty-first Book.

Ἐς Φηγὰς δ' ἱκόντο Διοκλῆος ποτὶ δῶμα,
 ὕϊός τε Ὀρετιλόχοιο.

This *Iphitus* was the son of *Eurytus* mention'd in the eighth book, famous for his skill in archery.

*Vain Eurytus! whose art became his crime,
 Swept from the earth, he perish'd in his prime,
 Sudden th' irremeable way he trod,
 Who boldly durst defy the Bowyer God.*

So that even this digression is not foreign to the purpose: The Poet largely describes the bow, being to make great use of it in the sequel of the *Odyssey*: he shews it was originally in the possession of *Eurytus*, the most famous archer in the world: Nay, this very digression may appear to be absolutely necessary; it being requisite to describe that bow, as of no common excellence and strength, which was not to be drawn by any of the Suitors; and at the same time it sets off the strength of the Heroe of the Poem, who alone is able to bend it.

IV.

VERSE 22. *Three hundred sheep, &c.*] It has been observ'd in a former annotation, that such ravages or pyracies were not only lawful but honourable amongst the Ancients; why then is *Ulysses* here sent to redemand the spoils made by the *Messenians*? *Dacier* answers that such inroads were not allowable except in open War; the means between *Greeks* and *Greeks*; for they themselves exercis'd such pyracies with impunity against other nations.

V.

VERSE 31. *Deaf to Heaven's voice, the social rite transgress.*] *Homer* very solemnly condemns this action of *Hercules* in slaying *Iphitus*; and some Authors (remarks *Eustathius*) defend him by saying, he was seiz'd with madness, and threw *Iphitus* down from the top of his Palace; but this is contrary to *Homer*, and to the sentiment of those who write that *Hercules* was deliver'd
 as

as a slave to *Omphale*, for the expiation of the murder of *Iphitus*.
But what chiefly wants explication is the expression

----- ἔδ' ἐ τράπεζαν
'Ηδ' ἔσατ. -----

That is, *he paid no reverence to his Table*. The Table was held sacred by the Ancients, by means of which, honour was paid to the God of Friendship and Hospitality: it was therefore a crime to dishonour it by any indecent behaviour. To this purpose *Juvenal*:

Hic verbis nullus pudor, aut reverentia mensæ.

The statues of the Gods were rais'd upon the tables, they were consecrated by placing on them salt, which was always esteem'd holy, and by offering libations to the Gods from them: the Table therefore is call'd in *Plutarch* Φιλίων Θεῶν βωμὸν, ἢ ξενίων, *the altar of the Gods of Friendship and Hospitality*; and therefore to have eaten at the same table, was esteem'd an inviolable obligation of friendship: And τράπεζαν παραβαίνειν, to transgress against the table, a breach of the laws of hospitality, and the blackest of crimes. I will only add that it was customary upon making an alliance of hospitality to give mutual Tokens; thus *Ulysses* here presents *Iphitus* with a sword and spear; *Iphitus* *Ulysses* with a bow. And the producing these tokens was a recognition of the covenant of hospitality, between the persons themselves, and their descendents in following generations.

VI.

VERSE 51. *Loud as a bull makes hill and valley ring.*] This description presents us with a noble image; *Homer* introduces it to shew the largeness and strength of the door, which resounds as it opens. This exalts a trifling circumstance into sublimity and dignity, and renders a common action poetical; not unlike that in the 24th of the *Iliad*,

*Wide, as appears some palace-gate display'd,
So broad his pinions stretch'd their ample shade.*

VOL. V.

Y

VERSE

VII.

VERSE 57. *Across her knees she laid the well-known bow,
And pensive sate, and tears began to flow.]*

The Bow recalls to her mind the thought of her husband, and this raises her sorrows. The least trifle that once belong'd to a belov'd person, is sufficient to cast a cloud over the soul, which naturally falls in a show'r of tears: And no doubt the exercise which the Suitors are to practise with the Bow, upon which her future fate depends, aggravates her sorrows; she weeps not only for the loss of *Ulysses*, but at the thought that she is ready to enter upon second nuptials, contrary to her inclinations.

VIII.

VERSE 105. *Then thus Telemachus. Some God I find, &c.]*

This speech is not without greater obscurity than is usual in so clear a writer as *Homer*. *M. Dacier* has done it justice, and clearly open'd the sense of it in her paraphrase. “ Surely, says *Telemachus*, *Jupiter* has disorder'd my understanding: I see my mother, wise as she is, preparing to leave the palace, and enter upon a second marriage; and yet in these melancholy circumstances, I think of nothing but diverting my self, and being an idle spectator of this exercise of the Bow: No, no, this is not to be suffer'd: You (the Suitors) use your utmost efforts to rob me of *Penelope*, I will therefore use mine to retain her: A woman the most excellent in any nation. But why do I praise her? you know her worth; use therefore no pretext to defer the tryal of the Bow, that we may come to an issue; I will try the Bow with you; and if I succeed, then I will retain her as the prize of the conquest; then she shall not be obliged to second nuptials: Nor will *Penelope* abandon a son, who emulating his father, is (like him) able to bear the prize from so many Antagonists.

This is the true meaning of the words of *Telemachus*; the diction indeed is somewhat embarrass'd, and the connections a little obscure; but this is done by the Poet, to express the disorder and hurry of mind in *Telemachus*, who fears for the fate of *Penelope*: Therefore the connection of the Periods is interrupted, to represent

sent *Telemachus* starting thro' eagerness of spirit from thought to thought, without order or regularity.

IX.

VERSE 135. *The fourth had drawn it. The great Sire with joy Beheld, but with a sign forbade -----]*

It is not apparent at the first view why *Ulysses* prohibits *Telemachus* from drawing the Bow; but *Eustathius* gives sufficient reasons for this conduct: It would have defeated his whole design, and render'd the death of the Suitors impracticable; for *Telemachus* had declar'd that he would retain *Penelope*, if he succeeded in the exercise of the Bow; and this of necessity would create an immediate contest between that Heroe and the Suitors, and bring matters unseasonably to extremity. The same author assigns a second reason; *Ulysses* fears lest *Telemachus* by bending the Bow should make it more supple and flexible, and therefore commands him to desist, lest it should be drawn by the Suitors; besides, if he had drawn it, it would have rais'd an emulation amongst them, and they would have apply'd the utmost of their abilities not to be outdone by so young a person as *Telemachus*; but his despair to effect it, makes them less solicitous, the tryal being equally unsuccessful to them all.

It may also be observ'd that there is a very happy address made to *Telemachus* by *Homer*; He shews us that he could have drawn it, but desists in obedience to *Ulysses*: Thus the Poet has found out a way to give *Telemachus* the Honour of the Victory without obtaining it; and at the same time shews the superior wisdom of *Ulysses*, who restrains his son in the heat of his attempt; and makes him by a happy presence of mind at once foresee the danger, and prevent it.

X.

VERSE 149. *From where the Goblet first begins to flow, From right to left, &c.]*

Antinous makes this proposition, that every person may try his skill without confusion. Perhaps it is propos'd by *Antinous* by way of Omen, the right hand being reckon'd fortunate: But however that be, it is very evident that in the entertainments of the

the Ancients the cup was deliver'd towards the right hand: hence δεξίωσις came to signify to drink towards the right hand, and *Athenæus* thus interprets this passage in the first of the *Iliad*.

----- χρυσειοῖς δεπάεσι
Διδέχατ' ἀλλήλας -----

Which, remarks that author, signifies ἐδεξιῶτο προπίνοντες ἑαυτοῖς ταῖς δεξιαῖς. And there is express mention made of this practice, *Lib. I. v. 597.* of the *Iliad*.

----- θεοῖς ἐνδέξια πᾶσι
Ὠνοχοεῖ -----

That is, *beginning from the right hand*, as the Scholiast rightly interprets it, *Vulcan deliver'd the bowl to all the Gods.*

This observation explains various passages in many antient authors, as well as in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*: The Custom indeed is not of any great importance, but it is at least a curiosity, and valuable because antient. I doubt not but the bowl out of which these persons drank, would by Antiquaries be thought inestimable; and the possession of an antient bowl is not quite so valuable as the knowledge of an antient custom.

XI.

VERSE 152. ----- *Leiodes, blameless priest.*] The word in the original is θυοσκοός, a person who makes predictions from victims or from the smoke of the sacrifice. This *Leiodes*, the Poet tells us, sat next to the bowl; the reason of it, saith *Eustathius*, was because the Suitors fear'd lest poison should be mix'd in it, and they thought themselves safe thro' his care and inspection: but it may perhaps be a better reason to say, that he sat there in discharge of his office as a Prophet, to make libations to the Gods; as was customary at the beginning and end of all entertainments.

The Poet adds that this Prophet was placed at the extremity of the apartment; the reason may be because he was an enemy to the insolence of the Suitors, and therefore withdrew from their conversation; or perhaps the word is inserted only to shew that his

his place was the first (for *Eustathius* explains *μυχοίτατος*, by *πρώτος* and *ἐνσύτατος*) and therefore he was the most proper person to begin the experiment, that the rest might make tryal according as they were seated, successively; and what makes this the more probable is, that the propination always began from the most honourable person.

XII.

VERSE 161. *What num'rous deaths attend this fatal bow?
What Souls, and Spirits, &c.]*

There is in these words a full and clear prediction of the destruction of the Suitors by the Bow of *Ulysses*: but what follows, when the Prophet comes to explain himself, renders it ambiguous. *Better indeed to die, &c.* The next line is very remarkable for the distinction it makes between *ἤνιμα* and *ψυχὴν*, *soul* and *spirit*: The Reader may turn to the note on *Lib. 23. v. 92. 122.* of the *Iliad*; and that on *Lib. 11. v. 743.* of the *Odyssey*, where an account is given of the notion of the Ancients concerning this division. I shall only here add a passage in *St. Paul* to the *Hebrews*, which did not then occur to me, that remarkably falls in with it. *The word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of Soul and Spirit. Hebr. iv. 12.*

This *Leiodes* falls by the sword of *Ulysses* in the next book; but is it not injustice to take away the life of a Person who is here describ'd as a man of virtue, detesting the actions of the Suitors, and dignify'd with Prophecy? It is easie to answer this objection; he is one of the Suitors to *Penelope*, as appears from his trying the Bow amongst the rest of them, in order to obtain her in marriage, and consequently he is involv'd in the general crime: This distinguishes his case from that of *Medon* and *Phemius*, whom *Ulysses* spares, it appearing that they made no pretensions to the bed of *Penelope*; whereas *Leiodes* endeavours to marry the Queen, which single act would exclude *Ulysses* from his own bed and dominions. Besides, if we would escape the punishment of wicked men, we must not only detest their crimes, but conversation.

XIII.

VERSE 186. *Chafe ev'ry knot, and supple ev'ry pore.*] This passage has been egregiously misunderstood, and it has been imagin'd that this unguent is to anoint the limbs of the Suitors to make them more supple, after the manner of Wrestlers who observ'd that custom; but it is very evident that τόξον is to be understood in the *Greek*, and that it is the Bow, not the Limbs of the Suitors, that is to be anointed. *Eustathius* thus fully explains it: The lard is brought to make the Bow pliant, they chafe it before the fire that the particles of it may enter the pores of the Bow and render it flexible. But *Eustathius* falls into an error about the feat that is brought by *Melanthius*: he imagines the Suitors fate while they drew the Bow, that they might be upon a level with the ringlets which were fix'd upon the ground; whereas in reality the feat is brought, that they may sit while they chafe the Bow. *Homer* himself says, when *Leiodes* endeavours to draw it, that he stood up, ἀνίστατο, and again,

He stood, and stepping forward try'd the bow.

Στῆ δ' ἄρ' ἐπ' ἔδον ἰὼν, καὶ τόξον πειρήτιζεν

But how is this to be reconcil'd with the conduct of *Ulysses*, who is directly affirm'd to sit while he draws it?

----- εἶλκεν νευρὴν γλυφίδαζε
'Αυλόθεν ἐκ δίφρου καθήμενος-----

That circumstance is inserted to shew the great strength and dexterity of *Ulysses*, who is able to draw it in that disadvantageous posture: the Poet in every incident maintains his superiority.

XIV.

VERSE 193. *Then from the hall, and from the noisy crew
The masters of the herd and flock withdrew.*]

It is wonderful how exactly the Poet observes the distribution of time; he distinctly marks the action of every day, and
allots

allots a proper space to every action. In this place the Poem goes forward while *Ulysses* withdraws to engage the assistance of *Philæti*us and *Eumæus*. The Suitors are amus'd and employ'd about the Bow, while *Ulysses* steals away from their observation, and returns without raising their jealousy. The Poet likewise manages the time of the discovery of *Ulysses* very judiciously; tho' he knew the fidelity of *Eumæus* and *Philæti*us, yet he trusts them not with the knowledge of his Person, till the very hour of execution; agreeable to the general character of his cautious nature and profound secrecy. But then is not this an imputation to *Penelope*, that he should chuse to discover himself to these two persons, rather than to his Queen? The answer is, There was a necessity for his discovery to the former, but none to the latter; he wants their assistance in the future engagement, and makes good use of it; whereas a discovery made to the Queen could have been of no advantage, and might possibly have prov'd detrimental; besides, this is a season that requires expedition; and we find *Ulysses* complies with it, and is very concise in the discovery and interview with *Philæti*us and *Eumæus*. The Poet therefore reserves the discovery of *Ulysses* to *Penelope* to a time of more leisure, that he may dwell upon it more largely, and beautify his Poem with so essential an ornament with greater solemnity.

XV.

VERSE 231. ----- and the scar expos'd.] *Aristotle* treating of the different sort of Remembrances, Chap. 17. of his *Poetics*, divides them into two kinds, *natural* or *adventitious*; the former sort is simple and without art, which Poets use for want of invention; as for instance, when they bring about the discovery of a person by some natural mark or token upon the body: The latter are either marks upon the body, as scars occasion'd by some accident, or tokens distinct from the body, such as the Casket, &c. which *Plautus* and *Terence* use in the discovery of several persons in their Comedies: Of this latter kind is this scar of *Ulysses*; it is an adventitious remembrance, and these remembrances (continues *Aristotle*) may be us'd with more or less art: Thus in the case of this wound of *Ulysses*, it is us'd by *Homer* in a different way: *Euryclea*, Lib. 19. describes it accidentally; *Ulysses* here
shews

shews it to *Eumæus* and *Philæti* voluntarily; and it is certain that all those marks which a Poet designedly and deliberately uses to establish any verity, have less ingenuity than those which produce their effects undesignedly and casually, and consequently the remembrance in the nineteenth *Odyssey* is more ingenious than this second discovery. The reason is, it shews no ingenuity to have recourse to such marks, when we have an intention to make the discovery: it causes no surprize nor variety, neither is it produc'd by any art or invention: On the contrary, the other in the nineteenth book arises from the subject, and not from the fancy of the Poet only. But, says *Dacier*, when *Aristotle* affirms that this present remembrance wants ingenuity, we are not yet to imagine that he condemns it; for it is a remembrance made by necessity. *Ulysses* has not opportunity to wait till the discovery is made accidentally, as in the nineteenth Book; he is absolutely compell'd to make it designedly, to engage *Eumæus* and *Philæti* in his cause, by plainly proving to them that he was the real *Ulysses*. If therefore that Heroe shews less art in the manner of the remembrance, he shews more wisdom in accommodating his conduct to the opportunity, and using the present conjuncture advantageously, to bring about his own re-establishment. I will only further observe the judgment of *Homer* in making this discovery with the utmost brevity, concluding it in the compass of two verses: he had before enlarg'd upon the wound, and the reader is already fully instructed in the story: There is likewise another reason that requires conciseness; the urgency of the time demands it, for *Ulysses* and *Eumæus* could not be long in conference without observation, and raising the jealousy of the Suitors.

XVI.

VERSE 252. *At ev'ry portal, &c.*] This is a very necessary injunction: *Ulysses* fears not only lest any of the Suitors should make his escape, but also lest any of the women who were friends to the Suitors should give information to their partisans abroad, and introduce them to their assistance. *Eustathius*.

VERSE

XVII.

VERSE 266. *Not the lost nuptials-----*] No doubt but *Eurymachus* misrepresents his real sentiments, when he makes the loss of *Penelope* of little importance; but his conduct is an exact picture of human nature: When we have us'd our utmost endeavours to obtain our desires, and have fail'd in the attempt, the object immediately loses its value, and we would be thought to despise it. To be easie under any disappointment is the result of reason; but to seem to despise what we have been very solicitous to obtain, arises from the pride of our natures, which persuades us to endeavour to cheat the world into an opinion that we have not been disappointed: The remedy for this disease of our minds, is a regular conduct, and to hold the balance even in all our affairs, that the scale be not rais'd too high or depress'd too low.

XVIII.

VERSE 274. *Sacred to Phœbus is the solemn day.*] *Antinous*, in this reply, speaks, as well as *Eurymachus*, with dissimulation; he is unwilling to give a true reason, and therefore invents a false one: The true reason why he defers the tryal of the Bow is, because he fears his inability to draw it: The feign'd reason is a pretended piety paid to the day: it was a day to be observ'd religiously, and he insinuates that all sports upon it are a prophanation of it; and consequently, *Apollo* being provok'd, disables them from drawing the Bow, of which he is the patron. This is the reason why he proposes to offer a libation, to atone for the abuse of the day by their diversions. But perhaps the reason why *Antinous* defers the exercise of the Bow to the following day, is not because he thought it unlawful to proceed in it on the festival of *Apollo*; for why should an exercise which was instituted in honour of that Deity, be thought a prophanation of the day? I should therefore rather conclude, that the impiety intended by *Antinous*, was their omission in not offering a sacrifice to that God before they begun the tryal, that he might prosper their endeavours: The conclusion of his speech makes this opinion probable: " Let us now defer the experiment, and

Observations on the Twenty-first Book.

“ offer sacrifice in the morning to *Apollo*, that he may give
 “ us success in drawing the Bow ;” which implies that they were
 unsuccessful because they had forgot to sacrifice. I will only add
 that *Antinous* mentions a goat as an offering to *Apollo*; we have
 before seen bulls, sheep and bullocks offer'd to that Deity; the
 reason why a goat is a proper victim, I suppose is because he is a
 rural God, and patron of shepherds, and therefore all kinds of
 beasts were offer'd to him promiscuously.

XIX.

VERSE 318. *Perithous' roofs, &c.*] The story of the *Centaurs* is this : *Perithous* a *Lapithite* marrying *Hippodamia* the daughter of *Adrastus*, invited the *Centaurs* and *Lapithæ* to his nuptials; the *Centaurs* drinking to great excess, and offering violence to the bride, engag'd them in a quarrel; *Eurytion* was the person who began the disorder, and the war that ensued became fatal to the whole nation of the *Centaurs*. *Horace* alludes to this history.

*At nequis modici transfiliat munera liberi,
 Centaurea monet cum Lapithis rixa super mero
 Debellata -----*

The *Lapithites* were a people of *Thessaly* inhabiting the mountains *Pindus* and *Othrys*; the *Centaurs* were their neighbours, and dwelt in mount *Pelion*. This war between the *Lapithites* and the *Centaurs* probably lasted about a year : for it began on the day of the nuptials of *Pirithous*, and on the day that his son *Polypætes* was born, he obtain'd a decisive victory over the *Centaurs*, and drove them from mount *Pelion*. Thus *lib. 2. v. 900* of the *Iliad*.

*Thy troops Argissa, Polypætes leads
 And Eleon, shelter'd by Olympus' shades ;
 Sprung from Pirithous of immortal race,
 The fruit of fair Hippodamé's embrace,
 That day when hurl'd from Pelion's cloudy head
 To distant dens the shaggy Centaurs fled.*

This history is at large related by *Ovid, Metamorph. 12*. He calls *Eurytion*

Eurytion by the name of *Eurytus*, and describes the nuptial feast in a cave, and not in the palace of *Pirithous*. Thus Mr. Dryden:

*In a cool cave's recess the treat was made,
Whose entrance trees with spreading boughs o'ershade:
There one more brutal of the brutal brood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once; beheld with lustful eyes
The bride, at once, resolv'd to make his prize:
Down went the board; and fast'ning on her hair
He seiz'd with sudden force the frightened fair:
'Twas Eurytus began. -----*

XX.

VERSE 357. ----- *If Fame engage your views,
Forbear those acts which Infamy pursues.]*

This answer of *Penelope* is very severe and very just: *Eurymachus* (observes *Dacier*) had said, If this beggar draws the Bow, we shall lose our reputation: *Penelope* answers, It is in vain to be solicitous about your reputation, when your lives are a series of infamous actions: Fame is the reward of good, and shame the portion of base and unworthy deeds: It is no dishonour to a Prince to be surpass'd by a Beggar in strength, but a Prince is more infamous than a Beggar, if his actions betray him to be a worse man; a base action sinks him into contempt, and taints his nobility. The words in *Homer* are, τὸ ἐλεῖν ταῦτα τίθεσθαι; which *Eustathius* thus explains; Why do you overlook the greater dishonour, and are thus afraid of trifles? and, adds *Dacier*, the sentiment is just and happy: These Princes place disgrace where it is not; they think it a shame to yield in strength to this stranger, which is really no shame; meer strength is the praise of a beast, not of a Prince: On the contrary, what is really a shame, they think to be none; they prey upon a King, who was a friend to all mankind, they act a thousand insolent and base deeds, and yet apprehend no discredit. This is an unhappy, and I wish it were an unjust, picture of human nature; we deceive ourselves with false notions both of shame and glory, and we may apply the words of *Terence* to this purpose:

Hic

----- *Hic ubi opus est*
Non verentur: illic ubi opus est ibi verentur.

Praise is only to be obtain'd by virtue, and fame is the certain reward of it: Ill-nature or envy may eclipse it, but it will prevail and break out into glory.

XXI.

VERSE 377. *Retire, oh Queen! &c.*] This speech has been accus'd of too great a liberty, and as wanting in respect from a son to a mother: *Telemachus* speaks with authority, when he ought to have shew'd obedience and filial duty. But these Criticks mistake the design and intention of *Telemachus*; he speaks directly to *Penelope*, but obliquely and intentionally to the Suitors: It is for this reason that he says he is supreme in the palace, viz. to let them know that he will not give up the sway into their pow'r. He tells *Penelope* that the Bow shall be used as he directs; this is done to intimidate the Suitors, and prepare the way for the delivery of it to *Ulysses*, contrary to their injunctions to *Eumæus*.

The verses are the same with those in the 6th of the *Iliad*. There *Hector* speaks to *Andromache*, a tender husband to a fond wife, and the speech was never tax'd with any want of love and kindness. In that place *Hector* remembers that he is an husband, yet forgets not that he is an Heroe. In this, *Telemachus* deviates not from the duty of a son, yet speaks in the character and style of a Prince.

Eustathius excellently enlarges upon the words of *Telemachus*: There is an absolute necessity that *Penelope* should withdraw, that she might not be present at the scene of blood and slaughter. It is for the same reason that the Poet introduces *Minerva* casting her into a profound sleep, that she might be entirely ignorant of the death of the Suitors: This is absolutely necessary; for if she had been acquainted that *Ulysses* was return'd, and the Suitors slain by his hand, there could have been no room for the interview between *Ulysses* and *Penelope* in the succeeding parts of the *Odyssey*.

But is not *Minerva* introduc'd upon too small an occasion, only to cast *Penelope* into a slumber? would not nature have work'd the

the same effect without the assistance of the Goddess? I have already remark'd that machines are not always used out of necessity, but frequently for ornament, to dignify the Poetry and create surprise by the appearance of a Deity. But here the Poet brings down *Minerva*, to give credibility to the story; for tho' it be true that nature is sufficient to produce this effect, yet that it should operate in the critical and exact moment, when the Poet has occasion for it, is in some degree incredible: The Poet therefore, to reconcile the relation to probability, introduces a præternatural sleep, occasion'd by the immediate operation of a Goddess.

XXII.

VERSE 381. ----- the Queen admir'd
His sage reply -----]

Penelope is amaz'd at the free remonstrance of *Telemachus*; she is ignorant of the reason of it, yet immediately retires, not doubting but his words flow'd from a just cause, and not from a want of filial duty: she is therefore said by the Poet to lodge his words in her memory, waiting till time should unfold the mystery. *Dacier*.

XXIII.

VERSE 407. *The Suitors with a scornful smile, &c.*] *Spondanus* believes they laugh out of contempt of *Telemachus*; *Dacier*, because they believe the time come which is to end all their doubts by the marriage of *Penelope*; they hope to draw the Bow, and this hope mollifies their anger. But all these reasons (as well as those of *Eustathius*) seem to be rather invented than natural: we may find a sufficient reason of their laughter, from the sharpness of *Telemachus* toward *Eumæus*; they rejoice to see an enemy (for such they esteem *Eumæus*) misus'd, and this will likewise give a reason why the Poet adds that they ceas'd their anger against *Telemachus*, namely, because he gratifies their ill-will by threatening *Eumæus*.

XXIV.

VERSE 412. *Hear what Telemachus enjoins, &c.*] It is very evident that this command proceeds not from *Telemachus* but
VOL. V. B b Ulysses;

Ulysses: It was *Ulysses* who gave directions to shut the door of the womens apartment; but *Eumæus* is ignorant that *Euryclea* was acquainted with the return of *Ulysses*, and therefore speaks as from *Telemachus*. He knew very well that she would obey the orders of *Telemachus*, but if she had not been acquainted with the return of *Ulysses*, she would have made some hesitation, believing the Beggar to be really a stranger and not *Ulysses*. *Eustathius*.

XXV.

VERSE 423. ----- (the cable strongly wrought
Of Byblos' reed, -----]

The word in the Greek is βύβλινον, which we are not to understand of the *Ægyptian Papyrus*, but it is deriv'd from βίλῳ or βύβλῳ, a plant growing in the marshes of *Ægypt*, βοτάνης ἐμ-Φεῖς παπύρω, that bears the resemblance of the *Papyrus*, as *Eustathius* explains it. Of this plant the Ancients made their cordage; on the top of it there grew fibrous threads resembling hair, and thus *Strabo* describes it, ψιλὴ ῥάβδος ἐπ' ἄκρῃ ἔχουσα χαίτην, a slender twig, bearing, as it were, hair on the top of it.

XXVI.

VERSE 428. Turn'd on all sides, and view'd it o'er and o'er.] This little particularity is not inserted in vain: *Ulysses* is ready to engage in a terrible combat; it is therefore very necessary to be curious in the examination of the Bow, to be certain that he might depend upon it; if he had observ'd that it had been decay'd thro' time, his prudence would have furnish'd him with some other instrument. *Eustathius* is of opinion that this whole Bow was made of horn, because ἱπες denotes worms that breed in horn: The Bow, says that Author, was made of horn, and not of wood, like the *Scythian* bows. This, it must be confess'd, is not entirely satisfactory, because the bows were anciently tip or pointed at the extremities with horn; and to this horn *Ulysses* may refer: But the other opinion is most probable, and *Ovid* thus understood it:

Penelope vires juvenum tentabat in arcu
Quæ latus argueret corneus arcus erat.

VERSE

XXVII.

VERSE 440. *Then, as some heav'nly minstrel, &c.] Eustathius* confesses himself to be greatly pleas'd with this comparison; it is very just, and well suited to the purpose; the strings of the lyre represent the bow-string, and the ease with which the Lyrist stretches them, admirably paints the facility with which *Ulysses* draws the bow. When similitudes are borrow'd from an object entirely different from the subject which they are brought to illustrate, they give us a double satisfaction, as they surprize us by shewing an agreement between such things in which there seems to be the greatest disagreement.

XXVIII.

VERSE 448.

—— the string let fly

Twang'd short and sharp, like the shrill swallow's cry.]

The comparison is not intended to represent the sweetness of the sound, but only the quality and nature of it; and means a harsh or jarring sound, or somewhat rough, ὑπότρεχυ, as *Eustathius* interprets it; such a sound as the swallow makes when she sings by starts, and not in one even tenour. The swallow is inharmonious, and *Aristophanes* uses χελιδόνων μυσεία in his frogs, to signify those who are enemies to the Muses; and here the Poet uses it to denote a shrill, harsh, or jarring sound.

XXIX.

VERSE 452. *Signs from above ensu'd ———]* The signal of battle is here given in thunder by *Jupiter*, as in the eleventh book of the *Iliad*.

*Ev'n Jove, whose thunder spoke his wrath, distill'd
Red drops of blood o'er all the fatal field.*

And again,

*That instant Juno and the martial maid
In happy thunders promis'd Greece their aid.*

This

This prepares us for the greatness of the following action, which is usher'd in with thunder from heaven: And we are not surpriz'd to see *Ulysses* defeat his enemies, when *Jupiter* declares himself in his favour. *Homer* calls this thunder a sign and a prodigy: It is a sign, because it predicts the event; and a prodigy, because the thunder proceeds from a serene sky. *Eustathius*.

XXX.

VERSE 476. ----- *nor have I lost*
That ancient vigor -----]

Ulysses speaks not thus out of vanity, but solely to confirm the courage of *Telemachus*, and his two friends, *Eumæus* and *Philæti*us: He sets his vigour before their eyes, that they may have confidence in it in the succeeding engagement.

XXXI.

VERSE 471. *In sweet repast the present hour employ,*
Nor wait 'till ev'ning -----]

This circumstance is very necessary; *Ulysses* excites the Suitors to supper by day-light, because it would be more easie for him to assault them while they sate at table: the posture would give him some advantage; and he adds *before ev'ning*, because if they had supp'd by the light of the torch, upon extinguishing it, they had greatly embarrass'd him, and perhaps render'd his designs ineffectual thro' the benefit of the darkness. Neither is it without reason that he proposes singing and music; he does it to draw away their thoughts from any jealousy of intended violence; and by this method he gives the assault unexpectedly, and begins the slaughter before they are prepared to make any opposition.



THE
TWENTY-SECOND BOOK
OF THE
O D Y S S E Y.

VOL. V.

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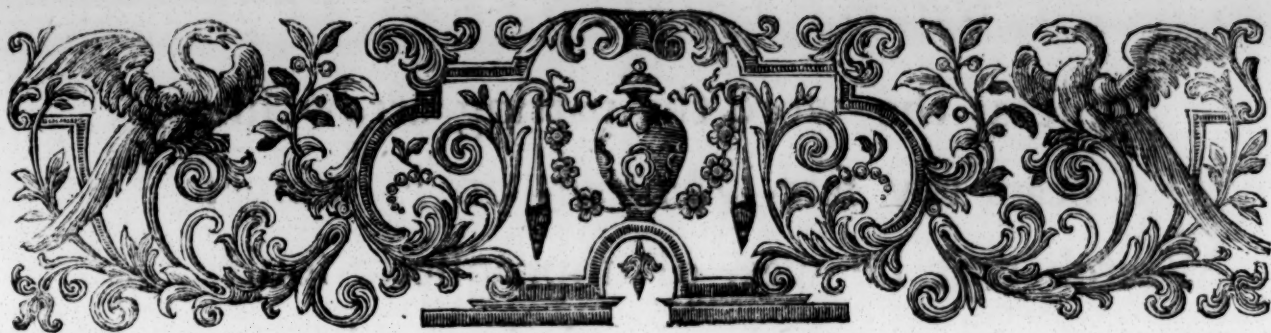
The ARGUMENT.

The Death of the Suitors.

Ulysses begins the slaughter of the Suitors by the death of Antinous. He declares himself, and lets fly his arrows at the rest. Telemachus assists, and brings arms for his father, himself, Eumæus, and Philætius. Melanthius does the same for the Wooers. Minerva encourages Ulysses in the shape of Mentor. The Suitors are all slain, only Medon and Phemius are spar'd. Melanthius and the unfaithful servants are executed. The rest acknowledge their Master with all demonstrations of joy.



THE



THE
TWENTY-SECOND BOOK
OF THE
O D Y S S E Y.



HEN fierce the Heroe o'er the
threshold strode;
Stript of his rags, he blaz'd out
like a God.

Full in their face the lifted bow
he bore,

And quiver'd deaths, a formidable store;
Before his feet the ratling show'r he threw, 5
And thus terrific, to the Sutor crew.

One vent'rous game this hand has won to-day,
Another, Princes! yet remains to play;
Another mark our arrow must attain.
Phæbus assist! nor be the labour vain. 10

Swift

Swift as the word the parting arrow fings,
And bears thy fate, *Antinous*, on its wings:
Wretch that he was, of unprophetic soul!
High in his hands he rear'd the golden bowl;
15 Ev'n then to drain it lengthen'd out his breath;
Chang'd to the deep, the bitter draught of death:
For Fate who fear'd amidst a feastful band?
And Fate to numbers by a single hand.
Full thro' his throat *Ulysses'* weapon past,
20 And pierc'd the neck. He falls, and breathes his last.
The tumbling goblet the wide floor o'erflows,
A stream of gore burst spouting from his nose;
Grim in convulsive agonies he sprawls:
Before him spurn'd, the loaded table falls,
25 And spreads the pavement with a mingled flood
Of floating meats, and wine, and human blood.
Amaz'd, confounded, as they saw him fall,
Uprose the throngs tumultuous round the hall;
O'er all the dome they cast a haggard eye,
30 Each look'd for arms in vain; no arms were nigh:
Aim'st thou at Princes? (all amaz'd they said)
Thy last of games unhappy hast thou play'd;

Thy

Thy erring shaft has made our bravest bleed,
And death, unlucky guest, attends thy deed.
Vulturs shall tear thee — Thus incens'd they spoke, ³⁵
While each to Chance ascrib'd the wond'rous stroke,
Blind as they were; for death ev'n now invades
His destin'd prey, and wraps them all in shades.
Then grimly frowning with a dreadful look,
That wither'd all their hearts, *Ulysses* spoke. ⁴⁰

Dogs, ye have had your day; ye fear'd no more
Ulysses vengeful from the *Trojan* shore;
While to your lust and spoil a guardless prey,
Our house, our wealth, our helpless handmaids lay:
Not so content, with bolder frenzy fir'd, ⁴⁵
Ev'n to our bed presumptuous you aspir'd:
Laws or divine or human fail'd to move,
Or shame of men, or dread of Gods above;
Heedless alike of infamy or praise,
Or Fame's eternal voice in future days: ⁵⁰
The hour of vengeance, wretches, now is come,
Impending Fate is yours, and instant doom.

Thus dreadful he. Confus'd the Suitors stood,
From their pale cheeks recedes the flying blood;

VOL. V.

D d

Trembling

55 Trembling they fought their guilty heads to hide,
Alone the bold *Eurymachus* reply'd.

If, as thy words import, (he thus began)
Ulysses lives, and thou the mighty man,
Great are thy wrongs, and much hast thou sustain'd
60 In thy spoil'd Palace, and exhausted land;
The cause and author of those guilty deeds,
Lo! at thy feet unjust *Antinous* bleeds.

Not love, but wild ambition was his guide,
To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide,
65 These were his aims, but juster *Jove* deny'd.

Since cold in death th'offender lies; oh spare
Thy suppliant people, and receive their pray'r!
Brass, gold, and treasures shall the spoil defray,
Two hundred oxen ev'ry Prince shall pay:

70 The waste of years refunded in a day.

'Till then thy wrath is just—*Ulysses* burn'd
With high disdain, and sternly thus return'd.

All, all the treasures that enrich'd our throne
Before your rapines, join'd with all your own,
75 If offer'd, vainly should for mercy call;
'Tis you that offer, and I scorn them all:

Your

Your blood is my demand, your lives the prize,
 'Till pale as yonder wretch each Suitor lies.
 Hence with those coward terms; Or fight or fly,
 This choice is left ye, to resist or die; 80
 And die I trust ye shall. — He sternly spoke:
 With guilty fears the pale assembly shook.

Alone *Eurymachus* exhorts the train:
 Yon Archer, comrades, will not shoot in vain;
 But from the threshold shall his darts be sped, 85
 (Who-e'er he be) 'till ev'ry Prince lie dead.
 Be mindful of your selves, draw forth your swords,
 And to his shafts obtend these ample boards,
 (So need compells.) Then all united strive
 The bold invader from his post to drive; 90
 The City rous'd shall to our rescue haste,
 And this mad Archer soon have shot his last.

Swift as he spoke, he drew his traytor sword,
 And like a lion rush'd against his Lord:
 The wary Chief the rushing foe repress, 95
 Who met the point, and forc'd it in his breast:
 His failing hand deserts the lifted sword,
 And prone he falls extended o'er the board:

Before

Before him wide, in mixt effusion roll
 100 Th' untasted viands, and the jovial bowl.
 Full thro' his liver past the mortal wound,
 With dying rage his forehead beats the ground,
 He spurn'd the seat with fury as he fell,
 And the fierce soul to darkness div'd, and hell.
 105 Next bold *Amphinomus* his arm extends
 To force the pass: the god-like man defends.
 Thy spear, *Telemachus!* prevents th' attack,
 The brazen weapon driving thro' his back,
 Thence thro' his breast its bloody passage tore; }
 110 Flat falls he thund'ring on the marble floor, }
 And his crush'd forehead marks the stone with gore. }
 He left his jav'lin in the dead, for fear
 The long incumbrance of the weighty spear
 To the fierce foe advantage might afford,
 115 To rush between, and use the shorten'd sword.
 With speedy ardour to his Sire he flies,
 And, Arm great father! arm (in haste he cries)
 Lo hence I run for other arms to wield,
 For missile jav'lins, and for helm and shield;

BOOK XXII. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.* 105

Fast by our side let either faithful swain 120
In arms attend us, and their part sustain.

Haste and return (*Ulysses* made reply)
While yet th' auxiliar shafts this hand supply;
Left thus alone, encountred by an host,
Driv'n from the gate, th' important pass be lost. 125

With speed *Telemachus* obeys, and flies
Where pil'd on heaps the royal armour lies;
Four brazen helmets, eight refulgent spears,
And four broad bucklers, to his Sire he bears:
At once in brazen Panoply they shone, 130
At once each servant brac'd his armour on;
Around their King a faithful guard they stand,
While yet each shaft flew deathful from his hand:
Chief after Chief expir'd at ev'ry wound,
And swell'd the bleeding mountain on the ground. 135
Soon as his store of flying fates was spent,
Against the wall he set the bow unbent:
And now his shoulders bear the massy shield,
And now his hands two beamy jav'lins wield;
He frowns beneath his nodding plume, that play'd 140
O'er the high crest, and cast a dreadful shade.

There stood a window near, whence looking down
 From o'er the porch, appear'd the subject town.
 A double strength of valves secur'd the place,
 145 A high and narrow, but the only pass:
 The cautious King, with all-preventing care,
 To guard that outlet, plac'd *Eumæus* there:
 When *Agelaus* thus: Has none the sense
 To mount yon window, and alarm from thence
 150 The neighbour town? the town shall force the door,
 And this bold Archer soon shall shoot no more.

Melanthius then: That outlet to the gate
 So near adjoins, that one may guard the strait.
 But other methods of defence remain,
 155 My self with arms can furnish all the train;
 Stores from the royal magazine I bring,
 And their own darts shall pierce the Prince and King.
 He said; and mounting up the lofty stairs,
 Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets
 160 All arm, and sudden round the hall appears [bears:
 A blaze of bucklers, and a wood of spears.

The Heroe stands oppress'd with mighty woe,
 On ev'ry side he sees the labour grow:

Oh

Oh curst event! and oh unlook'd-for aid!

Melanthius or the women have betray'd —

165

Oh my dear son! — The father with a sigh:

Then ceas'd; the filial virtue made reply.

Falshood is folly, and 'tis just to own
The fault committed; this was mine alone;

My haste neglected yonder door to bar,

170

And hence the villain has supply'd their war.

Run good *Eumæus* then, and (what before

I thoughtless err'd in) well secure that door:

Learn if by female fraud this deed were done,

Or (as my thought misgives) by *Dolius'* son.

175

While yet they spoke, in quest of arms again

To the high chamber stole the faithless swain,

Not unobserv'd. *Eumæus* watchful ey'd,

And thus address'd *Ulysses* near his side.

The miscreant we suspected takes that way;

180

Him, if this arm be pow'rful, shall I slay?

Or drive him hither, to receive the meed

From thy own hand, of this detested deed?

Not so (reply'd *Ulysses*) leave him there,

For us sufficient is another care:

185

Within

Within the stricture of this palace wall
To keep inclos'd his masters till they fall.
Go you, and seize the felon; backward bind
His arms and legs, and fix a plank behind;
190 On this, his body by strong cords extend,
And on a column near the roof suspend;
So study'd tortures his vile days shall end.

The ready swains obey'd with joyful haste,
Behind the felon unperceiv'd they past,
195 As round the room in quest of arms he goes:
(The half-shut door conceal'd his lurking foes)
One hand sustain'd a helm, and one the shield
Which old *Laertes* wont in youth to wield,
Cover'd with dust, with dryness chapt and worn,
200 The brass corroded, and the leather torn:
Thus laden, o'er the threshold as he stept,
Fierce on the villain from each side they leapt,
Back by the hair the trembling dastard drew,
And down reluctant on the pavement threw.
205 Active and pleas'd, the zealous swains fulfil
At ev'ry point their master's rigid will:

First,

First, fast behind, his hands and feet they bound,
Then streighten'd cords involv'd his body round;
So drawn aloft, athwart the column ty'd,
The howling felon swung from side to side.

210

Eumæus scoffing, then with keen disdain.
There pass thy pleasing night, oh gentle swain!
On that soft pillow, from that envy'd height
First may'st thou see the springing dawn of light;
So timely rise, when morning streaks the east,
To drive thy victims to the Suitors feast.

215

This said, they left him, tortur'd as he lay,
Secur'd the door, and hasty strode away:
Each, breathing death, resum'd his dang'rous post
Near great *Ulysses*; Four against an host.
When lo! descending to her Heroe's aid
Jove's daughter *Pallas*, War's triumphant maid:
In *Mentor's* friendly form she join'd his side;
Ulysses saw, and thus with transport cry'd.

220

Come, ever welcome, and thy succour lend;
Oh ev'ry sacred name in one! my friend!
Early we lov'd, and long our loves have grown:
What-e'er thro' life's whole series I have done

225

Or good, or grateful, now to mind recall,
 230 And aiding this one hour, repay it all.

Thus he; but pleasing hopes his bosom warm
 Of *Pallas* latent in the friendly form.

The adverse host the phantom warrior ey'd,
 And first loud-threatning, *Agelaius* cry'd.

235 *Mentor* beware, nor let that tongue perfwade
 Thy frantic arm to lend *Ulysses* aid;
 Our force successful shall our threat make good,
 And with the fire's and son's commix thy blood.
 What hop'ft thou here? Thee first the sword shall flay,
 240 Then lop thy whole posterity away;
 Far hence thy banish'd confort shall we send;
 With his, thy forfeit lands and treasures blend;
 Thus, and thus only, shalt thou join thy friend. }

His barb'rous insult ev'n the Goddesses fires,
 245 Who thus the warrior to revenge inspires.

Art thou *Ulysses*? where then shall we find
 The patient body and the constant mind?
 That courage, once the *Trojans* daily dread,
 Known nine long years, and felt by Heroes dead?

And

And where that conduct, which reveng'd the lust 250
 Of *Priam's* race, and lay'd proud *Troy* in dust?
 If this when *Helen* was the cause, were done,
 What for thy country now, thy Queen, thy son?
 Rise then in combat, at my side attend;
 Observe what vigour Gratitude can lend, } 255
 And foes how weak, oppos'd against a friend!

She spoke; but willing longer to survey
 The fire and son's great acts, with-held the day;
 By farther toils decreed the brave to try,
 And level pois'd the wings of Victory: 260
 Then with a change of form eludes their fight, }
 Perch'd like a swallow on a rafter's height, }
 And unperceiv'd, enjoys the rising fight.

Damastor's son, bold *Agelaus*, leads
 The guilty war; *Eurynomus* succeeds; 265
 With these, *Pisander* great *Polyc'tor's* son,
 Sage *Polybus*, and stern *Amphimedon*,
 With *Demoptolemus*: These six survive,
 The best of all the shafts had left alive.
 Amidst the carnage desp'rate as they stand, 270
 Thus *Agelaus* rowz'd the lagging band.

The

The hour is come, when yon' fierce man no more
With bleeding Princes shall bestrow the floor:
Lo! *Mentor* leaves him with an empty boast;
275 The four remain, but four against an host.
Let each at once discharge the deadly dart,
One sure of fix shall reach *Ulysses'* heart:
Thus shall one stroke the glory lost regain:
The rest must perish, their great leader slain.
280 Then all at once their mingled lances threw,
And thirsty all of one man's blood they flew;
In vain! *Minerva* turn'd them with her breath,
And scatter'd short, or wide, the points of death;
With deaden'd sound, one on the threshold falls,
285 One strikes the gate, one rings against the walls;
The storm past innocent. The god-like man
Now loftier trod, and dreadful thus began.
'Tis now (brave friends) our turn, at once to throw
(So speed 'em heav'n) our jav'lins at the foe.
290 That impious race to all their past mis-deeds
Would add our blood. Injustice still proceeds.
He spoke: at once their fiery lances flew:
Great *Demoptolemus*, *Ulysses* flew;

Euryades

BOOK XXII. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.*

113

Euryades receiv'd the Prince's dart;
 The Goatherd's quiver'd in *Pisander's* heart; 295
 Fierce *Elatus* by thine, *Eumæus*, falls;
 Their fall in thunder ecchoes round the walls.
 The rest retreat: the victors now advance,
 Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.
 Again the foe discharge the steely show'r; 300
 Again made frustrate by the virgin pow'r.
 Some, turn'd by *Pallas*, on the threshold fall,
 Some wound the gate, some ring against the wall;
 Some weak, or pond'rous with the brazen head,
 Drop harmless, on the pavement sounding dead. 305
 Then bold *Amphimedon* his jav'lin cast;
 Thy hand, *Telemachus*, it lightly raz'd;
 And from *Ctesippus'* arm the spear elanc'd
 On good *Eumæus'* shield and shoulder glanc'd;
 Not lessen'd of their force (so slight the wound) 310
 Each fung along, and drop'd upon the ground.
 Fate doom'd thee next, *Eurydamas*, to bear
 Thy death, ennobled by *Ulysses'* spear.
 By the bold son *Amphimedon* was slain:
 And *Polybus* renown'd the faithful swain. 315

VOL. V.

G g

Pierc'd

Pierc'd thro' the breast the rude *Ctesippus* bled,
And thus *Philæti*us gloried o'er the dead.

There end thy pompous vaunts, and high disdain;
Oh sharp in scandal, voluble and vain!

320 How weak is mortal pride! To heav'n alone
Th'event of actions and our fates are known:
Scoffer, behold what gratitude we bear:
The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.

Ulysses brandish'd high his vengeful steel,
325 And *Damastorides* that instant fell;
Fast by, *Leocritus* expiring lay,
The Prince's jav'lin tore its bloody way
Thro' all his bowels: down he tumbles prone,
His batter'd front and brains besmear the stone.

330 Now *Pallas* shines confess'd; aloft she spreads
The arm of vengeance o'er their guilty heads;
The dreadful *Ægis* blazes in their eye;
Amaz'd they see, they tremble, and they fly:
Confus'd, distracted, thro' the rooms they fling,

335 Like oxen madden'd by the breeze's sting, [spring. }
When fultry days, and long, succeed the gentle }

Not

Not half so keen, fierce vulturs of the chace
Stoop from the mountains on the feather'd race,
When the wide field extended snares beset,
With conscious dread they shun the quiv'ring net: 340
No help, no flight; but wounded ev'ry way,
Headlong they drop: the fowlers seize the prey.
On all sides thus they double wound on wound,
In prostrate heaps the wretches beat the ground,
Unmanly shrieks precede each dying groan, 345
And a red deluge floats the reeking stone.

Liodes first before the victor falls:

The wretched Augur thus for mercy calls.
O gracious hear, nor let thy suppliant bleed;
Still undishonour'd or by word or deed 350
Thy house, for me, remains; by me repress'd
Full oft was check'd th' injustice of the rest:
Averse they heard me when I counsell'd well,
Their hearts were harden'd, and they justly fell.
Oh spare an Augur's consecrated head, 355
Nor add the blameless to the guilty dead.

Priest as thou art! for that detested band
Thy lying prophecies deceiv'd the land:

Against

Against *Ulysses* have thy vows been made ;

360 For them, thy daily orisons were paid:

Yet more, ev'n to our bed thy pride aspires:

One common crime one common fate requires.

Thus speaking, from the ground the sword he took
Which *Agelaüs*' dying hand forfook ;

365 Full thro' his neck the weighty faulchion sped:

Along the pavement roll'd the mutt'ring head.

Phemius alone the hand of vengeance spar'd,
Phemius the sweet, the heav'n-instructed bard.

Beside the gate the rev'rend minstrel stands;

370 The lyre, now silent, trembling in his hands;

Dubious to supplicate the chief, or fly

To *Jove*'s inviolable altar nigh,

Where oft *Laertes* holy vows had paid,

And oft *Ulysses* smoking victims laid.

375 His honour'd harp with care he first set down,

Between the laver and the silver throne;

Then prostrate stretch'd before the dreadful man,

Persuasive, thus, with accent soft began.

O King! to mercy be thy soul inclin'd,

380 And spare the Poet's ever-gentle kind.

A deed like this thy future fame would wrong,
For dear to Gods and Men is sacred song.
Self-taught I sing; by heav'n, and heav'n alone
The genuine seeds of Poesy are sown;
And (what the Gods bestow) the lofty lay, 385
To Gods alone, and god-like worth, we pay.
Save then the Poet, and thy self reward;
'Tis thine to merit, mine is to record.
That here I sung, was force and not desire;
This hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire: 390
And let thy son attest, nor sordid pay
Nor servile flatt'ry stain'd the moral lay.

The moving words *Telemachus* attends,
His fire approaches, and the bard defends.
Oh mix not, Father, with those impious dead 395
The man divine; forbear that sacred head;
Medon the herald too our arms may spare,
Medon, who made my infancy his care;
If yet he breathes, permit thy son to give
Thus much to gratitude, and bid him live. 400

Beneath a table, trembling with dismay,
Couch'd close to earth, unhappy *Medon* lay,

Wrapt in a new-flain Oxe's ample hide:

Swift at the word he cast his skreen aside,

405 Sprung to the Prince, embrac'd his knee with tears,

And thus with grateful voice address'd his ears:

O Prince! O Friend! lo here thy *Medon* stands;

Ah stop the Heroe's unresist'd hands,

Incens'd too justly by that impious brood,

410 Whose guilty glories now are set in blood.

To whom *Ulysses* with a pleasing eye:

Be bold, on friendship and my son rely;

Live, an example for the world to read,

How much more safe the good than evil deed:

415 Thou, with the heav'n-taught bard, in peace resort

From blood and carnage to yon open court:

Me other work requires — With tim'rous awe

From the dire scene th' exempted two withdraw,

Scarce sure of life, look round, and trembling move

420 To the bright altars of Protector *Jove*.

Mean-while *Ulysses* search'd the dome, to find

If yet there live of all th' offending kind.

Not one! compleat the bloody tale he found,

All steep'd in blood, all gasping on the ground.

So, when by hollow shores the fisher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main, } 425
And scarce the meshy toils the copious draught con- [tain, }
All naked of their element, and bare,
The fishes pant, and gasp in thinner air;
Wide o'er the sands are spread the stiff'ning prey, 430
'Till the warm sun exhales their soul away.

And now the King commands his son to call
Old *Euryclea*, to the death-ful hall:
The son observant not a moment stays;
The aged Governess with speed obeys: 435
The sounding portals instant they display;
The matron moves, the Prince directs the way.
On heaps of death the stern *Ulysses* stood,
All black with dust and cover'd thick with blood.
So the grim Lion from the slaughter comes, 440
Dreadful he glares, and terribly he foams,
His breast with marks of carnage painted o'er,
His jaws all dropping with the bull's black gore.

Soon as her eyes the welcome object met,
The guilty fall'n, the mighty deed compleat; 445

A scream of joy her feeble voice essay'd:
The Heroe check'd her, and compos'dly said.

Woman, experienc'd as thou art, controul
Indecent joy, and feast thy secret soul.

450 T'insult the dead is cruel and unjust;
Fate, and their crime, have sunk them to the dust;
Nor heeded these the censure of mankind,
The good and bad were equal in their mind.
Justly the price of worthlessness they pay'd,
455 And each now wails an unlamented shade.

But thou sincere! Oh *Euryclea*, say,
What maids dishonour us, and what obey?

Then she. In these thy kingly walls remain
(My son) full fifty of the handmaid train,
460 Taught by my care to cull the fleece, or weave,
And servitude with pleasing tasks deceive;
Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way,
Nor me nor chaste *Penelope* obey;
Nor fits it that *Telemachus* command

465 (Young as he is) his mother's female band.
Hence to the upper chambers let me fly,
Where slumbers soft now close the royal eye;

There

There wake her with the news — The matron cry'd;
 Not so (*Ulysses* more sedate reply'd)
 Bring first the crew who wrought these guilty deeds. 470
 In haste the matron parts: The King proceeds.

Now to dispose the dead, the care remains
 To you my son, and you, my faithful swains;
 Th'offending females to that task we doom,
 To wash, to scent, and purify the room. 475
 These (ev'ry table cleans'd, and ev'ry throne,
 And all the melancholy labour done)
 Drive to yon' court, without the Palace wall,
 There the revenging sword shall smite them all;
 So with the Suitors let 'em mix in dust, 480
 Stretch'd in a long oblivion of their lust.

He said: The lamentable train appear,
 Each vents a groan, and drops a tender tear;
 Each heav'd her mournful burthen, and beneath
 The porch, depos'd the ghastly heaps of death. 485
 The Chief severe, compelling each to move,
 Urg'd the dire task imperious from above.
 With thirsty sponge they rub the tables o'er,
 (The swains unite their toil) the walls, the floor }
 Wash'd with th'effusive wave, are purg'd of gore. } 490

Once more the palace set in fair array,
To the base court the females take their way;
There compass'd close between the dome and wall,
(Their life's last scene) they trembling wait their fall.

495 Then thus the Prince. To these shall we afford
A fate so pure, as by the martial sword?
To these, the nightly prostitutes to shame,
And base revilers of our house and name?

Thus speaking, on the circling wall he strung
500 A ship's tough cable, from a column hung;
Near the high top he strain'd it strongly round,
Whence no contending foot could reach the ground.
Their heads above, connected in a row,
They beat the air with quiv'ring feet below :
505 Thus on some tree hung struggling in the snare,
The doves or thrushes flap their wings in air.
Soon fled the soul impure, and left behind
The empty corse to waver with the wind.

Then forth they led *Melanthius*, and began
510 Their bloody work: They lopp'd away the man,
Morsel for dogs! then trimm'd with brazen sheers
The wretch, and shorten'd of his nose and ears;

H

His hands and feet last felt the cruel steel:
He roar'd, and torments gave his soul to hell—

They wash, and to *Ulysses* take their way, 515
So ends the bloody business of the day.

To *Euryclea* then address the King:
Bring hither fire, and hither sulphur bring,
To purge the palace: then the Queen attend,
And let her with her matron-train descend; 520
The matron-train with all the virgin band
Assemble here, to learn their Lord's command.

Then *Euryclea*; Joyful I obey,
But cast those mean dishonest rags away;
Permit me first thy royal robes to bring: 525
Ill suits this garb the shoulders of a King.

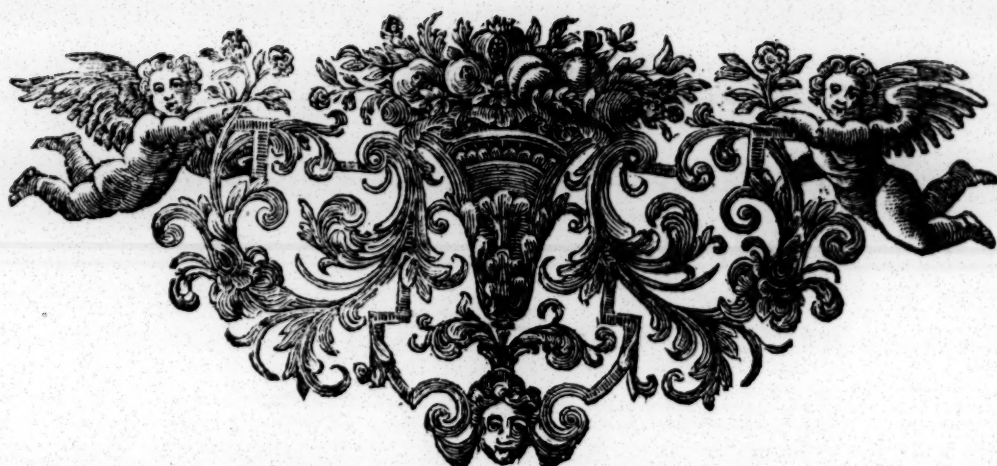
“Bring sulphur straight and fire (the Monarch cries)
She hears, and at the word obedient flies.

With fire and sulphur, cure of noxious fumes,
He purg'd the walls and blood-polluted rooms. 530

Again the matron springs with eager pace,
And spreads her Lord's return from place to place.
They hear, rush forth, and instant round him stand,
A gazing throng, a torch in ev'ry hand.

They

⁵³⁵ They saw, they knew him, and with fond embrace
Each humbly kist his knee, or hand, or face:
He knows them all; in all such truth appears,
Ev'n He indulges the sweet joy of tears.



OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWENTY SECOND BOOK.

Vol. V.

K k



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.

I.



WE are now come to the great event or Catastrophe of the *Odyssey*, which is the Destruction of the Suitors. The manner by which the Poet conducts it, has been prais'd and censur'd, by some as noble and heroic, by others as romantic and incredible: It is therefore highly necessary to vindicate *Homer* in the chief action of the whole Poem, that he may not be found culpable, in the place where he ought to be the most exact and draw his Heroe to the best advantage. The Objection made against this decisive action is, that the Poet makes *Ulysses* perform impossibilities; no one person, with such small assistance, being able to destroy above an hundred Enemies. It is no answer to say that *Pallas* descends to aid *Ulysses*, for it has been already proved, that all incidents which require a divine probability, should be so disengag'd from the action, that they may be subtracted from it without destroying it; whereas this action is essential to it. No less a Critic than *Longinus*, Chap. 7. condemns *Homer*; for enumerating the faults of the *Odyssey*, he thus proceeds: "To these may be added the absurdities he commits, in the account of the destruction of *Penelope's* Suitors." And *Scaliger*, Lib. 5. of his *Poetics* is of the same opinion:

Ulysses

Ulysses interfecit arcu procos, inter quos & ipsum tantillum esset intervalli: Quare omnes simul in eum impetum non fecerunt? The strength of this Objection lies in the omission of the Suitors in not rushing at once upon *Ulysses* in an united Body: Now this was impossible, he stood upon the threshold in a narrow pass, and by this advantage he was able to make it good against a great inequality of numbers. It is not difficult to bring instances of a like nature from undoubted history: *Cocles* alone defended the bridge over the *Tyber* against the whole army of *Porfena*, and stood unmoveable till the *Romans* broke it down behind him. And *Leonidas* the *Spartan* General defended the Pass of *Thermopylae* with a small number, against three millions of *Persians* led by *Xerxes*; and if he had not been betray'd, he would have probably defeated his whole army. In both these instances there was a greater inequality of numbers, than between *Ulysses* and the Suitors. The Reader will be reconcil'd to the probability of these relations, if he considers that the whole business of war was anciently decided by mere strength of body: Fire-arms now set all men upon a nearer Level; but in these early ages, the strongest person was the greatest Heroe; a man of superior and uncommon strength drove his enemies before him like an army of boys, and with as much facility. From this observation it is evident that *Homer* scarce transgresses the bounds of historic truth, when he describes *Achilles* chasing whole squadrons of *Trojans*: He wrote according to the manners of his times, and drew after the life, tho' sometimes he improv'd a feature to give grace to the picture of his Heroe: Thus in the Scripture, from the mere advantage of strength, we see a single *Goliath* defy the whole armies of *Israel*.

Rapin commends the conduct of *Homer* in bringing about the destruction of the Suitors. The unravelling the whole *Odyssey* (says that Author) by their Deaths, is very great, and very becoming an Heroe; that whole story is dress'd up in colours so decent, and at the same time so noble, that antiquity can hardly match any part of the narration; here *Homer* has display'd himself to the best advantage. I wish *Rapin* had given his reasons, and not run into a general commendation: But we shall be sufficiently convinc'd of the judgment of *Homer* in describing the Suitors falling chiefly by *Ulysses*, if we consider the nature of Epic Poetry. The chief action is to be perform'd by the Heroe
of

of the Poem: thus *Hector* falls by *Achilles*, *Turnus* by *Aeneas*: The death of the Suitors is the chief action of the *Odyssey*, and therefore it is necessarily to be executed by *Ulysses*; for if any other person had perform'd it, that person would have done an action more noble than the Heroe of the Poem, and eclips'd his glory. It is for the same reason that the Poet refuses all easie methods to re-establish *Ulysses*: he throws him into difficulties which he is to surmount by his own prowess and magnanimity. *Homer* might easily have rais'd an army, and plac'd *Ulysses* at the head of it; but the more difficult way being most conducive to his honour, he rejects all easie methods, shews him struggling with infinite hazards, out of which he extricates himself personally by his wisdom and courage. By these means he compleats the character of his Heroe, leaves a noble image of his worth upon the minds of the Spectators, and makes him go off the stage with the utmost applause.

II.

VERSE 1. *Then fierce the Heroe o'er the threshold strode, &c.* *Plato* was particularly struck with the beauty of these lines: In his Dialogue intitl'd *Ion*, p. 145: *Socrates* thus speaks: "When you repeat the verses of *Homer* emphatically, and ravish the whole Audience, whether it be the passage where he sings how *Ulysses* leaps upon the threshold, discovers himself to the Suitors, and pours his arrows before his feet; or where *Achilles* rushes upon *Hector*; or where he paints the Lamentations of *Hecuba*, *Priam*, or *Andromache*; tell me, are you any longer master of your own passions? are you not transported? and ravish'd with divine fury, think your self present at the very actions, either in *Ithaca* or *Troy*?" It must indeed be allow'd, that *Homer* here paints to the Life; we see *Ulysses*, his motion, his attitude, and the noble fury with which he begins the onset. The Poet interests us in the cause of his Heroe, and we fight on his side against his enemies.

Eustathius observes that instead of *πάχ* the *Aeolians* wrote *βράχ*; an observation of too little importance to have been regarded, if he had not given us a fragment of *Sappho* as a proof of it.

Τὶς δ' ἀγροῖωτις θέλγει νοδὸν
 'Οὐκ ἐπισαμένη τὰ βράχεια ἔλκει
 Ἐπὶ τῶν σφυρῶν; -----

which he thus explains,

*What rustic beauty dress'd in aukward charms
 Detains, my lover from his Sappho's arms?*

The circumstance of throwing the arrows before his feet is not inserted without a reason; *Ulysses* could reach them from thence with more facility and expedition, than if they had hung at his shoulder in the Quiver.

III.

VERSE 10. Phœbus assist!] *Ulysses* addresses a pray'r to *Apollo* to give success to his present enterprize; he directs it to him, because he is the God of Archery; and he concludes in four words, in compliance with the exigence of the time, which will not permit him to speak at large. This prayer to *Apollo* confirms my observation, that *Penelope* propos'd the tryal of the Bow in honour of that Deity, and we find that it was customary from a remarkable passage in the *Iliad*, Lib. 4.

*But first to speed thy shaft, address thy vow
 To Lycian Phœbus with the silver bow;
 And swear the firstlings of the flock to pay
 On Zelia's altars, to the God of day.*

It is from the urgency of the time that the speech of *Ulysses*, as well as the prayer, is concise: It would have been very injudicious, when he was ready to assault his enemies unexpectedly, to have prefac'd the onset with a long oration; this would have given them an alarm, and time to make an opposition.

IV.

VERSE 18. *And Fate to numbers by a single hand.*] This particular is very artful; the Poet while he writes, seems to be surpriz'd at the difficulty of the enterprize he is about to relate. He is in doubt of the great event, and stands still in admiration of it. This has a double effect; it sets the courage of *Ulysses* in a strong point of light, who executes what might be almost thought an impossibility; and at the same time it excellently contributes to make the story credible; for *Homer* appears to be held in suspense by the greatness of the action; an intimation that nothing but the real truth and deference to veracity could extort from him a belief of it: thus by seeming to make the relation improbable, the Poet establishes the probability of it. *Eustathius*.

V.

VERSE 22. *A stream of gore burst spouting -----*] The word in the original is *αὐλὸς*, which commonly signifies a pipe or musical instrument: The Ancients (observes *Eustathius*) used it to denote a fountain; here therefore it implies a flux or fountain of blood, *χερὸς ἐξακόνισμα αἵματος*, the word therefore very happily paints the blood spouting from the Nostrils, as from a fountain; and in this sense, it gives us a full image of the nature of the wound; the blood sprung as from a pipe, thro' the mouth of the wound, or from the veins, thro' the nostrils.

VI.

VERSE 35. ----- *thus incens'd they spoke,*

While each to Chance ascrib'd the wond'rous stroke.]

This passage was look'd upon as spurious by the Ancients; for they thought it impossible that all the Suitors should speak the same sentiment, as by compact, like a *Chorus* in a Tragedy: they appeal'd to the custom of *Homer* himself, who continually wrote

ἔσθ' ὅς τις εἶπεσχεν.

Eustathius answers, that the Poet speaks thus confusedly, to represent the confusion of the Suitors at the death of *Antinous*. *Dacier*

cier defends him by saying, that all the Suitors imagin'd that *Antinous* was slain by accident, and therefore the whole assembly having the same sentiment, the Poet might ascribe to every member of it the same expression. Either of these solutions explains the difficulty.

VII.

VERSE 42. *Ulysses vengeful from the Trojan shore.*] The mention of the return of *Ulysses* from *Troy* is not inserted casually: He speaks thus to intimidate his enemies, by recalling to their minds all the brave actions that he perform'd before it. Were not this his intention, he would have varied his expression, for in reality he has been absent from *Troy* near ten years, and returns from the *Phæacian*, not the *Trojan* shores. *Eustathius*.

VIII.

VERSE 64. *To slay thy son, thy kingdoms to divide.*] This expression is judiciously inserted, and with good reason put into the mouth of one of the Suitors, namely *Eurymachus*. The Poet is now punishing them for their crimes; it is therefore very necessary that the Reader should be satisfy'd that they deserve punishment; for if it be not an act of justice, it is murder. The Poet therefore brings them all confessing themselves guilty by the mouth of *Eurymachus*; their crime is the intended murder of *Telemachus*, and the usurpation of the throne of *Ulysses*. If this had not been set in a clear light, there might have been room for a suspicion that *Ulysses* inflicted a punishment too great for the guilt of the Suitors. For was it a crime that deserv'd death, to aim at the marriage of *Penelope*? this is not to be suppos'd; for they took her to be a widow, and might therefore without a crime ask her in marriage. Was death due for the waste and profusion of the riches of *Ulysses*? This might have been redress'd, by a full repayment, and a just equivalent. *Homer* therefore, to shew that there is a cause for the severity of the punishment, sets their crimes in open view, which are an intentional murder, and an actual treason. The place likewise where he inserts this circumstance is well chosen, viz. in the place where the punishment is related; and by this method we acknowledge the equity of it.

'Tis

'Tis true, *Eurymachus* throws the guilt upon *Antinous* as the chief offender; but all the Suitors have been his associates, and approv'd of all his violent and bloody designs thro' the *Odyssey*, and therefore are justly involv'd in the same punishment; so that *Ulysses* punishes rebellious subjects by the authority of a King. *Homer* likewise observes justice in the death of *Antinous*; he is the first in guilt, and the first that falls by his Heroe's hands.

IX.

VERSE 88. *And to his shafts obtend these ample boards.*] *Eurymachus* exhorts the Suitors to make use of the tables to oppose *Ulysses* in the manner of shields; from whence, observes *Eustathius*, it may be gather'd that every Suitor had a peculiar table. This may be confirm'd from this book; for when *Antinous* falls, he overturns a Table; which, if there had been but one, would have been too large to be thus overthrown: besides he speaks in the plural number, *τεταπίζας*.

X.

VERSE 91. *The City rous'd shall to our rescue haste.*] It is impossible but that the Suitors must have many friends amongst the *Ithacans*. Interest or ill-humour engages men in faction; but this is not the full import of the sense of *Homer*: The *Ithacans* were ignorant that *Ulysses* was return'd, and no wonder therefore if they engag'd in defence of the Princes of their land, against a stranger and a beggar; for such in appearance was *Ulysses*.

XI.

VERSE 108. *The brazen weapon driving thro' his back.*] *Eustathius*, and *Spondanus* from him, interpret this passage very much to the disadvantage of the courage of *Telemachus*: They observe that he is yet new to the horrors of war, and therefore wanting the heart to meet his enemy in the front, gives him this wound between the shoulders: That as soon as he has given the blow, out of fear he leaves the spear in the wound; an action as disreputable, as to throw away the shield in battle; and lastly, that it is fear that suggests to his mind the expedient to fetch the arms,

a pretext to be distant from danger. But it is not difficult to defend *Telemachus*. *Amphinomus* was assaulting *Ulysses*, and consequently his back was turn'd towards *Telemachus*, and this occasions the wound in that part. This combat is not a combat of honour, where points of ceremony are observ'd; *Telemachus* was therefore at liberty to destroy his enemy by any methods, without any imputation of cowardice; especially considering the inequality of the parties. Neither is it out of fear that he quits his spear; but from a dictate of wisdom; he is afraid lest some of the Suitors should attack him while he is disengaging it, and take him at an advantage, while he has no weapon to use in his own defence; besides, he has no farther occasion for it, he hastes away to provide other arms; not only for himself, but for *Ulysses* and his friends; and this is so far from being the suggestion of fear, that it is the result of wisdom.

There is some difficulty in the expression *προπηγνέει τὴν ψαῖον*, the meaning of it is, Lest he should receive a descending blow: The word is an adjective, and *Eustathius* tells us that *χειρὶ* is to be understood; I should rather chuse *φασγάνῳ*, which immediately precedes, it being as good sense to say, A wound is given by a descending sword, as a descending hand.

XII.

VERSE 117. ——— *arm (in haste he cries)*] *Homer* almost constantly gives the epithet *πτερόεντα*, τὸ ἔπος; *winged words*. *Plutarch* in his treatise upon Garrulity gives us the meaning of it. A word (says that Author) while it remains unspoken is a secret, but being communicated, it changes its name into common rumour; it is then *flown* from us; and this is the reason why *Homer* calls words *winged*: He that lets a bird fly from his hand, does not easily catch it again; and he that lets a word slip from his tongue cannot recall it; it flies abroad, and flutters from place to place every moment. It has indeed in some passages a still closer meaning; when a person speaks with precipitation, the epithet expresses the swiftness of the speech, the words are wing'd; It is here apply'd with particular propriety; *Telemachus* asks a question in the compass of four lines, and receives an answer in two from *Ulysses*; the time not allowing any delay.

VERSE

XIII.

VERSE 137. *Against the wall he set the bow unbent.*] The Poet may be thought too circumstantial in the disposal of the bow; but there is a reason for it; he shews *Ulysses* plac'd it out of the reach of the Suitors, who, if they had seiz'd the bow, might have furnish'd themselves with arrows from the dead bodies of their friends, and employ'd them against *Ulysses*: This caution was therefore necessary. *Eustathius*.

XIV.

VERSE 142. *There stood a window near, whence looking down,
From o'er the porch, appear'd the subject town.*] The word in the Greek is ὀρεσθύην, *janua superior*, and it is likewise used a little lower. It has given great trouble to the Commentators to explain the situation of these two Passages. *Dacier* imagines that by the former there was a descent into the court-yard, and so to the street; but this cannot be true: For *Agelaius* exhorting his associates to seize this passage, makes use of the word ἀναβάνω, which signifies to *ascend*, and not to *descend* into the court-yard: Besides, he bids them raise the people by *shouting to them*, which seems to imply, that this place overlook'd the streets, from whence a shout might be heard by the people. Ὀρεσθύην (observes *Eustathius*) is θύην εἰς ἣν ὄρενται τὶς θέλων ἰδεῖν ἐκείθεν, that is, *a door by which a person ascends to obtain a prospect*: This probably led to the roof of the porch of the palace fronting the street, from whence a person standing in the open air and shouting might raise the City; or as for greater clearness it is here translated a window, which answers all these purposes.

But there is still a difficulty arising from the word λαύην, which is thus solv'd by *Eustathius*, λαύην ἐστὶν ὁ πρὸς τὴν ὀρεσθύην ἄγων στενωπός, that is, *a narrow passage leading to this private window or door*, and he afterwards interprets it by στενή ὁδός.

From what has been observ'd, it appears evidently that there was another passage to the upper apartments of the palace; for this was guarded by *Eumæus*, and was inaccessible, and consequently *Melanthius* conveys the arms to the Suitors by some other stair-

stair-case. This *Homer* expresses by ἀναρρώγας μεγάροιο; the former word is very well explain'd by *Hesychius*, it signifies the passages of the palace leading from chamber to chamber, or the διόδοι of the apartments. Πῶγῃ properly denotes a rupture, and here represents the openings of the passages from room to room. The Ancients thought this whole passage so obscure, that they drew a plan of these inward passages of the palace, as *Eustathius* informs us; in this they figur'd the porch, the higher aperture, the other stair-case, and the room where the arms were laid. But *Dacier* starts another difficulty: If *Melanthius* could go up to the room where the arms lay, why could he not go from thence into the courts of the palace, and raise the city? The answer is, because the arms were plac'd in an inward apartment, and there was no passage from thence into the palace-yards. Her mistake arose from her opinion that there was an entry into the palace by the ὀρεσθύην, which opinion is refuted in the beginning of this annotation. If indeed *Telemachus* had brought down the arms this way, then there must have been a passage for *Melanthius* to the place from whence *Agelaus* bids him raise the city; for if *Telemachus* had pass'd to the armory by it, why might not *Melanthius* from it? But this is not the case; for this door or window is not mention'd till *Telemachus* has furnish'd *Ulysses* and his Friends with armour; and consequently *Homer* cannot intend that we should understand that *Telemachus* ascended to the armory by it.

XV.

VERSE 159. *Twelve shields, twelve lances, and twelve helmets bears.*] *Aristarchus*, remarks *Eustathius*, blam'd this description as incredible; for how could one person be able to carry such a load of armour at one time? But we are not to make this supposition; the Poet speaks indefinitely, and leaves us at liberty to conjecture that *Melanthius* brought them at several times; thus a little lower we find him going again for arms to furnish the rest of the Suitors.

XVI.

VERSE 172. *Run good Eumæus, &c.*] This passage, where *Telemachus* bids *Eumæus* go and see who brings the arms, proves that

that *Telemachus* did not before absent himself from the battle out of cowardice; Here he chuses to partake the danger with *Ulysses*, and sends *Eumæus* and *Philæti* to execute his orders; a sign that he does not consult his safety at the expence of his honour. *Eustathius*.

But it may seem extraordinary, that *Ulysses* and *Telemachus* should be in doubt to know the person who brought the arms to the Suitors; especially when *Agelaus* had held a publick conference with *Melanthius* in order to it; but, answers *Eustathius*, they spoke with a low voice, and at a proper distance from *Ulysses*. It may also be objected that *Melanthius* could not possibly bring the arms without the observation of *Ulysses* and his friends. To solve this difficulty we must have recourse to the second private door, or *ὀρεσθῆν*, mention'd in a former annotation; by this passage he ascends and descends without a discovery; that passage standing in such a situation, as not to be visible to those who were on the opposite side of the palace. What may seem to contradict this observation is, what *Homer* afterwards adds, for he directly tells us, that *Eumæus* observ'd that the person who brought the arms was *Melanthius*; but that expression may only imply, that he saw *Melanthius* going from the rest of the company, and hasting toward that ascent, and therefore justly concludes him to be the Person.

XVII.

VERSE 187. *To keep inclos'd his masters -----*] It may be ask'd, when *Eumæus* retires from the guard of the passage, what hinders the Suitors from seizing it, and by it giving notice to the city of their danger? What *Ulysses* here says obviates this objection. He tells *Eumæus*, that he and *Telemachus* will defend it against all the efforts of his enemies: By this expression he gives us to understand, that *Telemachus* shall post himself in the place of *Eumæus*, and make it good till he has executed justice upon *Melanthius*.

XVIII.

VERSE 197. *One hand sustain'd a helm, and one a shield.]*
We see *Melanthius* after a diligent search finds only one helm and
VOL. V. N n one

one shield; and the shield is describ'd as almost spoil'd with age: From hence *Eustathius* gathers that there were no more left in the armory; for it is probable that *Melanthius* would not have return'd with so few arms if he could have found more; nor would he have brought the decay'd shield, if he could have supply'd himself with a stronger; so that all the arms of *Ulysses* were seventeen helmets, twelve at first deliver'd to the Suitors by *Melanthius*, one more he was now bringing, and *Ulysses* and his friends were in Possession of four: There was the same number of shields, and twenty spears, twelve given to the Suitors, and eight to the assistants of *Ulysses*. This was his private armory for the defence of his palace: and we are not to conclude, that these were the whole arms of the nation; there probably was a publick repository for armour for the public use of their armies against their enemies.

XIX.

VERSE 246. *Art thou Ulysses, &c.*] *Pallas* is here an allegorical Deity, and represents the courage and wisdom which was exerted by *Ulysses* in the destruction of the Suitors: The Poet puts the words into the mouth of a Goddess, to give ornament and dignity to his Poetry; but they are only the suggestions of his own heart, which reproaches him for being so slow in punishing the insolence of his adversaries. If we take them in this sense they will be in the nature of a soliloquy: The Poet indeed was oblig'd to introduce a Deity, to give importance to the decisive action of his whole Poem: Thus *Jupiter* assists *Aeneas* in *Virgil*; *Minerva*, *Achilles* in the *Iliad*, and the same Goddess *Ulysses* here in the *Odyssey*. I very well know that all these passages have been blam'd by some Critics, as derogatory to the courage of these Heroes, who cannot conquer their enemies but thro' the assistance of a Deity. The Reader may be pleas'd to look back for a full vindication of *Homer* and *Virgil*, to *Lib. 3. Note 43.* of the *Odyssey*.

We may observe that a Deity descends to assist *Ulysses*, but that the Suitors are left to their own Conduct: This furnishes us with a very just and pious moral, and teaches us that Heaven guards and assists good men in adversity, but abandons the wicked, and lets them perish for their follies.

XX.

VERSE 262. *Perch'd like a swallow ---*] We have seen the Deities, both in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, changing themselves into the shape of birds: thus, *Lib. 7. v. 67. of the Iliad*,

*Th' Athenian maid, and glorious God of day
With silent joy the settling hosts survey,
In form like vulturs, on the beech's height
They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.*

This perhaps may be the occasion of all such fictions. The superstition of the heathen world induc'd the Ancients to believe that the appearance of any Bird in a critical hour, was a sign of the presence of a Divinity, and by degrees they began to persuade themselves, that the Gods appear'd to them in the form of those birds. Hence arose all the honours paid to Augurs, and the reliance upon divination drawn from the flight of birds; and almost every Deity had a bird sacred to him. The Eagle to *Jupiter*, the Peacock to *Juno*, &c. *Pallas* here takes the form of a swallow, because it is a domestic Bird, and therefore may be said to appear within the walls of the palace with most probability.

XXI.

VERSE 298. ----- *the Victors now advance,*

Each from the dead resumes his bloody lance.]

The danger beginning to abate by the fall of the chief of the enemy, *Ulysses* advances from his stand: There was a necessity for this conduct: *Ulysses* and his three assistants had kill'd four enemies with their spears; and consequently the Poet was oblig'd to supply them with fresh weapons, otherwise, if they had discharg'd their spears once more, they must have been left naked and defenceless, having only two a-piece brought by *Telemachus*. This observation shews the exactness which *Homer* maintains in his relation.

XXII.

VERSE 323. *The victim's heel is answer'd with this spear.*] This refers to a passage in the latter end of the twentieth Book of the *Odyssey*, where *Ctesippus* throws the foot of a bullock at *Ulysses*. *Philæus* here gives him a mortal wound with his spear, and tells him it is a return for the foot of the bullock. *Eustathius* informs us that this became a Proverb, τῆτο τὸ ἀντὶ ποδὸς ξεινήιον, to express a 'return of evil for evil; the like may be observ'd of the death of *Antinous*, who was kill'd as he lifted the bowl to drink.

Πολλὰ μεταξὺ πέλει κύλικ' ἢ χείλε' ἀκρε.

Which is exactly render'd by our Proverb, *Many things happen between the cup and the lip*. Thus likewise the kindness of *Cyclops* was used proverbially, to denote a severe injury disguised under a seeming civility; that Monster having promis'd *Ulysses* mercy, but it was only the mercy to devour him last. These little instances prove the great veneration the Ancients had for *Homer*.

XXIII.

VERSE 332. *The dreadful Ægis -----*] This shield is at large describ'd, *Lib. 5.* of the *Iliad*.

----- round the margin roll'd,
A fringe of serpents, hissing, guard the gold:
Here all the terrors of grim war appear;
Here rages Force, here tremble Flight and Fear;
Here storm'd Contention, and here Fury frown'd,
And the dire orb portentous Gorgon crown'd.

We see the terrible effects which the shield causes are created by the Poet into a kind of Beings, and animated to fight on the side of his Heroe.

VERSE

XXIV.

VERSE 335. *Like oxen, &c.*] The fury of the battle being now over, *Homer* pauses with the action; and letting his fancy rove in search of foreign ornaments, beautifies and enlivens the horrors of it with two similitudes, drawn from subjects very distant from the terrors they are brought to illustrate. The former of an herd of cattle, represents the confusion and affright of the Suitors; the latter of the birds, their weakness and unavailing flight. The Gadfly shews the fury and close pursuit of *Ulysses* and his assistants, the Hawks their courage, and superior pow'r. *Eustathius*. *Virgil* at large describes this Breeze-fly. *Georg.* 3.

*About th' Alburnian groves, with holly green,
Of winged insects mighty swarms are seen:
This flying plague, to mark its quality,
Oestros the Grecians call, Asylus, we:
A fierce loud buzzing Breeze: their stings draw blood;
And drive the cattle gadding thro' the wood,
Seiz'd with unusual pains they loudly cry, &c.* Dryden.

This description shews that this is no ill-chosen similitude; it very well paints the Suitors flying in an herd, and *Ulysses* wounding them as they fly.

The latter simile from the Hawks, affords some curiosity in regard to the antient manner of that sport. It is evident, says *Dacier*, that this passage is an instance, that flying of birds of prey, in the nature of our hawking, was practis'd by the Ancients: The nets, call'd by *Homer* *νέφεια*, were fix'd in the plain ground; the fowlers with their falcons took their station upon the adjoining eminences; when the birds, driven from this rising ground, flew to the plain, they met with the nets, and endeavouring to escape them, crowded into flocks; Then the Hawk or Vultur was loos'd, and descending upon his prey, slew them in multitudes; for the birds were incapable of resisting, and at the same time were afraid of the nets, and therefore could not escape: This is the reason why the fowlers are said to rejoice at the sport: A plain indication, that the Poet intended to describe the sportman's flying his bird at the prey. That the word *νέφεια* signifies 'Nets,

is evident from *Aristophanes*, *μὰ νεφέλας, μὰ δίκτυα*, that is, *I swear by my nets*: *Hesychius* is of the same opinion, *νέφεα*, says that *Author*, signifies the *Clouds*, *ἢ λῖνα θηρατικά*, *Hunters Nets*. *Eustathius* directly affirms, that in his time this sport was practis'd in many countries; and the place where the nets were fixed was called *νεφελοσασία*. That *Author* construes these words *νέφεα πλώσσαι ἐνῆαι*, as if *ἐπὶ* were to be understood, to express the rushing of the birds against the net; but there is no occasion for this violence to the text, for by joining *νέφεα* with *πλώσσαι* the period will be plain, and signify, that thro' fear of the net they fly with violence to avoid it. *Monsieur Dacier* has a pretty observation upon this sport; and shews us that the Ancients were used to take even deer with nets, by flying at them birds of prey, in conformity to this description of *Homer*: This is manifest from a passage in *Arrian*, *lib. 2. c. 1.* where he speaks of men placing their fears where they have nothing to fear: *Λοιπὸν ἡμῖς τὸ τῶν ἐλάφων πάσχομεν ὅτε φοβῆναι φεύγασαι αἱ ἐλαφοὶ τὰ πῆλνα, πᾶς τρέπονται; ἢ πρὸς τινὰ (τόπον) ἀναχωρεῖσιν ὡς ἀσφαλῆ; πρὸς τὰ δίκτυα, ἢ ἔτι ἀπόλλυνται, ἐναλλάξασαι τὰ φοβερά ἢ τὰ θάρραλέα;* "For what remains, we are like deer, for they fearing the birds that are flown at them, what course do they take? To what place of refuge do they run to be in security? To the nets, and so perish, mistaking their danger for their greatest safety." *Minerva* in this similitude is the bird of prey descending from the mountain, for she it is who scatters the Suitors by displaying her *Aegis* from the roof of the palace: This is the opinion of *Eustathius*: But in the winding up of the comparison, *Homer* plainly by the vultur denotes *Ulysses* and his assistants (tho' perhaps not exclusively of the Goddess) for in the application he writes:

Ὡς ἄρα τοὶ μνηστῆρας ἐπεσύμενοι κατὰ δῶμα
Τύπον. —

XXV.

VERSE 347. *Liodes first before the Victor falls:*
The wretched Augur -----]

This *Liodes* is the last person who survives of the Suitors; he was an Augur and a Prophet, and ought therefore to have followed

low'd wiser counsels: He tells *Ulysses* that he endeavour'd to restrain the Suitors from their insolence; but he himself aspir'd to the bed of *Penelope*, and consequently was an associate in their conspiracies. *Liodes* falls without resistance; and indeed it would have been very improper to have represented him encountring *Ulysses* in a single combat, when above an hundred had not been able to stand before him: besides, fighting is out of the character of *Liodes*; he was not a man of the sword, but an Augur: It would therefore have been contrary to his function, to have drawn him engaging *Ulysses*; and consequently it is with great propriety that he is describ'd falling not as a warrior, but as a suppliant.

XXVI.

VERSE 372. *Dubious----- if to fly*
To Jove's inviolable altar nigh, &c.]

This altar of *Jupiter Hercæus* stood in the Palace-yard; so call'd from *ἔγχεσθαι*, the out-wall enclosing the Court-yard. It stood in the open air, where they sacrific'd to *Jupiter* the Guardian, or Protector; and within the Palace to *Ζεὺς ἐστῆρχος*.

Jupiter was worship'd under the same name by the Romans. Thus *Ovid*,

Cui nihil Hercæi profuit ara Jovis.

The Altar mention'd by *Virgil*, *Æneid.* 2. was of the same nature: To which *Priam* fled at the taking of *Troy*.

Uncover'd but by Heav'n, there stood in view
An Altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age; whose boughs encompass round
The household Gods, and shade the holy ground.

These Altars were places of sanctuary, and by flying to them the person was thought to be under the immediate protection of the Deity, and therefore in some cases inviolable. The same practice prevail'd amongst the *Jews*, for we find frequently in the scriptures that it was customary to fly to the Altar as to a place of refuge, which is evident from the expression of laying hold

hold on the horns of the Altar. This is the reason why *Phemius* entertains an intention to fly to the Altar of *Jupiter Hercæus*. *Plutarch* in his treatise upon Music, informs us, that *Demodocus* was reported to have wrote a Poem, entitled, *The destruction of Troy*: And *Phemius* another, call'd *The return of the Grecian Captains*: But by these Poets, *Homer* probably means only himself, who was Author of two Poems, the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssey*. *Homer* (remarks *Eustathius*) plainly shews us the notion he had of the great qualifications that were necessary to form a good Poet. He must sing of men and Gods; that is, be thoroughly acquainted with all things, both human and divine; he must be *αὐτοδίδακτος*, or *self-taught*; that is, as we express it, he must be a Genius; he must have a natural ability, which is indeed to be improv'd, but not capable of being learn'd, by study: He adds, that besides this felicity of nature, he must have an heavenly inspiration; this implies that he must have a kind of enthusiasm, an elevation of soul which is not to be obtain'd by labour and industry, and consequently is the gift of heaven. thus *Pindar*,

-----σοφὰς ὁ πολ-
λὰ εἰδὼς Φυᾶ.
Μαθόντες δὲ, λάβροι
Παγλωσσία, κόρακες ὥς,
Ἄκραντα γαγνέτον.

*The bards, whom true poetic flame inspires,
Receive from nature more than human fires;
In vain from arts alone they tune the voice,
Like crows they croak, nor is it song, but noise.*

This is the *Mens Divinior* of *Horace*: By industry men may become great Scholars and Philosophers; but no man was ever a great Poet, without being in the strictest sense a great Genius. I will only add, that *Aristotle* in his *Rhet.* 1. 7. quotes this Hemistic *αὐτοδίδακτος*, &c. as an instance that natural are more excellent than acquir'd abilities; he gives the reason of it; namely, because they are more uncommon, and not to be obtain'd by human industry. *Maximus Tyrius* has a criticism upon
on

on it. How (objects that Author) can it be said that the Poet is self-taught, if the Gods teach him to sing? The answer is easy, *Homer* means that he has no human instructor, and only opposes natural to acquir'd abilities. It is observable that *Maximus Tyrius* erroneously quotes the verse. *Dissert.* 22. for he writes, Θεοὶ δὲ μοὶ ὅπασαν ὁμφὴν, instead of

----- Θεὸς δὲ μοὶ ἐν φρεσὶν οἶμας
Πανόλιας ἀνέφυσεν -----

He likewise puts the words in the mouth of *Demodocus*, which are here spoken by *Phemius*; he undoubtedly quoted by memory.

What *Homer* adds after all this, to raise the character of his Poet, is very remarkably moral. That he never turned his talents to flattery, nor was it voluntarily that he serv'd or entertain'd unworthy men, but was merely compell'd to it by their violence.

XXVII.

VERSE 413. *Live, an example for the world to read,
How much more safe the good than evil deed.]*

The moral intended to be taught by the fable of the *Odyssey* is, to shew virtue, tho' long in distress, at length triumphant; and vice, tho' long successful, unfortunate in the conclusion: It is to this effect that *Ulysses* here speaks; and to give his words more weight, he throws them into a sentence. It is with excellent judgment that it is here plac'd by *Homer*: The punishment is no sooner over but *Ulysses* declares the equity of it; He speaks to all mankind, and lays it down as an universal truth that virtue is to be prefer'd before vice, and invites us to the practice of the former, by shewing the success of it in his own victory; and deters us from the latter, by representing the ill consequences of it in the destruction of the Suitors.

XXVIII.

VERSE 425. *So, when by hollow shores the fisher train
Sweep with their arching nets the hoary main,]*
The Ancients, remarks *Eustathius*, observ'd that this is the only
VOL. V. P P place

place where *Homer* manifestly speaks of catching fish with nets; For those words, *lib. 5. v. 595* of the *Iliad*,

----- and sweep away
Sons, Sires, and Wives, an' undistinguish'd prey;

which in the *Greek* is express'd by ἀψῖσι λίνε αἰόνη πανάγες, may be apply'd to the taking of beasts or birds by nets, and consequently ought not to be appropriated to fishing. Thus it is evident that this art was practis'd very anciently amongst the *Grecians*; it was likewise known early to the *Hebrews* and *Egyptians*. Thus *Isaiah*, xix. 8. *The fishers* (of *Ægypt*) shall mourn, all they that cast the angle into the brook shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish. And that they fish'd the seas with nets is evident from *Ezekiel* xxvi. 5. *It shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea*. The comparison is very just; and the last line of it gives a peculiar honour and distinction to *Ulysses*: That Heroe is the Sun who kills the Suitors, in the application of the similitude.

XXIX.

VERSE 440. *So the grim Lion, &c.*] *Eustathius* agrees with an observation which has been made concerning the similitudes of the *Odyssey*, *lib. 16*. He here remarks that comparisons are as rare in the *Odyssey* as they are frequent in the *Iliad*; and that the difference arises from the difference of the subjects: The subject of the *Iliad* is great, and therefore properly illustrated by noble Images, and a variety of sublime comparisons: The subject of the *Odyssey* requires to be related in a less exalted style, and with greater simplicity. This Book is an undeniable testimony of the truth of this observation: the story of it approaches nearer to the nature of the *Iliad* than any other book of the *Odyssey*, and we find it is more adorn'd with comparisons than almost all the rest of the Poem.

XXX.

VERSE 450. *T'insult the dead is cruel and unjust.*] The word in the original is ὀλόλυζα, and here signifies a voice of joy. In other places it is used to denote a sorrowful lamentation. See
Note

Note 49 of the third *Odyssey*. I am wonderfully pleas'd with the noble sentiment of *Ulysses* contain'd in these lines. It is full of piety and humanity; good-nature feels for the sufferings of any of its fellow-creatures. Even in punishment we are to remember, that those we punish are men, and inflict it as a necessary justice, not as a triumph. Such here is the conduct of *Ulysses*; he is so far from rejoicing in his success, that he restrains others from it; and seems to be a mourner at the funeral of his enemies. He falls into the same thought with *Job*, xxxi. 29. *If I rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me, or lifted up myself when evil found him, If I suffer'd my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul, &c.*

Were a Prince, who makes war for glory, to stand upon a field of battle immediately after victory, amidst the horrors of the dead, and the groans of the dying; it would surely mortify his ambition to see such horrible monuments of his glory. If the death of thousands of brave men were weigh'd in the scale against a name, a popular empty breath of a multitude, and if reason held the ballance, how easily would the disproportion be discovered!

XXXI.

VERSE 453. *The good and bad were equal in their mind.]* There is some obscurity in these words, *they neither respected the good nor the bad man*; or as *Homer* expresses it,

Οὐ κακὸν εἶδ' ἔμην ἐδ' ἄλόν.

A reverence is due to a good man, and consequently it is a crime to deny it; but why should it be objected to the Suitors as a fault that they despised the bad man, whose actions deserve to be despis'd? *Eustathius* answers, κακὸς may signify ταπεινός, or a person of a low condition, the poor man, or the stranger; and this justifies the assertion: But perhaps the Poet uses it to show that they despis'd and outrag'd all men universally without distinction, whether persons of probity or dishonesty; they consider'd not the condition of others, but were insolent to all mankind.

VERSE

XXXII.

VERSE 462. *Of these, twice six pursue their wicked way.*] It is remarkable, observes Monsieur Bayle, that of fifty women, so few as twelve only should yield to the desires of the Suitors. But it is not indeed affirm'd that the rest were ever tempted by any importunities. *Plutarch*, in his treatise of Education, informs us that *Bion* wittily apply'd this passage to the study of the sciences: When the Suitors fail'd in their attempts upon *Penelope*, they condescended to address her maids: so men who are not capable of understanding Philosophy, busy themselves with studies of no value.

XXXIII.

VERSE 464. *Nor fits it that Telemachus command
(Young as he is) his mother's female band.*]

This, remarks *Eustathius*, is an instance of the maternal wisdom of *Penelope*; and at the same time a vindication of *Telemachus* for not restraining the insolence and immodesty of these female servants; They were out of his jurisdiction, and immediately under the protection of *Penelope*. But is not this removal of the fault from *Telemachus*, an imputation upon the Queen? and if the son wanted an excuse for not punishing their crimes, is the mother unblameable, who not only permits the disorder of their lives, but forbids *Telemachus* to redress it? Is it to be suppos'd that this chaste matron was more indulgent to female frailty than *Telemachus*? The true reason is, *Telemachus* could not, and *Penelope* durst not, shew a just resentment against these criminals: they had too great an interest in the chief of the Suitors to stand in awe of the Queen, or fear her vengeance. This is evident, for *Penelope* herself was in a great measure in their power, and the same authority that supported the Suitors in their insolence against the Queen, would support these females against her revenge for their immodesty.

VERSE

XXXIV.

VERSE 469. *Not so (Ulysses more sedate reply'd.)*] *Ulysses* gives this injunction, because he is unwilling to wound the eyes of *Penelope* with a spectacle of such horror as the dead bodies and blood of the Suitors. It was indeed necessary to find some reasonable pretext for not introducing the Queen immediately; this might be expected from the fondness and affection of an husband towards a beloved wife, and therefore *Ulysses* makes even his fondness for her a reason why he delays his discovery, namely, his care not to grieve her with such a terrible scene of slaughter: Besides, the death of the female servants is to succeed, and it would have been indecent to have made her assisting or present at their execution. The Poet reaps a further advantage from this conduct; for by it he introduces the discovery to *Penelope*, in a time of leisure, and finds an opportunity to describe at large that surprizing and tender incident.

XXXV.

VERSE 477. ----- *the melancholy labour done*
Drive to yon' court -----]

It would in these ages, observes *Dacier*, be thought barbarous in a King to command his son to perform an execution of so much horror: but antiently it was thought no dishonour: Thus in the Scriptures *Gideon* having taken *Zeba* and *Salmana*, two *Midian* Kings, commands his son to kill them with the sword in his presence: But, continues that author, I wish *Homer* had deviated from this custom, that he had given both *Ulysses* and *Telemachus* sentiments of more humanity, and spar'd his Reader a description of such a terrible execution: I am not delighted with any thing that has a tendency to Inhumanity more than that Lady; but it may be answer'd, that *Homer* was obliged to write according to the custom of the age. *Virgil* has ascrib'd an act more cruel to the pious *Aeneas*, who sacrifices several unfortunate young men who were his captives. *Æn.* 11. v. 15.

*Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
 Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear;*

VOL. V.

Qq

Appointed

*Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,
To sprinkle with their blood the funeral flame.*

Dryden.

This act is to be ascrib'd to the manner of the age, and the customs of war in the days of *Æneas*, and not to his inhumanity: But here it may seem essential to the very nature of Epic Poetry to relate this act of justice: The moral of it is, to see the good rewarded and the wicked punished, in the conclusion of the Fable. These criminals had been as guilty in their several capacities as the Suitors themselves; it was therefore necessary that their punishment should be set before the Reader, as well as that of the Suitors.

XXXVI.

VERSE 505. *Thus on some tree hung struggling in the snare.*] Nothing can better represent to us the Image of these sufferers than this similitude of a bird taken by the neck in a gin or snare. *Hobbs* in his version has omitted it; and *Dacier* has abridg'd the whole description.

Eustathius is pleasant upon the death of these wantons. What a certain person, says he, once spoke of a fig-tree, on which his clamorous wife had hang'd herself, viz. *I wish all trees bore such fruit*; may be apply'd to these ropes, *It were to be wish'd that all nooses could catch such birds*. This remark has escap'd the notice of *Madam Dacier*; because the race of clamorous women has been long extinct, and therefore there was no occasion to prescribe a remedy for a disease unknown to these happy ages.

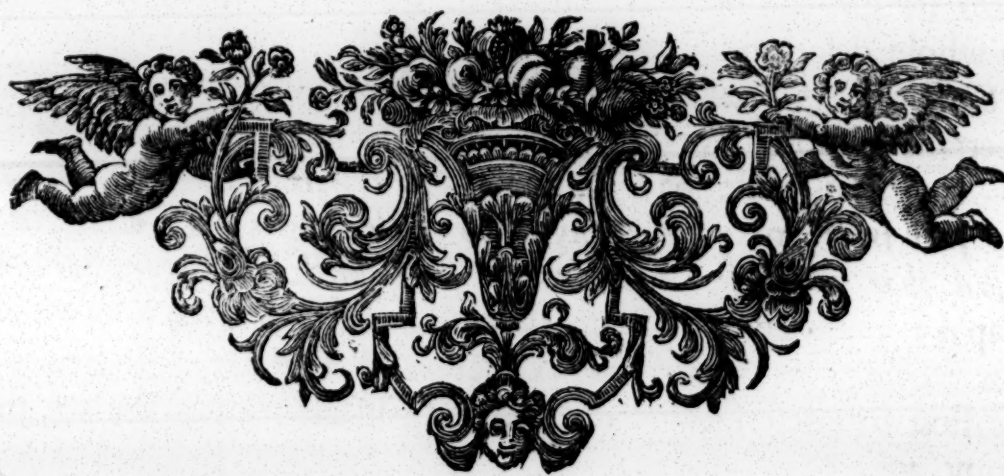
XXXVII.

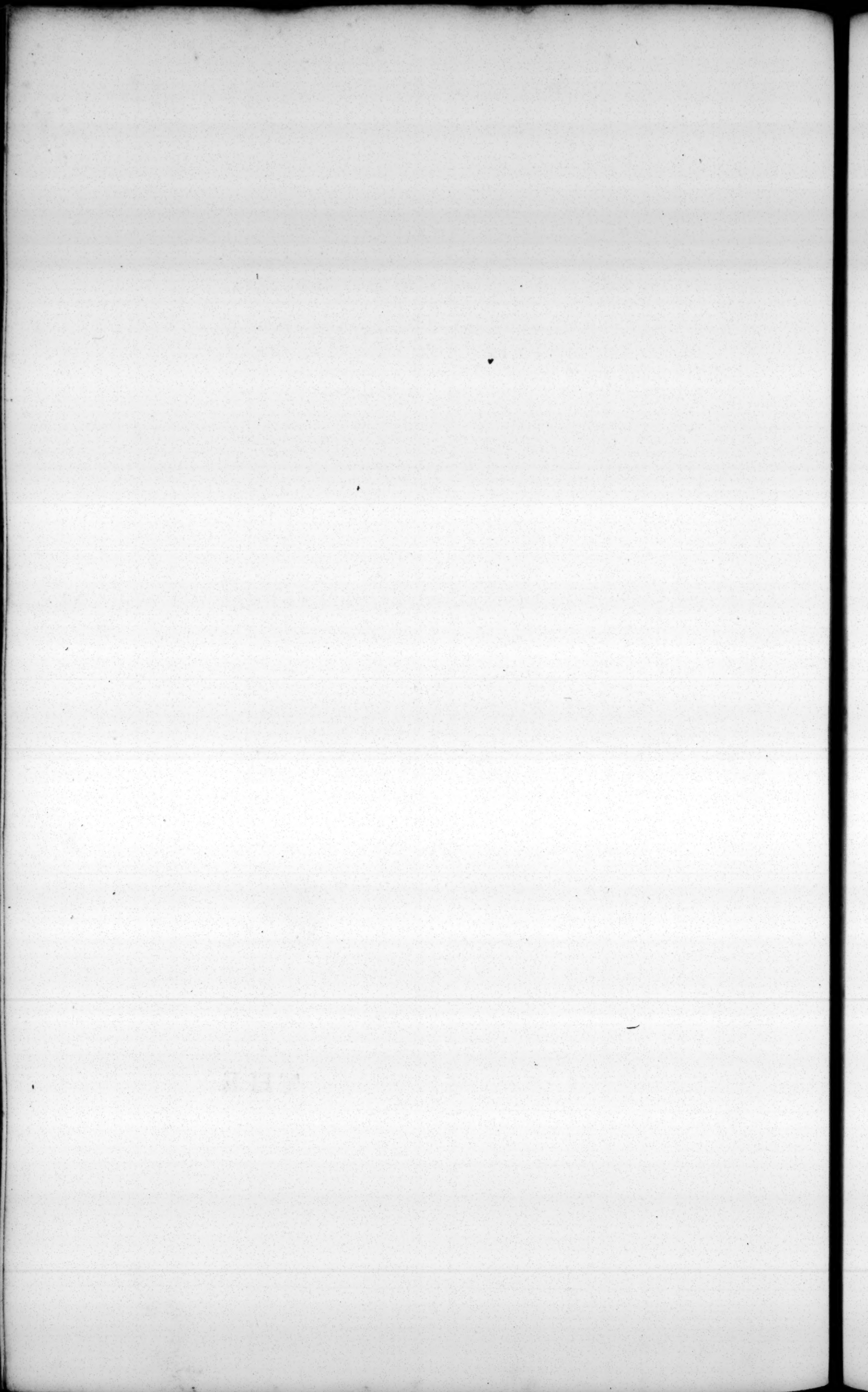
VERSE 527. *Bring sulphur strait and fire——*] The reason why *Ulysses* orders sulphur to be brought, is, because every thing was thought to be polluted by a dead body, and he uses it by way of purification. The same opinion prevail'd amongst the *Hebrews* as well as *Greeks*, as the Scriptures inform us. Thus also in *Job* it is said, *Brimstone shall be scattered upon his habitation.* xviii. 15. which is thought to allude to this
this

this custom. *Livy* mentions this practice amongst the *Romans*, lib. 30. c. 15. *Habet & in religionibus locum ad expiandas suffitu domos.*

Homer describes the female servants descending with torches; this is done to shew the exact time of the action of this book, which is comprehended in the Evening of the fortieth day.

Ulysses forbids *Euryclea* to bring a better Garment: this little particularity is inserted with judgment; for the disguise of *Ulysses* in the garb of a beggar contributes to encrease the incredulity of *Penelope*, and consequently to all those doubts and fears, and that struggle between the love of a Husband and the dread of an Impostor, which are the subject of the succeeding Book.





THE
TWENTY-THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.

VOL. V.

R r



The ARGUMENT.

Euryclea awakens Penelope with the News of Ulysses's return, and the death of the Suitors. Penelope scarcely credits her, but supposes some God has punish'd them, and descends from her apartment in doubt. At the first interview of Ulysses and Penelope, she is quite unsatisfy'd. Minerva restores him to the beauty of his youth; but the Queen continues incredulous, till by some circumstances she is convinced, and falls into all the transports of passion and tenderness. They recount to each other all that has past during their long separation. The next morning Ulysses, arming himself and his friends, goes from the city to visit his Father.



THE



THE
TWENTY-THIRD BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.



HEN to the Queen, as in re-
pose she lay,
The Nurse with eager rapture
speeds her way;
The transports of her faithful
heart supply

A sudden youth, and give her wings to fly.

And sleeps my child? the rev'rend matron cries: 5

Ulysses lives! arise, my child, arise!

At length appears the long-expected hour!

Ulysses comes! The Suitors are no more!

No more they view the golden light of day;

Arise, and bless thee with the glad survey! 10

Touch'd

Touch'd at her words, the mournful Queen re-
 Ah! whither wanders thy distemper'd mind? [joyn'd,
 The righteous pow'rs who tread the starry skies,
 The weak enlighten and confound the wise;
 15 And human thought, with unresist'd sway,
 Depress or raise, enlarge or take away:
 Truth, by their high decree, thy voice forsakes,
 And Folly, with the tongue of Wisdom speaks.
 Unkind, the fond illusion to impose!
 20 Was it to flatter, or deride my woes?
 Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy,
 Since my dear Lord left *Ithaca* for *Troy*:
 Why must I wake to grieve, and curse thy shore?
 O *Troy*—may never tongue pronounce thee more!
 25 Be gone: another might have felt our rage,
 But age is sacred, and we spare thy age.
 To whom with warmth: My soul a lie disdains;
Ulysses lives, thy own *Ulysses* reigns:
 That stranger, patient of the Suitors wrongs,
 30 And the rude licence of ungovern'd tongues,
 He, he is thine! thy son, his latent guest
 Long knew, but lock'd the secret in his breast;

With

With well-concerted art to end his woes,
And burst at once in vengeance on the foes.

While yet she spoke, the Queen in transport sprung³⁵
Swift from the couch, and round the matron hung;
Fast from her eye descends the rolling tear,
Say, once more say, is my *Ulysses* here?
How could that numerous and outrageous band
By one be slain, tho' by an Heroe's hand?⁴⁰

I saw it not, she cries, but heard alone,
When death was busy, a loud dying groan,
The damsel train turn'd pale at every wound,
Immur'd we fate, and catch'd each passing sound;
When Death had seiz'd her prey, thy son attends,⁴⁵
And at his nod the damsel train descends;
There terrible in arms *Ulysses* stood,
And the dead Suitors almost swam in blood;
Thy heart had leap'd the Heroe to survey,
Stern as the surly lion o'er his prey,⁵⁰
Glorious in gore! — now with sulphureous fires,
The dome he purges, now the flame aspires;
Heap'd lie the dead without the Palace walls, —
Haste, daughter haste, thy own *Ulysses* calls!

55 Thy every with the bounteous Gods bestow,
Enjoy the present good, and former woe;
Ulysses lives his vanquish'd foes to see;
He lives to thy *Telemachus* and thee!

Ah no! with sighs *Penelope* rejoyn'd,
60 Excess of joy disturbs thy wand'ring mind;
How blest this happy hour, should he appear,
Dear to us all, to me supremely dear!
Ah no! some God the Suitors deaths decreed,
Some God descends, and by his hand they bleed;
65 Blind! to condemn the stranger's righteous cause,
And violate all hospitable laws!
The good they hated, and the Pow'rs defy'd;
But heav'n is just, and by a God they dy'd.
For never must *Ulysses* view this shore;
70 Never! the lov'd *Ulysses* is no more!

What words (the matron cries) have reach'd my ears?
Doubt we his presence, when he now appears?
Then hear conviction: Ere the fatal day
That forc'd *Ulysses* o'er the watry way,
75 A Boar fierce-rushing in the sylvan war
Plough'd half his thigh; I saw, I saw the scar,

And

And wild with transport had reveal'd the wound;
 But ere I spoke, he rose, and check'd the sound.
 Then daughter haste away! and if a lie
 Flow from this tongue, then let thy servant die!⁸⁰

To whom with dubious joy the Queen replies;
 Wife is thy foul, but errors seize the wife;
 The works of Gods what mortal can survey,
 Who knows their motives, who shall trace their way!
 But learn we instant how the Suitors trod⁸⁵
 The paths of death, by Man or by a God.

Thus speaks the Queen, and no reply attends,
 But with alternate joy and fear descends;
 At ev'ry step debates, her Lord to prove?
 Or rushing to his arms, confess her love?⁹⁰
 Then gliding thro' the marble valves in state,
 Oppos'd, before the shining Fire she fate.
 The Monarch, by a column high entron'd,
 His eye withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
 Curious to hear his Queen the silence break:⁹⁵
 Amaz'd she fate, and impotent to speak;
 O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain, [again.
 Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts

At

At length *Telemachus* — Oh who can find

100 O woman like *Penelope* unkind?

Why thus in silence? why with winning charms

Thus flow, to fly with rapture to his arms?

Stubborn the breast that with no transport glows,

When twice ten years are past of mighty woes:

105 To softness lost, to sponfal love unknown,

The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone!

O my *Telemachus*! the Queen rejoin'd,

Distracting fears confound my lab'ring mind;

Pow'rless to speak, I scarce uplift my eyes,

110 Nor dare to question: doubts on doubts arise.

O deign he, if *Ulysses*, to remove

These boding thoughts, and what he is, to prove!

Pleas'd with her virtuous fears, the King replies,

Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wife;

115 Time shall the truth to sure remembrance bring:

This garb of Poverty belies the King;

No more. — This day our deepest care requires,

Cautious to act what thought mature inspires.

If one man's blood, tho' mean, distain our hands,

120 The homicide retreats to foreign lands;

By

By us, in heaps th' illustrious peerage falls,
Th' important deed our whole attention calls.

Be that thy care, *Telemachus* replies,
The world conspires to speak *Ulysses* wise;
For Wisdom all is thine! lo I obey, 125
And dauntless follow where you lead the way;
Nor shalt thou in the day of danger find
Thy coward son degen'rate lag behind.

Then instant to the bath, (the Monarch cries)
Bid the gay youth and sprightly virgins rise, 130
Thence all descend in pomp and proud array,
And bid the dome resound the mirthful lay;
While the sweet Lyrist airs of rapture sings,
And forms the dance responsive to the strings.
That hence th' eluded passengers may say, 135
Lo! the Queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
The Suitors death unknown, 'till we remove
Far from the court, and act inspir'd by *Jove*.

Thus spoke the King: Th' observant train obey,
At once they bathe, and dress in proud array; 140
The Lyrist strikes the string; gay youths advance,
And fair-zon'd damsels form the sprightly dance.

The voice, attun'd to instrumental sounds,
Ascends the roof; the vaulted roof rebounds;
5 Not unobserv'd: the *Greeks* eluded say
Lo! the Queen weds! we hear the spousal lay!
Inconstant! to admit the bridal hour.
Thus they—but nobly chaste she weds no more.
Mean-while the weary'd King the bath ascends;
150 With faithful cares *Eurynomè* attends,
O'er every limb a show'r of fragrance sheds:
Then drest in pomp, magnificent he treads.
The Warrior-Goddes gives his frame to shine
With majesty enlarg'd, and grace divine.
155 Back from his brows in wavy ringlets fly
His thick large locks, of *Hyacinthine* dye.
As by some artist to whom *Vulcan* gives
His heav'nly skill, a breathing image lives;
By *Pallas* taught, he frames the wond'rous mold,
160 And the pale silver glows with fusile gold:
So *Pallas* his heroic form improves
With bloom divine, and like a God he moves;
More high he treads, and issuing forth in state,
Radiant before his gazing Confort fate.

And

BOOK XXIII. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.* 163

And oh my Queen! he cries; what pow'r above 165

Has steel'd that heart, averse to spousal love!

Canst thou, *Penelope*, when heav'n restores

Thy lost *Ulysses* to his native shores,

Canst thou, oh cruel, unconcern'd survey

Thy lost *Ulysses*, on this signal day? 170

Haste, *Euryclea*, and dispatchful spread

For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed:

My weary nature craves the balm of rest:

But heav'n with Adamant has arm'd her breast.

Ah no! she cries, a tender heart I bear, 175

A foe to pride; no adamant is there;

And now, ev'n now it melts! for sure I see

Once more *Ulysses* my belov'd in thee!

Fix'd in my soul as when he sail'd to *Troy*,

His image dwells: then haste the bed of joy! 180

Haste, from the bridal bow'r the bed translate,

Fram'd by his hand, and be it drest in state!

Thus speaks the Queen, still dubious, with disguise;

Touch'd at her words, the King with warmth replies,

Alas for this! what mortal strength can move 185

Th' enormous burthen, who but heav'n above?

It

It mocks the weak attempts of human hands;
 But the whole earth must move, if heav'n commands.
 Then hear sure evidence, while we display
 190 Words seal'd with sacred truth, and truth obey:
 This hand the wonder fram'd; An olive spread
 Full in the court its ever-verdant head,
 Vast as some mighty column's bulk on high
 The huge trunc rose, and heav'd into the sky;
 195 Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r
 And roof'd defensive of the storm and show'r;
 The spacious valve, with art inwrought, conjoins;
 And the fair dome with polish'd marble shines.
 I lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
 200 Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain;
 Then posts, capacious of the frame, I raise,
 And bore it, regular from space to space:
 Athwart the frame, at equal distance lye
 Thongs of tough hides, that boast a purple dye;
 205 Then polishing the whole, the finish'd mold
 With silver shone, with elephant, and gold.
 But if o'erturn'd by rude, ungovern'd hands,
 Or still inviolate the olive stands,

'Tis

BOOK XXIII. *HOMER'S ODYSSEY.* 165

'Tis thine, oh Queen, to say: And now impart,
If fears remain, or doubts distract thy heart? 210

While yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recov'ring, to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew;
The tears pour'd down amain: And oh, she cries, 215
Let not against thy spouse thine anger rise!

O vers'd in every turn of human art,
Forgive the weakness of a woman's heart!
The righteous pow'rs that mortal lots dispose,
Decree us to sustain a length of woes, 220
And from the flow'r of life, the bliss deny
To bloom together, fade away, and dye.

O let me, let me not thine anger move,
That I forbore, thus, thus, to speak my love;
Thus in fond kisses, while the transport warms, 225
Pour out my soul, and dye within thy arms!
I dreaded fraud! Men, faithless men, betray
Our easy faith, and make the sex their prey:
Against the fondness of my heart I strove,
'Twas caution, oh my Lord! not want of love: 230

Like me had *Helen* fear'd, with wanton charms
 Ere the fair Mischief set two worlds in arms,
 Ere *Greece* rose dreadful in th'avenging day,
 Thus had she fear'd, she had not gone astray.

²³⁵ But heav'n, averse to *Greece*, in wrath decreed
 That she should wander, and that *Greece* should bleed:
 Blind to the ills that from injustice flow,
 She colour'd all our wretched lives with woe:
 But why these sorrows, when my Lord arrives?

²⁴⁰ I yield, I yield! my own *Ulysses* lives!
 The secrets of the bridal bed are known
 To thee, to me, to *Actoris* alone,
 (My father's present in the spousal hour,
 The sole attendant on our genial bow'r.)

²⁴⁵ Since what no eye has seen thy tongue reveal'd,
 Hard and distrustful as I am, I yield.

Touch'd to the soul the King with rapture hears,
 Hangs round her neck, and speaks his joy in tears.
 As to the shipwreck'd mariner, the shores

²⁵⁰ Delightful rise, when angry *Neptune* roars,
 Then, when the surge in thunder mounts the sky,
 And gulph'd in crouds at once the sailors dye,

If

If one more happy, while the tempest raves
 Out-lives the tumult of conflicting waves,
 All pale, with ooze deform'd, he views the strand, 255
 And plunging forth with transport grasps the land.
 The ravish'd Queen with equal rapture glows,
 Clasps her lov'd Lord, and to his bosom grows.
 Nor had they ended till the morning ray:
 But *Pallas* backward held the rising day, 260
 The wheels of night retarding, to detain
 The gay *Aurora* in the wavy main:
 Whose flaming steeds, emerging thro' the night,
 Beam o'er the eastern hills with streaming light.

At length *Ulysses* with a sigh replies: 265
 Yet Fate, yet cruel Fate repose denies;
 A labour long, and hard, remains behind;
 By heav'n above, by hell beneath enjoin'd:
 For, to *Tiresias* thro' th' eternal gates
 Of hell I trod, to learn my future fates. 270
 But end we here—the night demands repose,
 Be deck'd the couch! and peace a-while, my woes!

To whom the Queen. Thy word we shall obey,
 And deck the couch; far hence be woes away!

Since

275 Since the just Gods who tread the starry plains
 Restore thee safe, since my *Ulysses* reigns.
 But what those perils heav'n decrees, impart;
 Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart.
 To this the King. Ah why must I disclose
 280 A dreadful story of approaching woes?
 Why in this hour of transport wound thy ears,
 When thou must learn what I must speak with tears?
 Heav'n, by the *Theban* ghost, thy spouse decrees
 Torn from thy arms, to sail a length of seas;
 285 From realm to realm a Nation to explore
 Who ne'er knew salt, or heard the billows roar,
 Nor saw gay vessel stem the surgy plain,
 A painted wonder, flying on the main.
 An Oar my hand must bear; a shepherd eyes
 290 The unknown instrument with strange surprize,
 And calls a Corn-van: This upon the plain
 I fix, and hail the Monarch of the main;
 Then bathe his altars with the mingled gore
 Of victims vow'd, a ram, a bull, a boar:
 295 Thence swift re-sailing to my native shores,
 Due victims flay to all th'æthereal pow'rs.

Then

Then heav'n decrees in peace to end my days,
 And steal my self from life by slow decays;
 Unknown to pain in age resign my breath,
 When late stern *Neptune* points the shaft of death; 300
 To the dark grave retiring as to rest;
 My people blessing, by my people blest.

Such future scenes th' all-righteous pow'rs display,
 By their dread * Seer, and such my future day.

To whom thus firm of soul: If ripe for death, 305
 And full of days, thou gently yield thy breath;
 While heav'n a kind release from ills foreshows,
 Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!

But *Euryclea* with dispatchful care,
 And sage *Eurynomè*, the couch prepare: 310
 Instant they bid the blazing torch display
 Around the dome an artificial day;
 Then to repose her steps the Matron bends,
 And to the Queen *Eurynomè* descends;
 A torch she bears to light with guiding fires 315
 The royal pair; she guides them, and retires.
 Then instant his fair spouse *Ulysses* led
 To the chaste love-rites of the nuptial bed.

And now the blooming youths and sprightly fair
 320 Cease the gay dance, and to their rest repair;
 But in discourse the King and Confort lay,
 While the soft hours stole unperceiv'd away;
 Intent he hears *Penelope* disclose
 A mournful story of domestic woes,
 325 His servants insults, his invaded bed,
 How his whole flocks and herds exhausted bled;
 His generous wines dishonour'd shed in vain,
 And the wild riots of the Suitor-train.
 The King alternate a dire tale relates,
 330 Of wars, of triumphs, and disastrous fates;
 All he unfolds: His list'ning spouse turns pale
 With pleasing horror at the dreadful tale,
 Sleepless devours each word; and hears, how slain
Cicons on *Cicons* swell th'ensanguin'd plain;
 335 How to the land of *Lote* unblest he fails;
 And images the rills, and flowry vales:
 How dash'd like dogs, his friends the *Cyclops* tore,
 (Not unreveng'd) and quaff'd the spouting gore;
 How, the loud storms in prison bound, he fails
 340 From friendly *Æolus* with prosp'rous gales;

Yet

Yet late withstands! a sudden tempest roars
 And whirls him groaning from his native shores:
 How on the barb'rous *Læstrigian* coast,
 By savage hands his fleet and friends he lost;
 How scarce himself surviv'd: He paints the bow'r, ³⁴⁵
 The spells of *Circe*, and her magic pow'r;
 His dreadful journey to the realms beneath,
 To seek *Tiresias* in the vales of death;
 How in the doleful mansions he survey'd
 His royal mother, pale *Anticlea's* shade; ³⁵⁰
 And friends in battle slain, heroic ghosts!
 Then how unharm'd he past the *Siren*-coasts,
 The jutting rocks where fierce *Charybdis* raves,
 And howling *Scylla* whirls her thund'rous waves,
 The cave of death! How his companions flay ³⁵⁵
 The oxen sacred to the God of day,
 'Till *Jove* in wrath the rattling Tempest guides,
 And whelms th'offenders in the roaring tydes:
 How struggling thro' the surge, he reach'd the shores
 Of fair *Ogygia*, and *Calypso's* bow'rs; ³⁶⁰
 Where the gay blooming Nymph constrain'd his stay,
 With sweet reluctant amorous delay;

And

And promis'd, vainly promis'd, to bestow
Immortal life exempt from age and woe:

³⁶⁵How fav'd from storms *Phæacia's* coast he trod,
By great *Alcinous* honour'd as a God,
Who gave him last his country to behold,
With change of rayment, brass, and heaps of gold.

He ended, sinking into sleep, and shares
³⁷⁰A sweet forgetfulness of all his cares.

Soon as soft slumber eas'd the toils of day,
Minerva rushes thro' th' aereal way,
And bids *Aurora* with her golden wheels
Flame from the Ocean o'er the eastern hills:

³⁷⁵Uprose *Ulysses* from the genial bed,
And thus with thought mature the Monarch said.
My Queen, my consort! thro' a length of years,
We drank the cup of sorrow mix'd with tears,
Thou, for thy Lord; while me th' immortal pow'rs

³⁸⁰Detain'd reluctant from my native shores.
Now, blest again by heav'n, the Queen display,
And rule our Palace with an equal sway:
Be it my care, by loans, or martial toils,
To throng my empty'd folds, with gifts or spoils.

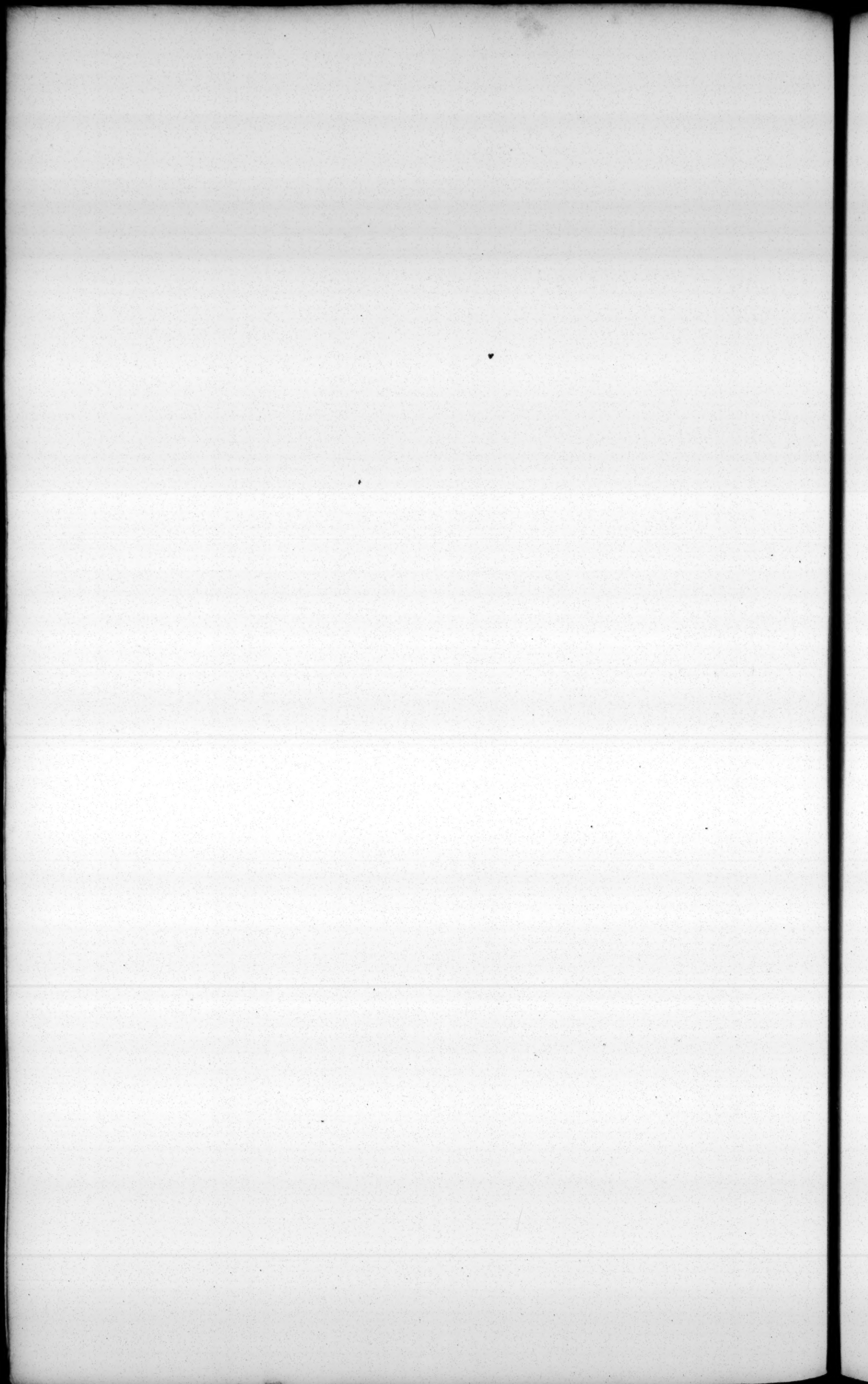
But

But now I haste to blefs *Laertes'* eyes 385
With sight of his *Ulysses* ere he dies;
The good old man, to wasting woes a prey,
Weeps a sad life in solitude away.
But hear, tho' wise! This morning shall unfold
The deathful scene, on Heroes, Heroes roll'd; 390
Thou with thy Maids within the Palace stay,
From all the scene of tumult far away!

He spoke, and sheath'd in arms, incessant flies
To wake his son; and bid his friends arise.
To arms! aloud he cries: His friends obey, } 395
With glitt'ring arms their manly limbs array,
And pass the City-gate; *Ulysses* leads the way. }

Now flames the rosy dawn, but *Pallas* shrouds
The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.





OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

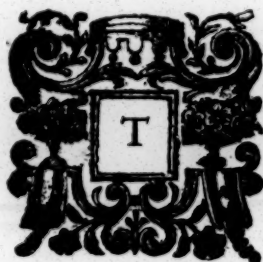


OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.

I.



HIS book contains the Discovery of *Ulysses* to *Penelope*. Monsieur *Rapin* is very severe upon some parts of it; whose objections I shall here recite.

The discovery of *Ulysses* to his Queen was the most favourable occasion imaginable for the Poet to give us some of the nicest touches of his art; but as he has manag'd it, it has nothing but faint and weak surprizes, cold and languishing astonishments, and very little of that delicacy and exquisiteness which ought to express a conjugal tenderness: He leaves his wife too long in doubt and distrust, and she is too cautious and circumspect; the formalities she observes in being fully assur'd, and her care to act with security, are set down in number and measure, lest she should fall into any mistake; and this particularity makes the story dull, in a place that so much requires briskness and liveliness. Ought not the secret instinct of her love to have inspir'd her with other sentiments? and should not her heart have told her, what her eyes could not? Love is penetrating, and whispers more to us than the senses can convey; but *Homer* understood not this Philosophy: *Virgil*, who makes *Dido* foresee that *Aeneas* designs to leave her, would have made better advantage of this favourable opportunity.

The strength of this objection consists chiefly in the long incredulity of *Penelope*, and the slowness she uses to make an undeniable discovery: This *Rapin* judges to be contrary to the passion of love, and consequently that the Poet writes unnaturally.

There is somewhat of the *Frenchman* in this Criticism: *Homer* in his opinion wants vivacity; and if *Rapin* had been to have drawn *Ulysses*, we had seen him all transport and ecstasy. But where there is most fancy, there is often the least judgment. *Penelope* thought *Ulysses* to be dead; he had been absent twenty years; and thro' absence and his present disguise, he was another person from that *Ulysses* whom she knew, when he sail'd to *Troy*; so that he was become an absolute stranger. From this observation we may appeal to the Reader's judgment, if *Penelope*, without full conviction, ought to be persuaded that this person was the real *Ulysses*? And how could she be convinc'd, but by asking many questions, and descending to particularities, which must necessarily occasion delay in the discovery? If indeed *Ulysses* and *Penelope* had met after a shorter absence, when one view would have assured her that he was her real husband, then too much transport could not have been express'd by the Poet; but this is not the case, she is first to know her husband, before she could or ought express her fondness for his return, otherwise she might be in danger of misplacing it upon an impostor: But she is no sooner convinced that *Ulysses* is actually returned, but she receives him with as much fondness as can be expressed, or as *Rapin* could require.

*While yet he speaks, her pow'rs of life decay,
She sickens, trembles, falls, and faints away:
At length recov'ring, to his arms she flew,
And strain'd him close, as to his breast she grew.*

Till this moment the discovery was not evidently made, and her passion would have been unseasonable; but this is no sooner done, but she falls into an agony of affection. If she had here appear'd cool and indifferent, there had been weight in *Rapin's* objections. Besides, *Aristotle* informs us, that there was a Play, call'd *the False Ulysses*: It was form'd upon a story of a person who design'd to surprize *Penelope*, and told her, that he was her husband; and to confirm it, pretended to remember a Bow, which

which he used before he went to the siege of *Troy*. This shews that *Penelope* had been in danger from impostors, and it is therefore very prudent in her to be upon the guard, and not to yield without full conviction.

But there is a dispute of a different nature mention'd by Monsieur *Bayle*; namely, whether if *Penelope* had yielded to an impostor, believing him to be really *Ulysses*, she had been guilty of adultery? Monsieur *Basnage* thus argues: " Let us suppose a
" wife transported with love for an husband, running eagerly to
" the person she mistakes for him: This woman has no design
" to be deceived, one cannot blame her ardor; it is lawful, if he
" proves her real husband: in short, her ignorance is involuntary,
" and occasion'd solely by a laudable passion for her husband:
" Yet, if this person prove an adulterer, is the wife entirely ex-
" cusable? ought her eagerness and precipitation to give her
" no uneasiness? Undoubtedly it ought, because she is suppos'd to
" act precipitately, without a full examination: her passion is
" stronger than her reason, and therefore she is blameable." The
Author of the General Critique on *Maimbourg* is more indulgent: He judges that if a woman does not refuse a strict examination out of a blameable motive, she is excusable, tho' she happens to oblige an impostor. " If a wife, deceived by the re-
" semblance between her husband and an impostor, shall allow
" the latter all the privileges of the marriage-bed, this action is
" no stain to her chastity; and the husband would be the most
" unreasonable creature breathing, should he blame it as a breach
" of conjugal fidelity, provided she is no way accessory to the
" imposition." So that according to this Author, tho' the wife is betray'd by her precipitation, yet she is to be accounted innocent; because the precipitation is occasion'd by a vehemence of love for her husband. But I fear few husbands who should take their wives in such circumstances would excuse them, or believe that they had us'd due circumspection. In short, Monsieur *Bayle* rightly decides the question, by saying, that every person who acts precipitately is culpable; and that no person can act rationally, without a full and satisfactory examination. And indeed if this rule were observ'd, there would scarce be any room for the afore-said supposition. The resemblance between man and man is never so perfect, but the difference upon a strict observation is discernible; we may therefore conclude, that a wife who should suffer such a
deceit,

deceit, was not very unwilling to be deceiv'd; especially when there must be between a man and wife a thousand particularities, which could only be known to the wife and husband, which upon a due scrutiny would discover the imposture.

I fear I shall be tedious to the Reader, by mentioning another difficulty of a similar nature started by *Seneca*. "If any person should make an assignation with his own wife in disguise, supposing her to be the wife of another person, would he be guilty of adultery?" He answers in the affirmative; tho' the wife her self would be innocent; for he is guilty intentionally. This may be illustrated by the example of *Jacob*, who was blameless when he was deceiv'd by *Leah*, who personated his wife *Rachel*; but *Leah* was culpable, tho' *Jacob* was innocent, for she very well knew that she was not wife to *Jacob*. But this is the province of a Casuist, not of a Commentator.

II.

VERSE 6. *Ulysses lives! ----- Ulysses comes!]* In the *Greek* it is literally, *Ulysses* is come, he is at length come to his Palace. This last circumstance is not a tautology; for, observes *Eustathius*, a person may be return'd to his country, and yet never arrive at his family: Thus *Agamemnon* reach'd his dominions in safety, but was assassinated before he came to his Palace. We may observe in general, that *Euryclea* and *Penelope* thro' their whole conference speak with brevity; *Homer* was too good a judge of human nature, to represent them speaking with prolixity. Passion is always in haste, and delivers itself with precipitation; and this is very well painted in this interview: *Euryclea* is in a transport of joy for the return of *Ulysses*, and *Penelope* has all her affections awaken'd at the news of it.

III.

VERSE 13. *The righteous pow'rs who tread the starry skies,
The weak enlighten, and confound the wise.]*

This is an admirable sentiment: it is consonant to many expressions in the holy Scriptures. God is the Lord of spirits, and gives and takes away as seems best to his infinite wisdom. The thoughts of man, as well as his life, are equally in the power of the Almighty.

IV.

VERSE 21. *Never did I a sleep so sweet enjoy, &c.*] *Homer*, observes *Eustathius*, very judiciously mentions this profound sleep of *Penelope*; for it might have been thought improbable, that she should not wake at the noise and confusion of the battle. It was solely to reconcile it to credibility, that in a preceding book *Pallas* was introduced to throw her into it: besides, the womens apartment was always in the upper part of the house, and was from thence call'd ὑπερῶον: and consequently *Penelope* was at a sufficient distance from the place of the combat, and may be easily suppos'd not to be wak'd by it.

The circumstance of *Penelope's* not being awak'd by the cries of the Suitors, furnishes us with a reason why they are not heard by the *Ithacans* that liv'd near the Palace: for if she who is within the Palace is not disturb'd by the noise, it is credible enough, that the *Greeks* who liv'd at some distance from the Palace should not hear it.

V.

VERSE 35. -----*The Queen in transport sprung
Swift from the couch-----*]

We are not to gather from this transport of *Penelope*, that she is fully convinc'd of the return of *Ulysses*: She is yet incredulous; but she must have been insensible if she had continu'd unmov'd at the mention of the arrival of an husband, whose return has been describ'd thro' the whole *Odyssy* as the chief object of all her desires. Besides, she receives the death of the Suitors with joy; she cannot disbelieve the testimony of *Euryclea* concerning their deaths; but thinking it impossible that they should be slain by any one person, she ascribes their destruction not to *Ulysses*, but a Deity. But then is not such a supposition extravagant? and can it be reconcil'd to probability, that a God should really be suppos'd to descend to work their destruction? It may be answer'd, that the excess of the assertion ought to be ascrib'd to the excess of joy in the speaker: *Penelope* is in a transport, and no wonder if she speaks with amplification: she judges it impossible that such a great event should be wrought by a mortal hand;

and it is therefore very natural, while she is under a surprize, and her thoughts rais'd above the bounds of calm Reason, to ascribe it to a Deity.

It has been believ'd that all the notions of good and bad Dæmons that prevail'd among the Ancients were borrow'd from truth, and that they received them by tradition from the offices of good and bad Angels: If I might be allow'd to make this supposition, then what *Penelope* here speaks may be reconcil'd to strict verity; then we may find a reason why she may without extravagance ascribe the Suitors deaths to a Dæmon, or Deity. Thus, *2 Kings, cap. xix. v. 35. That night the Angel of the Lord went out and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred four-score and five thousand.* If this supposition be thought disallowable, the former will be a sufficient vindication. I will only add that the Poet artfully turns the incredulity of *Penelope* to the praise of *Ulysses*; the exploit was so great, that no mortal was brave enough to perform it; it must therefore be wrought by a God; but this God is at length discover'd to be *Ulysses*.

VI.

VERSE 83. *The works of Gods what mortal can survey?*] This assertion is made with great judgment. *Euryclea* had given almost a demonstrative proof that she was not mistaken in the person of *Ulysses*: she had instanced in the scar which he received by a boar on mount *Parnassus*; and this seem'd to be an undeniable evidence of her veracity: what method then could the Poet take to carry on *Penelope's* incredulity, and give her room to resist such evidence with any appearance of reason? This is very well explain'd by *Eustathius*. *Penelope* (observes that Author) answers with profound wisdom; her words are short, but contain excellent truth and morality: This is her meaning: “ *Euryclea*,
 “ you appeal to your senses for the truth of your affirmation:
 “ you saw the wound, and touch'd it as you bath'd him; and
 “ he forbad you to make a discovery of his person: from hence
 “ you conclude, that it is *Ulysses* who has slain the Suitors; not
 “ remembring that the Gods are able thus to shew themselves
 “ to man, and assume at their pleasure such disguises: How then
 “ do you know but this is a God? Are you able to know the
 “ ways of a Deity?” To this *Euryclea* makes no reply; from
 whence

whence we may gather, that it was believ'd to be an undeniable truth, that the divine Beings sometimes assum'd the shape of man, and appear'd visibly upon earth. Such expressions as these might almost persuade us of the reality of a former conjecture, that these notions were borrow'd from a tradition of the appearances of Angels; they being so consonant to the testimony of the holy Scriptures, and so agreeable to the manifestations of those celestial Beings.

VII.

VERSE 89. *At ev'ry step debates, her Lord to prove,
Or rushing to his arms, confess her love.]*

Penelope apprehends that the person mentioned by *Euryclea* is not *Ulysses*; yet her apprehensions are not so strong as to exclude all hopes that he is her husband; in this state of uncertainty she descends, doubtful whether to meet him as such, or first to prove him whether he be the real *Ulysses*; and this explains her conduct in this place: If he evidently were *Ulysses*, she ought to receive him with transport; but if he be not *Ulysses*, then all such advances would be acts of immodesty, and a reproach to her prudence. Ladies are best judges of what is decent amongst Ladies, and *Madam Dacier* affirms, that the point of decency is well maintain'd by *Homer* thro' this whole interview; and that Antiquity can shew nothing wherein a severity of manners is better observ'd. And indeed it must be allow'd that in this respect *Penelope* proceeds with no more than a necessary caution; it would have been very absurd to have describ'd her flying to the embraces of a stranger, merely upon the testimony of *Euryclea*, without waiting for a personal and ocular demonstration.

VIII.

VERSE 93. *The Monarch, by a column high entron'd.]* The circumstance of persons of figure being plac'd by a column occurs frequently in the *Odyssey*, it may therefore be necessary to explain it: it is mention'd twice in the eighth book, πρὸς κίονα μακρὸν ἐρείσας, but being there apply'd to *Demodocus* who was blind, it may be thought to mean only that he lean'd against the pillar by reason of his blindness: but this is not the full import

port of the words, they denote dignity; and a seat erected near the column was a seat of distinction. Thus 2 Kings xi. 14. *Behold the King stood by a pillar, ἐπὶ τῷ στήλῃ, as the manner was, and the Princes, &c. by the King.* Thus we see the Royal station was by some remarkable Pillar; *Josephus* expresses it by ἐπὶ τῆς σκηνῆς, which probably is a corruption; it ought to be ἐπὶ τῆς στήλης, *juxta columnam*: Thus again, 2 Kings xxiii. 3. *And the King stood by a pillar, and made a covenant, &c.* So that by this expression of *Ulysses* being seated by a column, we are to understand that he receiv'd *Penelope* as a King; he took the royal seat, to convince her that he was the real *Ulysses*.

IX.

VERSE 94. -----withdrew, and fix'd it on the ground;
Curious to hear his Queen the silence break.]

We have all along been vindicating the conduct of *Penelope*, for not immediately acknowledging *Ulysses*. Her ignorance of his person is her vindication; but how then is *Ulysses* to be justify'd, who is in no doubt about *Penelope*? Why does not he fly with transport to the wife of his affection? The reason is very evident: he very well knows that *Penelope* is uncertain about his person; he therefore forbears to offer violence to her modesty by any caresses, while she is in this state of uncertainty, and which decency requires her to refuse, till she is assur'd that the person who offers them is *Ulysses*.

Homer tells us, that *Ulysses* turn'd his eyes toward the ground. *Eustathius* imagines, that he does it that *Penelope* may not immediately discover him; but perhaps the Poet intended no more than to draw *Ulysses* here, as he drew him in the *Iliad*, Lib. 3. and describe him according to his usual behaviour.

----- In thought profound,
His modest eyes he fix'd upon the ground.

Thus also he is represented by *Ovid*, *Metam. lib. 13.*

*Astitit atque oculos paulum tellure moratos,
Sustulit -----*

Then

Then from his seat arose Laertes' son,
Look'd down a-while, and paus'd ere he began. Dryden.

X.

VERSE 96. *Amaz'd she fate, and impotent to speak.*] The Reader will certainly be curious to know how *Penelope* accosts *Ulysses* in this first interview, and the Poet manages it with excellent judgment: She must be suppos'd to be under a great surprize and confusion of thought, this surprize takes away her speech; she is tost between hopes and fears, and consequently it is very natural, before she speaks, to examine him with her eyes.

XI.

VERSE 106. *The Gods have form'd that rigid heart of stone.*] It has been objected that *Telemachus* here makes too free a remonstrance to *Penelope*; and that he is wanting in reverence towards his mother. *Eustathius* answers, that he speaks no more than *Ulysses* says himself, in the process of the story, and consequently he is no more blameable. But the case is not the same, there is a difference between a son and a husband, and what is decent in the mouth of the latter would be irreverent in the former. *Spondanus* is of opinion, that he offends against decency, *juveniliter nimis insultavit*; and *Ulysses* seems to repress his ardor.

Indulge, my son, the cautions of the wise ---
No more -----

Dacier answers, that *Telemachus* being fully assur'd that it is the real *Ulysses*, seems shock'd at the indifference of *Penelope*. And indeed the warmth of the expression is to be imputed to the emotion of the speaker; so that we are not to look upon it as an outrage of decency toward *Penelope*, but a warm expostulation occasion'd by his zeal for *Ulysses*.

XII.

VERSE 116. *The garb of Poverty belies the King.*] This expression furnishes another cause for the incredulity of *Penelope*; *Ulysses* imputes it to his disguise, and is far from resenting it as a want of conjugal affection. I must confess, that here may seem to be an unseasonable transition: *Homer* brings *Ulysses* and *Penelope* together, raises our expectations to see a warm and tender description at the discovery of the husband to the wife, and all of a sudden he starts from the subject, and leaves us under an uncertainty equal to that of *Penelope*. The scene closes too abruptly, and *Homer* acts like one who invites his guests to an entertainment, and when they were sat down with an eager appetite, takes away their dinner. But then it may be answer'd, that the occasion presses: *Ulysses* finds it necessary to provide for his own safety, before the people of *Ithaca* are inform'd of the slaughter of the Suitors; this is the dictate of good sense; he first acts the wise man, by guarding against an imminent danger; and then shews the tender husband, by his affection to *Penelope*: and this is the reason why he adjourns the discovery. Besides, this interval, which is very short, gives time to *Penelope* to recollect her spirits from surprize, and makes her mistress of her own thoughts. In that view the Reader is to look upon this break, like a pause between the acts in a Tragedy, and as an artful interruption to introduce the unravelling more naturally, and with greater probability.

XIII.

VERSE 119. *If one man's blood----*] *Ulysses* here argues very conclusively: If the person who has shed one man's blood only, and that man of inferior station; if he is yet oblig'd to fly into banishment, lest he should be slain by any of the dead person's relations or friends; what have they to fear, who have not only slain one man, but above an hundred, and these not Plebeians, but Princes? They must necessarily have many avengers, who will be ready to pursue our lives.

But it may be objected, that *Ulysses* is a King, and therefore above apprehensions of punishment. 'Tis true, *Ulysses* is a King, yet

yet subject to the laws; his government was not so despotic, as to have no reason to fear the resentments of the chief families of his subjects, whose heirs were slain by his hand. I cannot entirely agree with *Dacier* in this last sentiment: *Ulysses* had only done an act of justice upon these offenders, and had transgress'd no law by it, and ought therefore to apprehend no vengeance from the law. I should rather ascribe the apprehensions of *Ulysses* to a fear of a sudden assault from the friends of the Suitors before he could discover himself to be the real *Ulysses*. He is afraid of an assassination, not a legal punishment; the rage of the people, not the justice of the law.

XIV.

VERSE 121. *Th' important deed our whole attention calls.]*
Ulysses, to prove *Telemachus*, and to form a judgment of his wisdom, asks his advice upon the present emergence; but the Poet in his answer observes a due decency: *Telemachus* pays a laudable deference to the superior wisdom of *Ulysses*, and modestly submits to his judgment. What we are to gather from this conduct is, that no person should be so self-confiding in his own judgment, as to despise that of other men, tho' those men are inferior in wisdom.

XV.

VERSE 135. *That hence th' eluded passengers may say,*
Lo! the Queen weds-----]

This is an instance of the art of *Ulysses*, essential to his character, and maintain'd thro' the whole *Odyssey*. *Eustathius* excellently explains the reason of this conduct: The Suitors had been accustomed to retire from the Palace, and sleep in other places by night; it would therefore have alarm'd the whole city, and made them apprehensive that some calamity had befallen them, if there had not appeared a seeming reason why they return'd not to their several houses as usual: *Ulysses* therefore invents this stratagem to deceive them into an opinion that they stay'd to celebrate the Queen's nuptials. But there appears to be a strong objection against this part of the relation: we have already seen the Suitors slain, without being heard by the *Ithacans* of the city; is it then

then probable that the sound of the music should be heard abroad, when the cries, shouts and groans, during the fight, were not heard out of the Palace? Was the music louder than these united noises? It is not easy to solve this difficulty, unless we are allow'd to imagine that the more than usual stay of the Suitors in the Palace had rais'd the curiosity of some of the *Ithacans* to enquire the reason of it; who consequently approaching the Palace might hear the music and dancing, and conclude that it was occasion'd by the Queen's marriage. Besides, in the stillness of the night, a lower sound may be further heard, than one more loud, during the noise and hurry of the day: it being evident from the preceding book, that the fight was by day.

XVI.

VERSE 137.

-----Till we remove

Far from the court -----]

It may be ask'd, what occasions this recess of *Ulysses*? Will he be better able to resist his enemies in the country than in the city? The answer is, he withdraws that he may avoid the first, resentments of the *Ithacans*, upon the discovery of the death of the Suitors: Besides, it is by this method in his power to conceal his person, till the violence of the people is settled; or raise a party to resist their efforts: at the worst, he is certain to secure his flight, if his affairs should be reduc'd to extremities.

XVII.

VERSE 171.

*Dispatchful spread**For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed.]*

These words have given occasion of censure from Monsieur de la Mothe de Vayer: According to whom the precaution of *Penelope* is not much to be admir'd; "*Ulysses* made himself suspicious by expressing so much eagerness to go to bed with *Penelope*; she was so far from having time enough to know him, that she had scarce spoke three words to him, but he bluntly commands *Euryclea* to get the bed ready for them." So that, according to this Author, *Penelope* mistrusts his impatience; she imagines the reason why he is so hasty, is because he fears that a longer time would discover his imposture, and frustrate his desires:

desires: And indeed if *Ulysses* had given such a command, the objection had not been without a foundation. But *La Mothe* is deceiv'd: *Ulysses* does not ask a bed for himself and *Penelope*, but for himself alone, because his wife vouchsaf'd not to come near him, and used him with a seeming cruelty.

Ἄλλ' ἄγε μοι μαῖα σόρεσον λέχος ὅφρα κ' αὐτὸς
Λέξομαι ----

which is literally enough render'd in the translation.

*Haste Euryclea, and dispatchful spread
For me, and me alone, th' imperial bed.*

XVIII.

VERSE 175. *Ah no! she cries, a tender heart I bear,
A foe to pride; no adamant is there.]*
It is not easy to translate this passage literally.

----- ἔτ' ἄρτι μεγαλίζομαι, ἔδ' ἀθερίζω,
Οὐδ' ἔτι λῆν ἄγαμαι.

Eustathius explains μεγαλίζομαι to signifie, *I am not of a proud heart*; ἀθερίζω, *I despise not your poverty*; ἄγαμαι, *I am no longer under an astonishment*; or, ἔδ' ἔτι λῆν ἐκπλήττομαι, *I cease to be surpriz'd at what I see and hear*. Thus *Penelope* speaks negatively, and the meaning of her words are, that she is not influenced by pride or cruelty, to persist in her incredulity, but by a laudable care and caution. *Eustathius* proposes *Penelope* as a pattern to all women upon the like occasion: her own eyes persuade her that the person with whom she confers is *Ulysses*; *Euryclea* acknowledges her master; *Telemachus* his father; yet she dares not immediately credit her own eyes, *Euryclea*, or *Telemachus*: and the same Author concludes with a pretty observation, that *Ulysses* found it easier to subdue above an hundred enemies than the diffidence and incredulity of *Penelope*.

XIX.

VERSE 183. *Thus speaks the Queen, still dubious---*] It must be allow'd that this is a very artful turn of thought in *Penelope*. *Ulysses* commands a bed to be prepar'd, *Penelope* catches the word, and seeming to consent, orders *Euryclea* to carry the bed out of the bridal apartment, and prepare it. Now this bed was of such a nature as to be inwrought into the substance of the apartment it self, and could not be remov'd; if therefore *Ulysses* had acquiesc'd in the injunction given by *Penelope*, and not discover'd the impossibility of it, she might very justly have concluded him an impostor, being manifestly ignorant of the secret of his own marriage-bed.

But *Eustathius* starts an objection against this whole process of the discovery, which he calls insoluble; and indeed if *Homer* fails in the unravelling of his Poem, he is to be severely blam'd: *Tully* is of this opinion, *Illic enim debet toto animo a poetâ in dissolutionem nodi agi; eaque præcipua fabulæ pars est, quæ requirit diligentiam.* The difficulty rais'd by *Eustathius* is as follows: *Penelope* imagines that the person who pretends to be her husband, is not really *Ulysses*, but a God, who not only assumes his form, but, to favour the imposture, the resemblance of the wound receiv'd from the boar: Now if he be a God, how is it possible she should conceive him to be ignorant of the secret of the marriage-bed, and consequently how can she be convinc'd of the reality of *Ulysses* from his knowledge of it, when it must necessarily be known to a God, as well as to the real *Ulysses*? all that she ought to gather from it is, that the person with whom she speaks is *Ulysses*, or a God. *Eustathius* replies, that *Penelope* upon the discovery of the secret makes no scruple to yield; because whether it be *Ulysses*, or a God, her case is happy: if he prove to be *Ulysses*, she has her wishes; if a God, it is no small piece of good fortune. *Dacier* condemns this solution, and tells us, that *Penelope* was so faithful to her husband, that she would not have receiv'd even a God into the place of *Ulysses*: The true answer (continues that Author) is to be drawn from the Pagan Theology, according to which the inferior Deities were suppos'd to have a finite knowledge, and consequently *Penelope* might think the discovery of the nature of the nuptial-bed a full conviction of the

the reality of *Ulysses*, it being so great a secret that even a God might be ignorant of it. But this is all fancy; for allowing this person to be a God, why might not *Penelope* imagine him to be a Deity of the superior order, and for that reason well acquainted with the secrets of this nuptial bow'r? especially because *Jupiter* himself was notorious for such amorous illusions. *Dacier* her self confesses this to be no just solution, but gives a very different reason: How is it possible (says she) that this bed and whole apartment should be built by the single hand of *Ulysses*, without being seen by any person while he builds it? or how can any one be assured that a secret that is known to a third person (*Actoris*) is not thro' weakness or interest discovered to others? 'Tis true, the manner of the discovery entirely depends upon the choice of the Poet, but I could wish that he had chosen a method more probable than this of the nuptial bed, which in my judgment (continues the same Author) is unworthy of the *Odysssey*. I am persuaded that this is one of the places where (as *Horace* writes) *Homer* nods.

I will lay together what occurs to me by way of reply. The first objection is, that *Penelope* imagines *Ulysses* to be a God, and consequently his knowledge of the nuptial bed ought not to have induc'd her to believe him to be the real *Ulysses*: The answer is, *Penelope* thought him a God only during her first transport; it is to be imputed to her surprize, that she at all thinks him a Deity: This is very evident, for from the moment she saw him, the thought of his divinity vanishes, and she never mentions one word concerning such a supposition, nay from the first glance she almost believes him to be the real *Ulysses*.

*O'er all the man her eyes she rolls in vain,
Now hopes, now fears, now knows, then doubts again.*

She is so far from thinking him a Deity, that she is almost persuaded that he is her husband. If this be allow'd, the first difficulty ceases: For granting her belief that the person before her is a real man, and that no man but *Ulysses* was acquainted with the nuptial bed; it follows, that this man is the real *Ulysses*, and that this incident is not ill chosen by the Poet, in the discovery of *Ulysses*.

Dacier

Dacier objects, that this apartment could not possibly be erected without being known to other persons; but we have seen *Ulysses* build a ship in a solitary Island, without the assistance of any man, in the fifth *Odyssey*; and why may he not then be allow'd to do the same, with respect to this nuptial bower? All kind of arts in Mechanics were anciently practis'd by the greatest personages, and their knowledge and dexterity in them was esteem'd a glory. This consideration may perhaps reconcile the Reader to this part of the discovery.

The only difficulty that now remains is this: *Actoris*, a female servant, is allow'd to be in the secret; how then can *Penelope* be assur'd that she has not betray'd it? *Homer* himself obviates this objection; he has in a very solemn manner told us, that only twelve of all the female train were guilty of a breach of trust, and therefore *Penelope* may safely rely upon the fidelity of *Actoris*. Besides, it adds no small weight to this vindication of *Homer*, to observe, that the whole procedure of the discovery is accidental; how could *Ulysses* fore-know that the proof of his veracity would depend upon his knowledge of the bridal bower? and consequently it is not to be imagin'd that he should have made any clandestine enquiries about it: It may be added, that *Ulysses* has been no more than five days upon the *Ithacan* shores, and probably had never seen *Actoris*, who alone was acquainted with the nature of this bed: no person was anciently permitted to enter the womens apartment, but fathers, husbands, or brothers; this therefore was the greatest secret in all families; this secret *Penelope* proposes in the tryal of *Ulysses*, and upon his knowledge of it receives him as her husband. To instance almost in a parallel case; *Orestes* in *Euripides* tells *Iphigenia*, that the lance which *Pelops* used in the combat against *Ænomaus* was lodg'd in her apartment; this circumstance convinces her that the person who knew this secret must be her brother *Orestes*, no persons of a more distant relation being admitted into such privacies.

XX.

VERSE 193. *Vast as some mighty column's bulk on high*
The huge trunc rose-----]

I will not promise that the Reader will be pleas'd with this description

scription of the nuptial bower: the *Greek* is noble, and the words sounding and harmonious; an happiness that is wanting in our language. In this and the like cases the translator must say with *Lucretius* upon a like occasion,

——— *Graiorum obscura reperta*
Difficile illustrare Latinis versibus esse,
Propter Egestatem linguæ, & rerum novitatem.

Besides, it must be allow'd that the relation it self is very wonderful; for it is not easy to conceive that the bole of an olive-tree should be so large as to contain upon the dimensions of it a whole bedsted. I would willingly imagine that it is only a supporter of it. It is likewise somewhat extraordinary that this olive-tree is not fell'd, or cut up from the roots; for *Eustathius* informs us, that *περὶ ἀμύων* signifies *to cut asunder at some distance from the earth*; so that a great part of the trunc is left standing, upon which *Ulysses* builds his bridal bed. What occurs to me upon this incident is, that *Homer* must be imagin'd to write according to the customs of the age in which he liv'd, unless we can suppose he unnecessarily invented an absurdity; I therefore doubt not but there were anciently such beds as this of *Ulysses*. Besides, the more wonderful this bed is, the better it serves for the purpose of *Homer*, in convincing us that the person who was acquainted with a matter so uncommon must be the real *Ulysses*, and not an impostor; it is for this purpose that the Poet describes the bower built round the olive-tree, before the framing of the bed is at all mention'd.

Around the tree I rais'd a nuptial bow'r,
And roof'd defensive of the storm and show'r;
Then lopp'd the branchy head; aloft in twain
Sever'd the bole, and smooth'd the shining grain.

This I say is particularly describ'd by *Homer*, to convince us that the place where the bed stood was entirely secret; it being clos'd up from observation before this particular apartment was undertaken, and therefore the knowledge of it was a strong argument that the person who was acquainted with it must be the real *Ulysses*.

XXI.

VERSE 231. *Like me had Helen fear'd ---*] This passage occasioned great disputes amongst the ancient Critics; some contended for the common punctuation; others thus read it,

Εἰ ἦδ' ἄνδρα. -----

Then the meaning of the passage is thus to be understood. *Helen* would not have yielded to a stranger, if she had known that stranger. εἰ ἦδ' ἄνδρα is to be understood according to this interpretation. The same Critics thus construe the following words,

Ὅ μιν αὖτις ἀγῆιοι ἦες Ἀχαιῶν, &c.

Ὅ is the same with δι' ὃ, *propter hanc causam*, and the whole passage is thus to be translated, *If Helen had known the stranger, she would not have yielded to him; therefore the Greeks rose in arms to free her from the impostor.* They defend this application by having recourse to a tradition, that *Paris* could never have obtain'd the consent of *Helen* if *Venus* had not given him the resemblance of *Menelaus*, in whose form he prevail'd upon that fatal beauty: otherwise the instance is no way paralel; for if *Helen* was not deceived, how can her example be brought to induce *Penelope* to act with caution, lest she take an impostor to her bed instead of an husband? I confess this construction of the *Greek* appears to me very obscure; contrary to the style of *Hom*er, which is always clear and natural. Besides, it contradicts the whole story of *Helen* thro' the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and she herself no where alledges this deceit as her excuse, but frequently condemns her own conduct in forsaking the bed of *Menelaus*. But granting that she was thus deceiv'd originally, the deceit must necessarily soon appear, and yet she voluntarily cohabits many years with *Paris*. The other interpretation may therefore perhaps be preferable; namely, if *Helen* had consider'd what evils might ensue from her injury to *Menelaus*, she would have acted more wisely: This *Penelope* introduces to vindicate her conduct in acting with so much caution; she opposes her wariness to the inconsiderateness of *Helen*, and ascribes all the calamities of *Greece* to it.

VERSE

XXII.

VERSE 260. *But Pallas backward held the rising day.*] We are not to look upon this merely as a poetical ornament, there is no necessity for it. The battle between the Suitors and *Ulysses* happen'd in the evening; since then we have seen the Palace purify'd, the dead Suitors carried away, and the female servants punish'd; *Euryclea* has held a long conference with *Penelope*, there has been singing and dancing in the Palace, and an interview at large described between *Ulysses* and *Penelope*; then the Poet proceeds to re-capitulate the story of the whole *Odyssey*: Now all these incidents could not be comprehended in the compass of one night: *Homer* therefore, to reconcile it to probability, introduces *Minerva* to protract it, and make the time proportionable to the incidents. But perhaps it may be thought a violent machine, and contrary to the establish'd laws of Nature, to suppose the course of the night alterable: the answer is, Poets are allow'd to write according to common fame, and what *Homer* here relates could not shock the ears of the Ancients, who had before heard of the like story at the conception of *Hercules*. I will only observe, that *Homer* gives no more than two horses to *Aurora's* Chariot, *Lampus* and *Phaethon*; whereas the Chariot of the sun is describ'd with four: Thus *Ovid*,

*Interea volucres Pyroëis, Eous, & Æthon,
Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon.*

XXIII.

VERSE 278. *Knowledge may grieve, but fear distracts the heart.*] *Ulysses* had said in the sentence immediately preceding,

A labour long, and hard, remains.

This could not fail of alarming *Penelope*, and raising all her curiosity to know it. *Homer* would greatly have offended against nature, if he had not describ'd her under an impatience upon the mention of it; her fondness is too sincere to be indifferent upon such a suggestion, but her answer to *Ulysses* chiefly demands observation.

If

*If heav'n a kind release from ills foreshows,
Triumph, thou happy victor of thy woes!*

This discovers a greatness of spirit worthy of a Queen and Heroine: she is threatned to lose *Ulysses* by a second absence, she is alarmed with a new train of his sufferings; but being inform'd that all these calamities will end in a prosperous issue, that long life and happiness attend him, she not only takes courage personally, but comforts her husband. *Homer* was too good a judge of decency to ascribe the weakness that attends the generality of that sex to *Penelope*; she has a bravery of soul worthy of a Heroine in Epic Poetry. Besides, this is a further instance of *Homer's* judgment: the event of the *Odyssey* is to shew *Ulysses* happy; now if the Poet had not fully satisfy'd the Reader in this respect, he had not reinstated his Heroe in prosperity, and consequently had defeated the Moral of the *Odyssey*, which is to shew wisdom and virtue triumphant, by representing his Heroe after all difficulties settled in full tranquillity.

XXIV.

VERSE 317. ----- *His fair spouse Ulysses led
To the chaste love-rights of the nuptial bed.*]

The Reader may be pleas'd to consult the Annotations on book XI. p. 136. concerning the answer of *Ulysses* to *Penelope*; it being a repetition from that part of the *Odyssey*.

Eustathius informs us, that *Aristarchus*, and *Aristophanes* the Grammarian, thought the verse quoted at the head of this remark to be the conclusion of the *Odyssey*, and consequently they judged the remaining part of this book and the whole 24th supposititious: those who were of a contrary opinion reply'd, that by ending the Poem with that verse, many incidents of great importance would be rejected; for instance, the recapitulation of the whole *Odyssey*, and especially the discovery of *Ulysses* to his father *Laertes*, with all the beautiful fictions contain'd in it. They add, that if the little relation that the beginning of that book bears to the subject of the Poem be a reason for the rejection of it, we must for the same reason abridge the Poem, and reject a multitude of the Fables which are scatter'd thro' the whole course of it. It may therefore

therefore be conjectured that *Aristarchus* and *Aristophanes* were not of opinion that the Poem ended with this verse, but only the most necessary and important incidents. *Casaubon* in a remark upon a passage of *Strabo*, favours the opinion of *Aristarchus*, for he there speaks of the last book as if he suspected it to be spurious; and *Rapin* joyns in the same judgment. *Homer* is to be defended in another manner, than by such arguments as are brought in answer to *Aristarchus*. The same objection has been made against the two last books of the *Iliad*, as against these of the *Odyssey*; the former ought to have ended with the decisive action in the death of *Hector*, and the latter with the discovery of *Ulysses* to *Penelope*, when his happiness seems to be establish'd. But there is no weight in these objections. There is a difference between the unravelling of the action, and the full accomplishment of it; the Action is unravell'd by the death of the Suitors; but there are consequences arising from their deaths that hinder the accomplishment of the action; namely, the danger of the resentments of their friends, who rise in arms to revenge their slaughter; and till their insurrection is pacify'd, *Ulysses* cannot be said to be in a state of security. The subject of the *Iliad* is the Anger of *Achilles*; that of the *Odyssey*, the Re-establishment of *Ulysses* in his dominions; now the anger of *Achilles* ends not with the death of *Hector*, nor is *Ulysses* fully re-established by the death of the Suitors; he has another obstacle to overcome, and till the commotions of the *Ithacans* are appeas'd, the design of the Poem is not executed, which is to shew *Ulysses* in peaceful possession of his Palace and Authority. We see in this very book, that *Ulysses* is forc'd to fly from his own Palace; can he then be said to be re-establish'd in tranquillity? this very action demonstrates, that what follows is part of the subject of the Poem, and such a part, as if it had not been related, would have given us room to have imagin'd that *Homer* had never finish'd it, or that the conclusion of it had been lost. The beginning of the Action is his sailing from *Troy* toward his country; the middle contains all the calamities he sustains in his return, the disorders of his family before and after it; and the end of the Action is his re-establishment in the peaceful possession of his kingdoms, when he is acknowledg'd by his wife, father, family, and subjects: now this is not compleated till the very end of the last book, and consequently that book is not spurious, but essential. The Poet had

ended very injudiciously, if he had stopp'd before; for the Reader would have remain'd unsatisfy'd in two necessary points, *viz.* how he was made known to *Laertes*, and what vengeance the chief families of the nation endeavour'd to take against the destroyers of their sons; but this storm being once blown over, and all his subjects who had taken arms being either vanquish'd or appeas'd, the Action is compleated in all its parts, and consummates the *Odysssey*.

XXV.

VERSE 324. *A mournful story of domestic woes.*] It is with great judgment that the Poet passes thus briefly over the story of *Penelope*; he makes her impatience to hear the history of *Ulysses* the pretended occasion of her conciseness; the true reason is, he is unwilling to tire his Reader by repeating what he already knows: It is likewise remarkable, that *Ulysses* does not begin his own adventures by a detail of his sufferings during the war of *Troy*; for this would have been foreign to the design of the *Odysssey*; but with his sailing from *Troy* to the *Cicons*, and enters directly into the subject of it. He likewise concludes an Epitome of the whole *Odysssey* in the compass of one and thirty lines; and purposely contracts it, because we are already acquainted with the whole relation.

Lycophron has given us a summary of the wanderings of *Ulysses*; which if any one is desirous to compare with this of *Homer*, he will see the difference between a clear, and an obscure Writer. *Tibullus* in his *Panegyric* on *Messala* has been more successful than *Lycophron*, he follows the order of *Homer*, and treads directly in his footsteps.

*Nam Ciconumque manus adversis repulit armis,
Non valuit Lotos captos avertere cursus;
Cessit & Aetnae Neptunius incola rupis,
Victa Maronæo fœdatus lumina Baccho.
Vexit & Aeolios placidum per Nerea ventos;
Incultos adiit Læstrygonas, &c.*

Dacier is of opinion, that this recapitulation in *Homer* has a very good effect: I will translate her observation. We learn from it, that

that the subject of the *Odyssey* is not alone the return of *Ulysses* to his country, and his re-establishment in it; but that it comprehends all his wanderings and all his voyages; all that he saw, or suffer'd in his return to it; in a word, all that he underwent after he set sail from the shores of *Troy*: Another advantage we reap from it is, that we see the order and train of the adventures of his Heroe, as they really happen'd, naturally and historically: for in his relation of them in his Poem, he uses an artificial order; that is, he begins at the latter end, and finds an opportunity to insert all that precedes the opening of his Poem by way of narration to the *Phæacians*: Here he sets every event in its natural order, so that with a glance of the eye we may distinguish what gives continuity to the action, and what is comprehended in it. By this method we are able to separate the time of the duration of the Poem, from the time of the duration of the Action; for in reality the Poem begins many years before the return of *Ulysses*; but *Homer* begins his action but thirty five days before he lands in his own country. In the course therefore of the *Odyssey*, *Homer* gave us the artificial, here the natural order; which is an ease and assistance to the memory of the Reader.

XXVI.

VERSE 355. ----- How his companions slay
The oxen sacred to the God of day.]

The story of these oxen is fully related, *lib.* 12. I refer to the Annotations. The crime of the companions of *Ulysses* was sacrilege, they having destroy'd the herds sacred to a God. These herds were said to be immortal: I have there given the reason of it, but too concisely, and will therefore add a supplement from the *Polyhymnia* of *Herodotus*; I ought to have mention'd, that the body of soldiers call'd Immortal, was a select number of men in the army of *Xerxes*: so nam'd, because upon the death of any one of their number, whether by war or sickness, another was immediately substituted into his room, so that they never amounted to more or less than ten thousand. If we apply this piece of History to the herds of *Apollo*, it excellently explains *Homer's* Poetry: they are call'd Immortal, because upon the death of any one of the whole herd, another was brought into its place;

place; they are said neither to increase nor decay, because they were always of a fix'd number, and continually supply'd upon any vacancy.

The Reader will be appriz'd of the heinousness of the crime in killing these oxen, from an observation of *Bochart*, p. 314. The *Phœnicians* and *Ægyptians* so superstitiously abstain'd from the flesh of the ox, that, as *Porphyry* affirms, they would sooner feed upon human flesh than that of such beasts. *Ælian* tells us, that it was death amongst the *Phrygians* to kill a labouring ox; and *Varro*, *Rust. lib. 2. cap. 5.* thus writes; *ab hoc antiqui manus ita abstinere voluerunt, ut capite sanxerint, si quis occidisset.* Thus also *Columella*, in *præfat. lib. 7.* *Cujus tanta fuit apud antiquos veneratio, ut tam Capitale esset bovem necasse, quam civem.*

I have been the more full upon this head, to shew that *Homér's* fiction is built upon a foundation of truth, and that he writes according to the religion of the Ancients: *Rapin* is very severe upon him for ascribing the death of the companions of *Ulysses*, to the violation of these herds of *Apollo*. "The reason" (says he) why they are destroy'd is very ridiculous, because, "lib. 1.

----- they dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of day.

"This is certainly a far-fetch'd destruction: The Heroe, or the Poet was willing to be freed from them." But from this observation, they will be found to be guilty of sacrilege, and a violation of what was regarded by the world with the utmost veneration; and consequently the crime is adæquate to the punishment. Besides, *Horace Epist. 6. lib. 1.* gives sentence against these companions of *Ulysses*.

----- *Cærite cerâ*
Digni, remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi;
Cui potior patriâ fuit interdicta voluptas.

XXVII.

VERSE 361. *Where the gay blooming Nymph constrain'd his stay.]*
This is a circumstance (observes *Madam Dacier*) that *Ulysses* ought
by

by no means to forget; for it gives him an opportunity to pay an high compliment to his wife, by letting her know he prefer'd her person to that of *Calypso* a Goddess: this is the reason why he enlarges upon it in five verses; whereas he concludes most of the other adventures in little more than one. But (adds that Lady) we may easily believe that he was silent about the nature of his conversation with that Nymph; and indeed it would have lessen'd the compliment, and perhaps his welcome home, if he had not been able to keep a secret; he is very cautious in this respect; he enlarges upon the fondness of *Calypso* for his person, but suppresses, for a very obvious reason, the kind returns he made for her civilities.

XXVIII.

VERSE 398.

—— Pallas shrouds

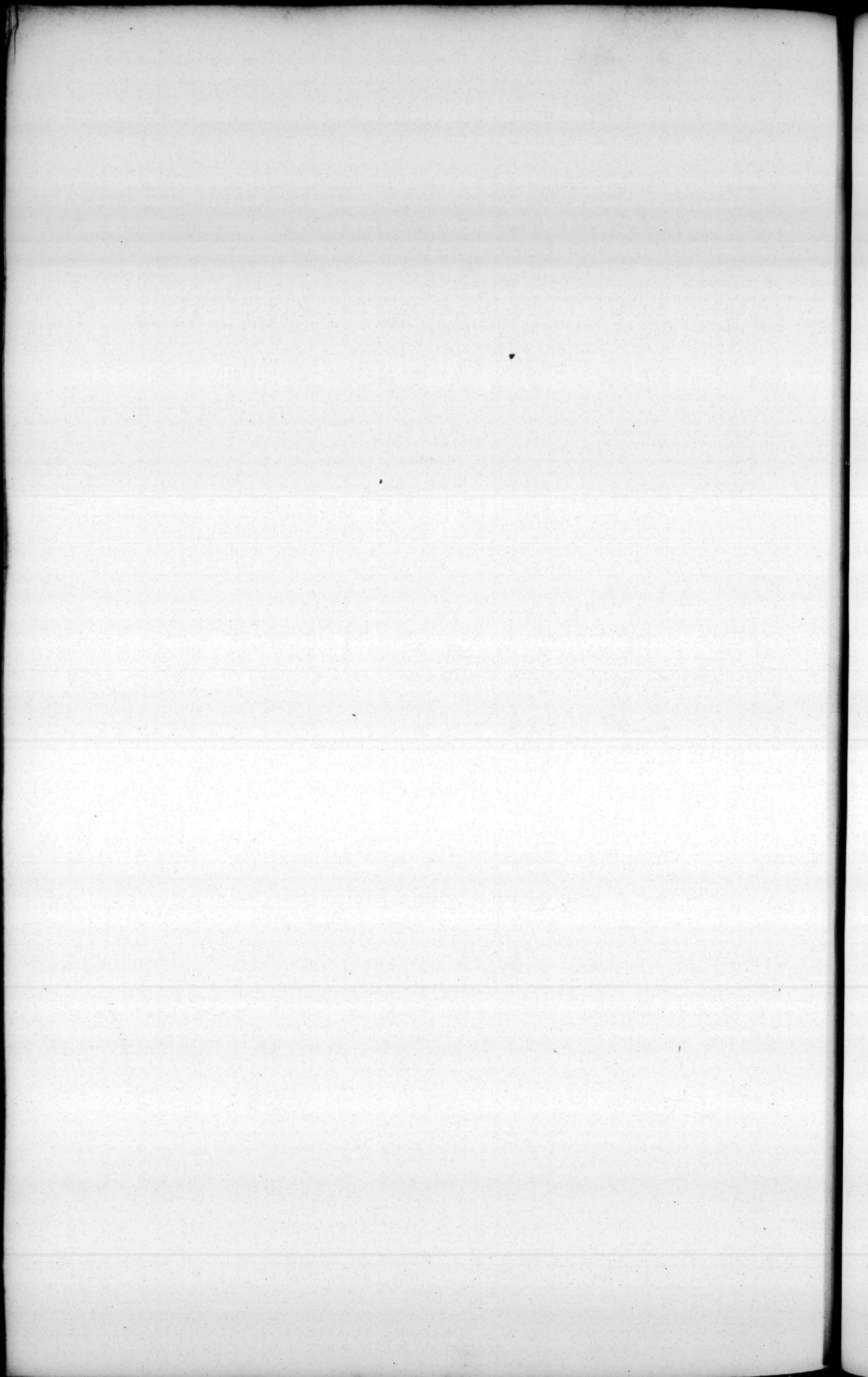
The latent warriors in a veil of clouds.]

Ulysses, to avoid observation, leaves the City at the point of day, before the darkness was quite dispell'd; this is the suggestion of his own wisdom, which is figur'd by *Minerva*.

This book ends in the morning of the forty first day. There are but few verses in the translation, more than in *Homer*: I speak it not as if this were a beauty, it may as well be a fault; our Heroic verse consists but of ten syllables, the *Greek* oftentimes of seventeen, as in this verse,

Ἄντις ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλινδέλο λαῶας ἀναιδής.

We therefore write with the disadvantage of seven syllables, which makes it generally impossible to comprehend the sense of one line in *Homer* within the compass of one line in a translation, with any tolerable beauty; but in some parts, where the subject seem'd to hang heavy, this has been attempted; with what success, must be left to the Reader.

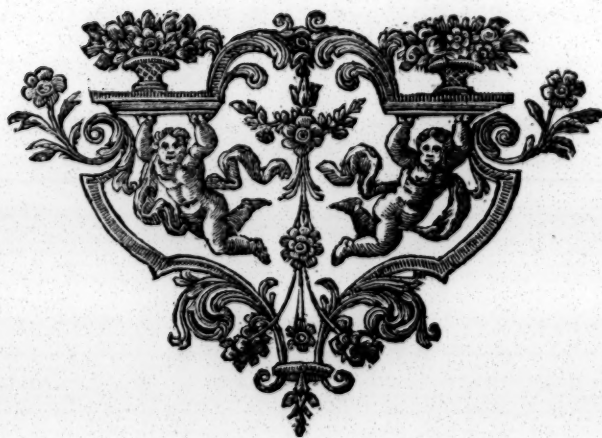


THE
TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.



The ARGUMENT.

The souls of the Suitors are conducted by Mercury to the infernal shades. Ulysses in the country goes to the retirement of his father Laertes; he finds him busied in his garden all alone: The manner of his discovery to him is beautifully described. They return together to his lodge, and the King is acknowledg'd by Dolius and the servants. The Ithacensians, led by Eupithes the father of Antinous, rise against Ulysses, who gives them battle, in which Eupithes is killed by Laertes: And the Goddess Pallas makes a lasting peace between Ulysses and his subjects, which concludes the Odyssey.



THE



THE
TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK
OF THE
O D Y S S E Y.



YLLENIUS now to *Pluto's*

dreary reign

Conveys the dead, a lamentable
train!

The golden wand, that causes
sleep to fly,

Or in soft slumber seals the wakeful eye,
That drives the ghosts to realms of night or day, 5
Points out the long, uncomfortable way.
Trembling the Spectres glide, and plaintive vent
Thin, hollow screams, along the deep descent.
As in the cavern of some rifted den,
Where flock nocturnal bats, and birds obscene; 10

VOL. V.

G g g

Cluster'd

Cluster'd they hang, till at some sudden shock,
They move, and murmurs run thro' all the rock:
So cowering fled the fable heaps of ghosts,
And such a scream fill'd all the dismal coasts.

¹⁵ And now they reach'd the *Earth's* remotest ends,
And now the gates where ev'ning *Sol* descends,
And *Leucas'* rock, and *Ocean's* utmost streams,
And now pervade the dusky land of *Dreams*,
And rest at last, where souls unbodied dwell

²⁰ In ever-flowing meads of *Asphodel*.

The empty *Forms* of men inhabit there,
Impassive semblance, Images of air!
Nought else are all that shin'd on earth before;
Ajax, and great *Achilles*, are no more!

²⁵ Yet still a master ghost, the rest he aw'd,
The rest ador'd him, towering as he trod;
Still at his side is *Nestor's* son survey'd,
And lov'd *Patroclus* still attends his shade.

New as they were to that infernal shore,
³⁰ The Suitors stopp'd, and gaz'd the Heroe o'er.
When, moving slow, the regal form they view'd
Of great *Atrides*: Him in pomp pursu'd

And

And solemn sadness thro' the gloom of hell,
The train of those who by *Ægysthus* fell.
O mighty chief! (*Pelides* thus began) 35
Honour'd by *Jove* above the lot of man!
King of a hundred Kings! to whom resign'd
The strongest, bravest, greatest of mankind.
Com'st thou the first, to view this dreary state?
And was the noblest the first mark of fate? 40
Condemn'd to pay the great arrear so soon,
The lot, which all lament, and none can shun!
Oh! better hadst thou sunk in *Trojan* ground,
With all thy full-blown honours cover'd round!
Then grateful *Greece* with streaming eyes might raise 45
Historic marbles to record thy praise:
Thy praise eternal on the faithful stone
Had with transmissive glories grac'd thy son.
But heavier fates were destin'd to attend:
What man is happy, till he knows his end?
O son of *Peleus*! greater than mankind!
(Thus *Agamemnon*'s kingly shade rejoin'd)
Thrice happy thou! to press the martial plain
Midst heaps of heroes in thy quarrel slain:

In

55 In clouds of smoke, rais'd by the noble fray,
 Great, and terrific ev'n in death you lay,
 And deluges of blood flow'd round you ev'ry way.
 Nor ceas'd the strife, 'till *Jove* himself oppos'd,
 And all in tempests the dire evening clos'd.

60 Then to the fleet we bore thy honour'd load,
 And decent on the fun'ral bed bestow'd.
 Then unguents sweet and tepid streams we shed;
 Tears flow'd from ev'ry eye, and o'er the dead
 Each clipt the curling honours of his head.

65 Struck at the news, thy azure mother came;
 The sea-green sisters waited on the dame.
 A voice of loud lament thro' all the main
 Was heard, and terror seiz'd the *Grecian* train:
 Back to their ships the frighted host had fled;
 70 But *Nestor* spoke, they listen'd, and obey'd.
 (From old experience *Nestor's* counsel springs,
 And long vicissitudes of human things)
 " Forbear your flight: Fair *Thetis* from the main
 " To mourn *Achilles* leads her azure train.

75 Around thee stand the daughters of the deep,
 Roab thee in heav'nly vests, and round thee weep.

Round

Round thee, the *Muses*, with alternate strain,
In ever-consecrating verse, complain.

Each warlike *Greek* the moving music hears,
And iron-hearted Heroes melt in tears.

80

'Till sev'nteen nights and sev'nteen days return'd,
All that was mortal or immortal mourn'd.

To flames we gave thee, the succeeding day,
And fatted sheep and fable oxen flay;

With oils and honey blaze th'augmented fires,

85

And like a God adorn'd, thy earthly part expires.

Unnumber'd warriors round the burning pyle

Urge the fleet courser's or the racer's toil;

Thick clouds of dust o'er all the circle rise,

And the mixt clamour thunders in the skies.

90

Soon as absorpt in all-embracing flame

Sunk what was mortal of thy mighty name,

We then collect thy snowy bones, and place

With wines and unguents in a golden vase.

(The vase to *Thetis Bacchus* gave of old,

95

And *Vulcan's* art enrich'd the sculptur'd gold)

There we thy relicks, great *Achilles!* blend

With dear *Patroclus*, the departed friend:

In the same urn a sep'rate space contains
 100 Thy next-belov'd, *Antilochus*' remains.
 Now all the sons of warlike *Greece* surround
 Thy destin'd tomb, and cast a mighty mound:
 High on the shore the growing hill we raise,
 That wide th'extended *Hellespont* surveys;
 105 Where all, from age to age who pass the coast,
 May point *Achilles*' tomb, and hail the mighty ghost.
Thetis herself to all our peers proclaims
 Heroic prizes and exequial games;
 The Gods assented; and around thee lay
 110 Rich spoils and gifts that blaz'd against the day.
 Oft have I seen with solemn fun'ral games
 Heroes and Kings committed to the flames;
 But strength of youth, or valour of the brave
 With nobler contest ne'er renown'd a grave.
 115 Such were the games by azure *Thetis* given,
 And such thy honours, oh belov'd of heaven!
 Dear to mankind thy fame survives, nor fades
 Its bloom eternal in the *Stygian* shades.
 But what to me avail my honours gone,
 120 Successful toils, and battles bravely won?

Doom'd

Doom'd by stern *Jove*, at home to end my life,
By curst *Ægythus*, and a faithless wife!

Thus they; while *Hermes* o'er the dreary plain
Led the sad numbers by *Ulysses* slain.

On each majestic form they cast a view, 125
And tim'rous pass'd, and awfully withdrew.

But *Agamemnon*, thro' the gloomy shade,

His ancient host *Amphimedon* survey'd;

Son of *Melanthus*! (he began) Oh say!

What cause compell'd so many, and so gay, } 130

To tread the downward, melancholy way?

Say, could one city yield a troop so fair?

Were all the partners of one native air?

Or did the rage of stormy *Neptune* sweep

Your lives at once, and whelm beneath the deep? 135

Did nightly thieves, or Pyrates cruel bands,

Drench with your blood your pillag'd country's sands?

Or well-defending some beleaguer'd wall,

Say, for the publick did ye greatly fall?

Inform thy guest; for such I was of yore 140

When our triumphant navies touch'd your shore;

Forc'd

Forc'd a long month the wint'ry seas to bear,
To move the great *Ulysses* to the war.

O King of men! I faithful shall relate

¹⁴⁵ (Reply'd *Amphimedon*) our hapless fate.

Ulysses absent, our ambitious aim

With rival loves pursu'd his royal Dame;

Her coy reserve, and prudence mixt with pride,

Our common suit nor granted, nor deny'd;

¹⁵⁰ But close with inward hate our deaths design'd;

Vers'd in all arts of wily womankind.

Her hand, laborious in delusion, spread

A spacious loom, and mix'd the various thread;

Ye Peers (the cry'd) who press to gain my heart

¹⁵⁵ Where dead *Ulysses* claims no more a part,

Yet a short space, your rival suit suspend,

'Till this funereal web my labours end :

Cease, till to good *Laertes* I bequeath

A task of grief, his ornaments of death:

¹⁶⁰ Left, when the Fates his royal ashes claim,

The *Grecian* matrons taint my spotless fame;

Should he, long honour'd with supreme command,

Want the last duties of a daughter's hand.

The

The fiction pleas'd: our gen'rous train complies,
Nor fraud mistrusts in virtue's fair disguise. 165

The work she ply'd; but studious of delay,
Each following night revers'd the toils of day.
Unheard, unseen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid reveal'd th' amazing tale,
And show'd, as unperceiv'd we took our stand, 170
The backward labours of her faithless hand.

Forc'd, she compleats it; and before us lay
The mingled web, whose gold and silver ray
Display'd the radiance of the night and day. }

Just as she finish'd her illustrious toil, 175
Ill fortune led *Ulysses* to our isle.

Far in a lonely nook, beside the sea,
At an old swineherd's rural lodge he lay.

Thither his son from sandy *Pyle* repairs,
And speedy lands, and secretly confers. 180

They plan our future ruin, and resort
Confed'rate, to the city and the court.

First came the son; the father next succeeds,
Clad like a beggar, whom *Eumæus* leads;

185 Propt on a staff, deform'd with age and care,
 And hung with rags, that flutter'd in the air.
 Who could *Ulysses* in that form behold?

Scorn'd by the young, forgotten by the old,
 Ill-us'd by all! to ev'ry wrong resign'd,

190 Patient he suffer'd with a constant mind.

But when, arising in his wrath t'obey

The will of *Jove*, he gave the vengeance way;

The scatter'd arms that hung around the dome

Careful he treasur'd in a private room:

195 Then, to her Suitors bade his Queen propose

The Archer's strife; the source of future woes,

And Omen of our death! In vain we drew

The twanging string, and try'd the stubborn yew:

To none it yields but great *Ulysses'* hands;

200 In vain we threat; *Telemachus* commands:

The Bow he snatch'd, and in an instant bent;

Thro' ev'ry ring the victor arrow went.

Fierce on the threshold then in arms he stood; }

Pour'd forth the darts, that thirsted for our blood, }

205 And frown'd before us, dreadful as a God!

First bleeds *Antinous*: thick the shafts resound;
 And heaps on heaps the wretches strow the ground;
 This way, and that, we turn, we fly, we fall;
 Some God assisted, and unmann'd us all:
 Ignoble cries precede the dying groans; 210
 And batter'd brains and blood besmear the stones.

Thus, great *Atrides*! thus *Ulysses* drove
 The shades thou seest, from yon' fair realms above.
 Our mangled bodies own deform'd with gore,
 Cold and neglected, spread the marble floor. 215
 No friend to bathe our wounds! or tears to shed
 O'er the pale corse! the honours of the dead.

Oh blest *Ulysses* (thus the King exprest
 His sudden rapture) in thy Confort blest!
 Not more thy wisdom, than her virtue, shin'd; 220
 Not more thy patience, than her constant mind.
Icarius' daughter, glory of the past,
 And model to the future age, shall last:
 The Gods, to honour her fair fame, shall raise
 (Their great reward) a Poet in her praise. 225
 Not such, oh *Tyndarus*! thy daughter's deed,
 By whose dire hand her King and husband bled:

Her

Her shall the Muse to infamy prolong,
 Example dread! and theme of tragic song!

²³⁰ The gen'ral sex shall suffer in her shame,
 And ev'n the best that bears a Woman's name.

Thus in the regions of eternal shade
 Conferr'd the mournful Phantoms of the dead.

While from the town, *Ulysses*, and his band,
²³⁵ Past to *Laertes*' cultivated land.

The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain,
 And labour made the rugged soil a plain.

There stood his mansion of the rural fort,
 With useful buildings round the lowly court:

²⁴⁰ Where the few servants that divide his care,
 Took their laborious rest, and homely fare;
 And one *Sicilian* matron, old and sage,
 With constant duty tends his drooping age.

Here now arriving, to his rustic band
²⁴⁵ And martial son, *Ulysses* gave command.

Enter the house, and of the bristly swine
 Select the largest to the pow'rs divine.

Alone, and unattended, let me try
 If yet I share the old man's memory?

If

If those dim eyes can yet *Ulysses* know,
 (Their light and dearest object long ago) } 250
 Now chang'd with time, with absence, and with } [woe?]

Then to his train he gives his spear and shield;
 The house they enter, and he seeks the field;
 Thro' rows of shade with various fruitage crown'd, 255
 And labour'd scenes of richest verdure round.
 Nor aged *Dolius*, nor his sons were there,
 Nor servants, absent on another care;
 To search the woods for sets of flowry thorn,
 Their orchard-bounds to strengthen and adorn. 260

But all alone the hoary King he found;
 His habit coarse, but warmly wrapt around;
 His head, that bow'd with many a pensive care,
 Fenc'd with a double cap of goatskin hair:
 His buskins old, in former service torn, 265
 But well repair'd; and gloves against the thorn.
 In this array the kingly Gard'ner stood,
 And clear'd a Plant, encumber'd with its wood.

Beneath a neighb'ring tree, the Chief divine
 Gaz'd o'er his Sire, retracing ev'ry line, 270

The ruins of himself! now worn away
 With age, yet still majestic in decay!
 Sudden his eyes releas'd their wat'ry store;
 The much-enduring man could bear no more.

275 Doubtful he stood, if instant to embrace
 His aged limbs; to kiss his rev'rend face,
 With eager transport to disclose the whole,
 And pour at once the torrent of his soul?
 Not so: his judgment takes the winding way
 280 Of question distant, and of soft essay,
 More gentle methods on weak age employs,
 And moves the sorrows to enhance the joys.
 Then to his Sire with beating heart he moves,
 And with a tender pleasantry reproves:
 285 Who digging round the plant still hangs his head,
 Nor ought remits the work, while thus he said.

Great is thy skill, oh father! great thy toil,
 Thy careful hand is stamp'd on all the soil,
 Thy squadron'd vineyards well thy art declare,
 290 The olive green, blue fig, and pendent pear;
 And not one empty spot escapes thy care. }

On

On ev'ry plant and tree thy cares are shown,
Nothing neglected, but thy self alone.

Forgive me, father, if this fault I blame;

Age so advanc'd may some indulgence claim. 295

Not for thy sloth, I deem thy Lord unkind;

Nor speaks thy form a mean or servile mind:

I read a Monarch in that princely air,

The same thy aspect, if the same thy care;

Soft sleep, fair garments, and the joys of wine, 300

These are the rights of age, and shou'd be thine.

Who then thy master, say? and whose the land

So dress'd and manag'd by thy skilful hand?

But chief oh tell me (what I question most)

Is this the far-fam'd *Ithacensian* coast? 305

For so reported the first man I view'd,

(Some surly Islander, of manners rude)

Nor farther conference vouchsaf'd to stay;

Heedless he whistled, and pursu'd his way.

But thou! whom years have taught to understand, 310

Humanely hear, and answer my demand:

A friend I seek, a wise one and a brave,

Say, lives he yet, or molds in the grave?

Time

Time was (my fortunes then were at the best)
315 When at my house I lodg'd this foreign guest;
He said, from *Ithaca's* fair isle he came,
And old *Laertes* was his father's name.
To him, whatever to a guest is ow'd
I paid, and hospitable gifts bestow'd;
320 To him sev'n talents of pure ore I told, [with gold,
Twelve cloaks, twelve vests, twelve tunicks stiff
A bowl, that rich with polish'd silver flames,
And, skill'd in female works, four lovely dames.

At this the Father, with a father's fears:

325 (His venerable eyes bedimm'd with tears)
This is the land; but ah! thy gifts are lost,
For godless men, and rude, possess the coast:
Sunk is the glory of this once-fam'd shore!
Thy ancient friend, oh stranger, is no more!
330 Full recompence thy bounty else had born;
For ev'ry good man yields a just return:
So civil rights demand; and who begins
The track of friendship, not pursuing, sins.
But tell me, stranger, be the truth confess,
335 What years have circled since thou saw'st that guest?
That

That hapless guest, alas! for ever gone!
 Wretch that he was! and that I am! my son!
 If ever man to misery was born,
 'Twas his to suffer, and 'tis mine to mourn!
 Far from his friends, and from his native reign, 340
 He lies a prey to monsters of the main,
 Or savage beasts his mangled reliques tear,
 Or screaming vulturs scatter thro' the air:
 Nor could his mother fun'ral unguents shed,
 Nor wail'd his father o'er th' untimely dead, 345
 Nor his sad consort, on the mournful bier,
 Seal'd his cold eyes, or drop'd a tender tear!

But tell me, who thou art? and what thy race?
 Thy town, thy parents, and thy native place?
 Or if a merchant in pursuit of gain, } 350
 What port receiv'd thy vessel from the main?
 Or com'st thou single, or attend thy train? }

Then thus the Son. From *Alybas* I came,
 My palace there; *Eperitus* my name.
 Not vulgar born, from *Aphidas* the King 355
 Of *Polyphemon's* royal line I spring.

Some adverse *Dæmon* from *Sicania* bore
Our wandring course, and drove us on your shore:
Far from the town, an unfrequented bay
360 Reliev'd our weary'd vessel from the sea.
Five years have circled since these eyes pursu'd
Ulysses parting thro' the fable flood;
Prosp'rous he sail'd, with dexter Auguries,
And all the wing'd good omens of the skies.
365 Well hop'd we then to meet on this fair shore,
Whom heav'n, alas! decreed to meet no more.

Quick thro' the father's heart these accents ran;
Grief seiz'd at once, and wrapt up all the man;
Deep from his soul he sigh'd, and sorrowing spread
370 A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.
Trembling with agonies of strong delight
Stood the great son, heart-wounded with the sight:
He ran, he seiz'd him with a strict embrace,
With thousand kisses wander'd o'er his face,
375 I, I am he; oh father rise! behold
Thy son, with twenty winters now grown old;
Thy son, so long desir'd, so long detain'd,
Restor'd, and breathing in his native land.

These

These floods of sorrow, oh my Sire, restrain!
 The vengeance is compleat; the Suitor-train,
 Stretch'd in our palace, by these hands lie slain. } 380

Amaz'd, *Laertes*. "Give some certain sign,
 " (If such thou art) to manifest thee mine."

Lo here the wound (he cries) receiv'd of yore,
 The scar indented by the tusky boar, 385

When by thy self and by *Anticlia* sent,
 To old *Antolycus*'s realms I went.

Yet by another sign thy offspring know;
 The sev'ral trees you gave me long ago,
 While, yet a child, these fields I lov'd to trace, 390
 And trod thy footsteps with unequal pace:

To ev'ry plant in order as we came,
 Well-pleas'd you told its nature, and its name,
 Whate'er my childish fancy ask'd, bestow'd;
 Twelve pear-trees bowing with their pendent load, } 395
 And ten, that red with blushing apples glow'd; }

Full fifty purple figs; and many a row
 Of various vines that then began to blow,
 A future vintage! when the *Hours* produce
 Their latent buds, and *Sol* exalts the juice. 400

Smit

Smit with the signs which all his doubts explain,
 His heart within him melts; his knees sustain
 Their feeble weight no more; his arms alone
 Support him, round the lov'd *Ulysses* thrown;
 405 He faints, he sinks, with mighty joys oppress'd:
Ulysses clasps him to his eager breast.
 Soon as returning life regains its seat,
 And his breath lengthens, and his pulses beat;
 Yes, I believe (he cries) almighty *Jove*!
 410 Heav'n rules us yet, and Gods there are above.
 'Tis so — the Suitors for their wrongs have paid —
 But what shall guard us, if the town invade?
 If, while the news thro' ev'ry city flies,
 All *Ithaca* and *Cephalenia* rise?
 415 To this *Ulysses*. As the Gods shall please
 Be all the rest; and set thy soul at ease.
 Haste to the cottage by this orchard side,
 And take the banquet which our cares provide:
 There wait thy faithful band of rural friends,
 420 And there the young *Telemachus* attends.
 Thus having said, they trac'd the garden o'er,
 And stooping enter'd at the lowly door.

The

The swains and young *Telemachus* they found,
 The victim portion'd, and the goblet crown'd.
 The hoary King his old *Sicilian* maid 425
 Perfum'd and wash'd, and gorgeously array'd.
Pallas attending gives his frame to shine
 With awful port, and majesty divine;
 His gazing son admires the god-like grace,
 And air celestial dawning o'er his face. 430

What God, he cry'd, my father's form improves?
 How high he treads, and how enlarg'd he moves?

Oh! would to all the deathless pow'rs on high,
Pallas, and *Jove*, and him who gilds the sky!

(Reply'd the King elated with his praise) 435

My strength were still, as once in better days;
 When the bold *Cephalus* the leaguer form'd,
 And proud *Nericus* trembled as I storm'd.

Such were I now, not absent from your deed
 When the last sun beheld the Suitors bleed, 440
 This arm had aided yours; this hand bestrown
 Our floors with death, and push'd the slaughter on;
 Nor had the Sire been sep'rate from the Son. }

- 445 They commun'd thus; while homeward bent their
 The swains, fatigu'd with labours of the day; [way
Dolius the first, the venerable man,
 And next his sons, a long-succeeding train.
 For due refection to the bow'r they came,
 450 Call'd by the careful old *Sicilian* dame,
 Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire:
 They see their Lord, they gaze, and they admire.
 On chairs and beds in order seated round,
 They share the gladsome board; the roofs resound.
 455 While thus *Ulysses* to his ancient friend:
 "Forbear your wonder, and the feast attend;
 "The rites have waited long." The chief commands
 Their loves in vain; old *Dolius* spreads his hands,
 Springs to his master with a warm embrace,
 460 And fastens kisses on his hands and face:
 Then thus broke out. Oh long, oh daily mourn'd!
 Beyond our hopes, and to our wish, return'd!
 Conducted sure by heav'n! for heav'n alone
 Could work this wonder: welcome to thy own! }
 465 And joys and happiness attend thy throne! }

Who

Who knows thy blest, thy wish'd return? oh say,
To the chaste Queen shall we the news convey?
Or hears she, and with blessings loads the day?

Dismiss that care, for to the royal bride
Already is it known (the King reply'd,
And straight resum'd his seat) while round him bows
Each faithful youth, and breathes out ardent vows:
Then all beneath their father take their place,
Rank'd by their ages, and the banquet grace.

Now flying Fame the swift report had spread
Thro' all the city, of the Suitors dead.
In throngs they rise, and to the palace crowd;
Their fights were many, and the tumult loud.
Weeping they bear the mangled heaps of slain,
Inhume the natives in their native plain,
The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main.
Then sad in council all the Seniors fate,
Frequent and full, assembled to debate.
Amid the circle first *Eupithes* rose,
Big was his eye with tears, his heart with woes:
The bold *Antinous* was his age's pride,
The first who by *Ulysses'* arrow dy'd.

Down

Down his wan cheek the trickling torrent ran,
 As mixing words with sighs, he thus began. [wrought,
 490 Great deeds, oh friends! this wond'rous man has
 And mighty blessings to his country brought.
 With ships he parted and a num'rous train,
 Those, and their ships he bury'd in the main.
 Now he returns, and first essays his hand
 495 In the best blood of all his native land.
 Haste then, and ere to neighb'ring *Pyle* he flies,
 Or sacred *Elis*, to procure supplies;
 Arise (or ye for ever fall) arise!
 Shame to this age, and all that shall succeed!
 500 If unreveng'd your sons and brothers bleed.
 Prove that we live, by vengeance on his head,
 Or sink at once forgotten with the dead.
 Here ceas'd he, but indignant tears let fall
 Spoke when he ceas'd: dumb sorrow touch'd them all.
 505 When from the Palace to the wond'ring throng
 Sage *Medon* came, and *Phemius* came along;
 (Restless and early sleep's soft bands they broke)
 And *Medon* first th' assembled chiefs bespoke.

Hear

Hear me, ye Peers and Elders of the land,
 Who deem this act the work of mortal hand: 510
 As o'er the heaps of death *Ulysses* strode,
 These eyes, these eyes beheld a present God,
 Who now before him, now beside him stood,
 Fought as he fought, and mark'd his way with blood:
 In vain old *Mentor's* form the God bely'd, 515
 'Twas heav'n that struck, and heav'n was on his side.

A sudden horror all th'assembly shook,
 When slowly-rising, *Halitherses* spoke:
 (Rev'rend and wise, whose comprehensive view
 At once the present and the future knew) 520
 Me too ye fathers hear! from you proceed
 The ills ye mourn; your own the guilty deed.
 Ye gave your sons, your lawless sons the rein,
 (Oft warn'd by *Mentor* and my self in vain)
 An absent Heroe's bed they fought to foil, 525
 An absent Heroe's wealth they made their spoil:
 Immod'rate riot, and intemp'rate lust!
 Th'offence was great, the punishment was just.
 Weigh then my counsels in an equal scale,
 Nor rush to ruin. Justice will prevail. 530

His mod'rate words some better minds persuade:
 They part, and join him; but the number stay'd.
 They storm, they shout, with hasty frenzy fir'd,
 And second all *Eupithes'* rage inspir'd.

535 They case their limbs in bras; to arms they run;
 The broad effulgence blazes in the sun.

Before the city, in an ample plain,
 They meet: *Eupithes* heads the frantic train.

Fierce for his son, he breathes his threats in air;
 540 *Fate* hears them not, and *Death* attends him there:

This past on earth, while in the realms above
Minerva thus to cloud-compelling *Jove*.

May I presume to search thy secret soul?

Oh Pow'r supreme, oh ruler of the whole!

545 Say, hast thou doom'd to this divided state
 Or peaceful amity, or stern debate?

Declare thy purpose; for thy will is Fate.

Is not thy thought my own? (the God replies
 Who rolls the thunder o'er the vaulted skies)

550 Had not long since thy knowing soul decreed,
 The Chief's return should make the guilty bleed?

'Tis done, and at thy will the Fates succeed.

Yet

Yet hear the issue: Since *Ulysses'* hand
Has slain the Suitors, heav'n shall bless the land.
None now the kindred of th' unjust shall own; 555
Forgot the slaughter'd brother, and the son:
Each future day increase of wealth shall bring,
And o'er the past, *Oblivion* stretch her wing.
Long shall *Ulysses* in his empire rest,
His people blessing, by his people blest. 560
Let all be peace. — He said, and gave the nod
That binds the Fates; the sanction of the God:
And prompt to execute th' eternal will,
Descended *Pallas* from th' *Olympian* hill.

Now fate *Ulysses* at the rural feast, 565
The rage of hunger and of thirst repress:
To watch the foe a trusty spy he sent:
A son of *Dolius* on the message went,
Stood in the way, and at a glance beheld
The foe approach'd, embattel'd on the field. 570
With backward step he hastens to the bow'r,
And tells the news. They arm with all their pow'r.
Four friends alone *Ulysses'* cause embrace,
And six were all the sons of *Dolius'* race:

Old

575 Old *Dolius* too his rusted arms put on;
And, still more old, in arms *Laertes* shone.
Trembling with warmth, the hoary heroes stand,
And brazen Panoply invests the band.
The opening gates at once their war display:
580 Fierce they rush forth: *Ulysses* leads the way.
That moment joins them with celestial aid,
In *Mentor*'s form, the *Jove*-descended maid:
The suffering Heroe felt his patient breast
Swell with new joy, and thus his son address.
585 Behold, *Telemachus*! (nor fear the fight)
The brave embattel'd; the grim front of fight!
The valiant with the valiant must contend:
Shame not the line whence glorious you descend,
Wide o'er the world their martial fame was spread;
590 Regard thy self, the living, and the dead.
Thy eyes, great father! on this battle cast,
Shall learn from me *Penelope* was chaste.
So spoke *Telemachus*: the gallant boy
Good old *Laertes* heard with panting joy;
595 And, Blest! thrice blest this happy day! he cries,
The day that shows me, ere I close my eyes,

A son and grandson of th' *Arcean* name
Strive for fair Virtue, and contest for Fame!

Then thus *Minerva* in *Laertes'* ear:

Son of *Arceus*, rev'rend warrior, hear!

600

Jove and *Jove's* daughter first implore in pray'r,
Then whirling high, discharge thy lance in air.

She said, infusing courage with the word.

Jove and *Jove's* daughter then the Chief implor'd,

And whirling high, dismiss the lance in air.

605

Full at *Eupithes* drove the deathful spear:

The brass-cheek'd helmet opens to the wound;

He falls, earth thunders, and his arms resound.

Before the father and the conqu'ring son

Heaps rush on heaps; they fight, they drop, they run. 610

Now by the sword and now the jav'lin fall

The rebel race, and death had swallow'd all;

But from on high the blue-ey'd Virgin cry'd;

Her awful voice detain'd the headlong tyde.

“ Forbear ye natives! your mad hands forbear

615

“ From mutual slaughter: *Peace* descends to spare.

Fear shook the nations. At the voice divine

They drop their jav'lins, and their rage resign.

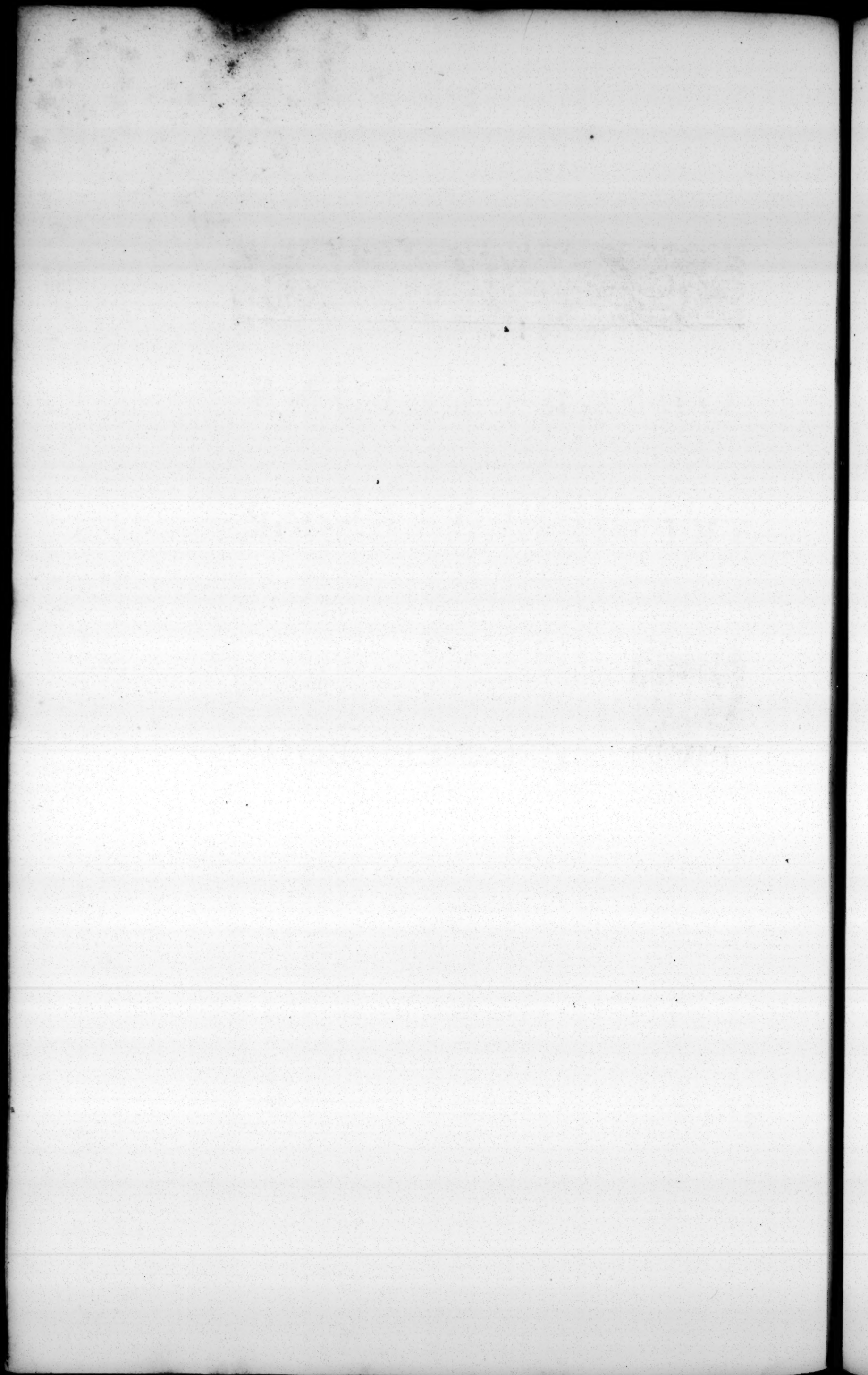
All scatter'd round their glitt'ring weapons lie;
 620 Some fall to earth, and some confus'dly fly.
 With dreadful shouts *Ulysses* pour'd along,
 Swift as an eagle, as an eagle strong.
 But *Jove's* red arm the burning thunder aims;
 Before *Minerva* shot the livid flames;
 625 Blazing they fell, and at her feet expir'd:
 Then stopt the Goddess, trembled, and retir'd:
 Descended from the Gods! *Ulysses*, cease;
 Offend not *Jove*: Obey, and give the peace.
 So *Pallas* spoke: The mandate from above
 630 The King obey'd. The Virgin-seed of *Jove*
 In *Mentor's* form, confirm'd the full accord,
 " And willing nations knew their lawful Lord.



OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.





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TWENTY-FOURTH BOOK.

I.



T has been already prov'd, that this book is the genuine work of *Homer*; but perhaps the Reader may not be displeas'd to see the reasons why it was rejected by so great a Critic as *Aristarchus*: I shall therefore lay them before him from *Didymus* and *Spondanus*.

Aristarchus affirms, that this is the only place in *Homer*, where *Mercury* performs the office of conducting the souls of the dead; and that there is no proof he was known so early by the title of *Ψυχοπομπός*; that this is the only passage where he is call'd *Cyllenius*; that the ceremony of his guiding the souls is contrary to other descriptions of *Homer*, where they all descend without a guide into the mansions of the dead, even before the funeral rites. That it is absurd to imagine a *white rock* in these kingdoms of darkness, &c. To these *Didymus* thus replies: If a single mention of any incident in *Homer* were a reason for its rejection, abundance of passages must be rejected. He thinks it a sufficient argument, that *Mercury* was call'd *Ψυχοπομπός*, and *Cyllenius* in the days of *Homer*, that he is here mention'd under these titles; but this is begging the question. He adds, that altho' the souls of the dead descend without a guide in other places, this hinders not but they may descend

with one; for they are in other places only said in general to descend, whereas here the manner of their descent is particularized. Neither is it any objection against this book, to say that it is contrary to the manner of *Homer* to describe the shades of the dead receiv'd immediately into the state of *Achilles*, *Agamemnon*, &c. before the performance of their funeral ceremonies; this (says he) is a favour granted by *Mercury* to *Ulysses*, who was descended from that Deity, he being the father of *Arcifius* and consequently great grandfather to *Ulysses*. It was the opinion of the Ancients, that the shades of the deceas'd could visit the earth before the obsequies were finish'd, but not afterwards; this is evident from the words of *Patroclus*, *Iliad* 23.

-----*To the further shore,*
When once we pass, the soul returns no more.

It is therefore out of favour to *Ulysses*, that *Mercury* introduces these shades into the region where *Agamemnon* resided, before the funeral ceremonies, that they might not return to earth and disquiet *Ulysses*. But there may be a stronger objection made against the former part of this book; namely, that this is an Episode which has no relation to the principal subject, and that we may retrench it without destroying any part of the Action essential to the *Odysssey*: But it may be answer'd, that tho' it makes no part of the principal Action, yet it has a sufficient connection with it: it is the sequel of the death of the Suitors, and consequently the principal Action is the cause of it; it is drawn and deduc'd from it, and *Homer* makes a very happy use of it to adorn and diversify his Poem, with the History of what happen'd before *Troy*, after the conclusion of the *Iliad*; and in particular, with the death of *Achilles*, and a description of his funeral ceremonies. *Didymus*, *Dacier*.

Plato in the beginning of his third Dialogue, *de Repub.* brings an heavy charge against *Homer*, for the disadvantageous character he gives of a future state. He quotes the similitude of the Bats, and affirms that the dreadful description of the condition of the dead, must deter mankind from hazarding their lives, even in the cause of their country. "Let us then (says that Author) with
" the permission of *Homer* and other Poets, reject such relations, not because they are unpoetical, not because they are
" unpleasant

“ unpleasant to read, but because by how much they are
 “ more pleasant and poetical, by so much they are more dange-
 “ rous, and to be kept from our youth, and men, who are born
 “ to assert their liberty with the hazard of their lives, and prefer
 “ death to slavery.” It must be allow’d that this is strong rea-
 soning, and it is not easy to guard the doctrine of *Homer* from
 such unhappy consequences; for why should men chuse to die, ra-
 ther than be slaves, when by death they fall into a worse condition?
 It will not be an answer to say that *Homer* asserts a threefold state
 in futurity; viz. of the soul, the εἶδωλον, or *vehicle*, and the
 body: and that while the *vehicle* is in this condition of hor-
 rors, the soul may be happy; for still the state of the dead is re-
 presented as a state of horror, and man is in part (namely, in
 his εἶδωλον) miserable after death: Nay so miserable, that even
Hercules, who was a God and receiv’d amongst the Deities,
 is yet tormented in Hell; lib. XI.

*Here hov’ring ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround,
 And clang their pinions with terrific sound,
 Gloomy as night he stands, in act to throw
 Th’ aerial arrow from the twanging bow.*

It will indeed be a vindication of *Homer* as a Poet, to say, that
 he wrote according to the opinion of his age; and that such as was
 the notion of the Ancients of a future state, such is his description
 of it. I will only add, that we may collect from *Plato*, that
 he judg’d this book genuine, for he quotes this passage as
Homer’s.

II.

VERSE 17. *And Leucas’ rock-----*] This description of
 the descent into hell is more particular than that in the XIth
Odyssey; and each particular is well suited to the subject; the de-
 scent is fabled to be by the Ocean, because the Sun seems to
 descend thro’ it into Night or the region of darkness, in the we-
 stern parts of Heaven. *Milton* fables the Sun to rise thro’ the
 gates of light, after the manner of the Ancients.

-----Till

----- 'Till morn,
 Wak'd by the circling hours, with rosy hand
 Unbarr'd the gates of light -----

The circumstance likewise of going thro' the region of *dreams* is well chosen; Dreams are the attendants of sleep, the brother of death; they come by night, and are therefore well imagin'd to have relation to the kingdom of death, and to be introductory to it; *Virgil* in the descent of *Aeneas* into hell, has borrow'd this image,

----- *Quam sedem somnia vulgo*
Vana tenere ferunt -----

The God of sleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on every leaf are spread.

The only circumstance liable to objection is, the *Leucadian*, or *white rock*, which *Aristarchus* thought improperly placed in the road to the realms of darkness; but (replies *Eustathius*) this is only meant of a rock standing on the extremities of the earth, or a rock on which the last rays of the Sun fall. *Dacier* imagines, that there is a further meaning in the expression: "There is an Island
 " over-against *Acarmania*, on the west of *Ithaca*, call'd *Leucas*,
 " from a white rock standing in it; this rock was famous in
 " antiquity, because lovers in despair threw themselves from the
 " top of it into the ocean; it was call'd *the Lover's leap*, and
 " being thus remarkable for the deaths of numbers of people,
 " *Homer* places it here." This is no ill explication; for a rock may well be feign'd to stand at the entrance of the region of death, by which so many persons had enter'd into it.

Ovid in his *Epistles* mentions this *Leucadian* rock.

----- O you that love in vain,
 Fly hence, and seek the far *Leucadian* main:
 There stands a rock from whose impending steep,
 Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
 There injur'd lovers, leaping from above,
 Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.

VERSE

III.

VERSE 35. *O mighty chief!* (Pelides thus began) &c.] This appears to be introduc'd somewhat unnaturally: *Achilles* had now been dead about ten years, and *Agamemnon* almost as long; it can therefore scarce be reconcil'd to probability, to imagine that they should not have met before this time, and mutually have satisfy'd their curiosities, by relating their several stories at some former interview: *Dacier* indeed remarks, that we are not to imagine this conference was held at the time when the Suitors descended, but upon some preceding occasion, immediately after the death of *Agamemnon*. If this be allow'd, yet the objection remains, that the introduction is forc'd and unnatural, for then the descent of *Mercury* and the shades of the Suitors will be no reason why this conference should be here repeated; for so, neither *Mercury* nor the Suitors hear it. But *Dacier* is undoubtedly in an error; for *εἶπον* in the original is the third person plural, and absolutely refers to *Mercury* and the shades of the Suitors; and therefore it follows that this conference happen'd at the time of their entrance.

The shades of the Suitors (observes *Dacier*) when they are summon'd by *Mercury* out of the Palace of *Ulysses*, emit a feeble plaintive, inarticulate sound, *τεῖχος* strident: Whereas *Agamemnon* and the shades that have long been in the state of the dead speak articulately. I doubt not but *Homer* intended to shew by the former description, that when the soul is separated from the organs of the body, it ceases to act after the same manner, as while it was joyn'd to it; but how the dead recover their voices afterwards is not so easy to understand. In other respects *Virgil* paints after *Homer*.

----- *pars tollere vocem*

Exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantes.

*They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes,
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats. Dryden.*

But why should we suppose with *Dacier*, that these shades of the Suitors have lost the faculty of speaking? I rather imagine, that

the sounds they utter'd were signs of complaint and discontent, and proceeded not from an inability to speak: After *Patroclus* was slain, he appears to *Achilles*, and speaks very articulately to him; yet to express his sorrow at his departure he acts like these Suitors: for *Achilles*

*Like a thin smoke beholds the spirit fly,
And hears a feeble, lamentable cry.*

Dacier conjectures, that the power of speech ceases in the dead, till they are admitted into a state of rest; but *Patroclus* is an instance to the contrary in the *Iliad*, and *Elpenor* in the *Odyssey*, for they both speak before their funeral rites are perform'd, and consequently before they enter into a state of repose amongst the shades of the happy.

IV.

VERSE 56. *Great, and terrific ev'n in death* -----] There is a very peculiar beauty in the versification of *Homer* in this place:

----- σὺ δὲ σφοδράλιγι κονίης
Κῆσσο μέγας μεγαλωσὶ.

The words μέγας μεγαλωσὶ set the largeness of the body of *Achilles* stretch'd out upon the ground full before our eyes; we see him in the description; the repetition forces it upon our observation, so that the mind has time to dwell upon it, and admire the extent of the limbs of that Heroe.

V.

VERSE 68. ----- *Terror seiz'd the Grecian train.*] This description furnish'd *Aristarchus* with another objection to this book: He thought it improbable that the appearance of *Thetis* and her Sea-nymphs should terrify the whole *Grecian* army: they say in answer, that all the ocean was in a great commotion as *Thetis* ascended, or as *Homer* expresses it,

----- βοὴ δ' ἐπὶ πόντον ὀρώρει
Θεσπεσίη. -----

This

This uproar occasion'd their fear; the *Greeks* were ignorant of the cause of it, and consequently apprehended some dreadful event; this is evident, for *Nestor* appeases their consternation by unfolding the reason of the tumult, and shewing them that it was occasion'd by the ascent of *Thetis*.

The Reader has undoubtedly observ'd how excellently *Homer* sustains his characters; *Nestor* is the wisest man, both in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*: he has the experience of a very great age, and may therefore be suppos'd to be acquainted with all the most uncommon appearances in nature: The Poet accordingly describes him as the only person not afraid in the *Grecian* army: there were others undoubtedly as brave as *Nestor*, but no one so wise; his intrepidity is therefore to be imputed to his wisdom, not bravery, and this furnishes us with an excellent moral; That ignorance is usually the source of fear.

The character of *Achilles* is no less happily supported; the same love of glory is visible in all he speaks, that distinguish'd his character thro' the *Iliad*: he still prefers a short life with fame, before old age without it.

Ὡς ὄφελος τιμῆς ἀπονήμενός ἢς περ ἀνάσσει,
Δήμῳ ἐνὶ Τρώων θάνατον ἢ πότμον ἐπισπεῖν.

The sentiment is truly heroic; dishonour is worse than death, the happiness or misery of which is not to be measured by time, but glory; long life is but lengthen'd mortality, and they who live the longest have but the small privilege of creeping more leisurely than others to their graves.

VI.

VERSE 77. Round thee, the Muses-----] It is impossible (observes *Dacier*) not to be struck with the noble fictions of *Homer* in honour of *Achilles*; every circumstance is great. A whole army is in tears; the *Muses* celebrate his glory; a Goddess and her Nymphs ennoble it with their presence and lamentations. At the funerals of other Heroes, women and captives are the mourners; here the *Muses* personally appear. Heaven and Earth, Men and Gods interest themselves in the obsequies of so great an Heroe!

Heroe! Yet from this place *Aristarchus* draws an argument for rejecting this book: *Homer* (says he) no where else gives the number of the nine *Muses*, insinuating that their number was not fix'd in his age; but *Homer* frequently invokes the *Muses*, why then should he be ignorant of the number? and if not ignorant of it, why might he not mention it? *Aristarchus* further adds, that it is absurd to imagine the body of *Achilles* could be preserv'd seventeen days without burial; but this may be ascrib'd to the power of *Thetis*, who may easily be suppos'd to preserve it. Besides, why might not the body be embalm'd? and then there will be no occasion for a miracle, and the interposition of a Goddess: We must remember what she did to the body of *Patroclus* in the *Iliad*.

VII.

VERSE 97. *There we thy relicks, great Achilles! blend
With dear Patroclus, the departed friend.]*

This is agreeable to the request made to *Achilles* by the ghost of *Patroclus*, in the *Iliad*.

*Hear then! and as in fate and love we joyn,
Ah suffer that my bones may rest with thine!
That golden Urn thy Goddess mother gave,
May mix our ashes in one common grave!*

It is likewise asserted by *Homer*, that the bones of *Antilochus* were repositied in the same urn with those of *Patroclus* and *Achilles*; where then is the peculiar honour paid to *Patroclus*, if *Antilochus* was partaker of it? The difference is, the bones of *Achilles* and *Patroclus* were mix'd in the urn, those of *Antilochus* lay separately.

Homer adds, that the whole army rais'd a monument to *Achilles*; this is done according to his own injunctions in the *Iliad*, for speaking of the tomb of *Patroclus*, he thus proceeds;

*Mean-time erect the tomb with pious hands,
A common structure on the humble sands;
Hereafter, Greece some nobler work may raise,
And late posterity record our praise.*

Achilles

Achilles means, that when he is dead the *Greeks* should raise one common monument to himself and *Patroclus*, which we see here effected.

VIII.

VERSE 127. *But Agamemnon, thro' the gloomy shade,
His ancient host Amphimedon survey'd.]*

An objection has been rais'd against this passage, and it has been thought an absurdity that *Agamemnon* should be the guest of *Amphimedon*, and not of *Ulysses*, when he came to make an address to him, and was within his territories. *Didymus* answers, that this conduct in *Agamemnon* was occasion'd by the refusal of *Ulysses* to assist in the war of *Troy*: *Agamemnon* resented his denial, and went to the house of *Amphimedon*.

IX.

VERSE 142. *Forc'd a long month ----
To move the great Ulysses to the war.]*

It is not obvious why *Ulysses*, who was a person of the greatest bravery, should be unwilling to engage in such an action of glory, as the war of *Troy*: Was it because he foresaw that it would be a work of danger, (as *Eustathius* imagines) or was he dissatisfy'd in the ground of it, which was only to revenge the rape of *Helen*, and nothing but a private injury? the former is a reason unworthy of his heroic character, the latter is no more than a conjecture. It may possibly be a truer reason that he was unwilling to forsake his wife, of whom he was very fond, and whom he had newly marry'd; but then it must be allow'd, that he prefers his love to his glory. *Eustathius* recites the manner how he was drawn to engage in the war of *Troy*: *Ulysses* to deliver himself from the importunities of his friends to assist *Agamemnon*, pretended madness, and yok'd two animals of a different kind to a plough, and began to work with them; *Palamedes* who suspected the imposture, took his son *Telemachus*, an infant, and laid him in the furrow before the plough; *Ulysses* turn'd aside not to hurt his child, and this discover'd the imposition. *Aristotle* takes notice of the great judgment of *Homer* in suppressing this

incident concerning *Ulysses*, it being unworthy of the bravery of an Heroe: He is proving, *Chap. 8.* of his *Poetics*, that all the actions of an Heroe's life are not to be inserted in an Epic Poem, for the actions of the same man are so many and different, that we can never reduce them to unity: For this reason *Homer* mentions not all the adventures of *Ulysses*, but only such as have relation to the subject of the *Odysssey*; he knew that this counterfeit madness had no connexion either in truth or probability with the subject of his Poem, and therefore he forbears the mention of it. The Reader will understand the meaning of *Aristotle*, if he considers that the subject of the *Odysssey* is the story of a person who suffers great calamities in the return to his country, before he establishes himself in his dominions: Now the counterfeited madness of *Ulysses* has no connection with these sufferings, and consequently is judiciously omitted by *Homer* as foreign to the design of the Poem, and contrary to the unity of the action. A detail of all the adventures of an Heroe's life is the province of History; the relation of one single, great, and surprizing action is the subject of Epic Poetry.

X.

VERSE 125. *Then, to the Suitors bade his Queen propose, &c.*] We have already seen, that it was the contrivance of *Penelope* to propose the Bow, to gain time to defer the marriage hour; how then comes *Amphimedon* to ascribe it to the art of *Ulysses*? *Eustathius* answers that *Amphimedon* is in an error, and that tho' the contrivance was from *Penelope*, yet *Amphimedon* could not come to the knowledge of it; and such stratagems being agreeable to the character of *Ulysses*, he imputes this action to him rather than *Penelope*.

It is impossible not to take notice that *Homer* makes repetition after repetition: *Agamemnon* speaks the same words as in the eleventh *Odysssey*; *Amphimedon* the same as in the second; and the whole account of the Suitors' destruction is no more than a recital of what the Reader already knows. Was *Homer* tir'd at the end of his work, and would not give himself the labour of invention? I confess we may lose our appetite to see the same entertainment thus continually serv'd up in the very same manner, without so much as a new garnishment. I fear the words of *Ulysses* may sometimes be applicable to *Homer*. And

And what so tedious as a twice-told tale?

Besides, this whole infernal interview is merely ornamental, which the Poet was at liberty to insert or omit according to his judgment, without breaking the thread of the principal action; it might therefore be wish'd that he had substituted some other incident in the room of it, and given a greater diversity to the story: If by laying the scene in Hell, he design'd to raise the wonder and curiosity of the Reader, (who cannot fail of having his attention waken'd to see a prospect open'd beyond the bounds of nature, and to look into the state of departed Heroes) yet it must be confess'd that this design has already been fully executed in the eleventh of the *Odyssey*. But the Poet seems to introduce the descent for the information of the dead rather than the living; *Agamemnon* is told how the Suitors were destroyed by *Ulysses*; and *Achilles* how nobly the *Greeks* perform'd his funeral obsequies; incidents that very little contribute to the story of the *Odyssey*. In short, the main action stands still during this whole *Episode*, which takes up almost half the book, and the latter part of the *Episode* presents no new object to amuse and entertain us. But,

-----*Cynthius aurem*
Vellit-----

I betray my own want of judgment, rather than discover *Hom*er's errors. I will only add, that the Reader will be fully convinc'd that this whole *Episode* may be omitted, by observing how well the story will be carried on with a regular connection by beginning the book with these words,

“Οἱ δ' ἔπει ἐκ πόλιν καίβαν, τάχα δ' ἀγρόν ἵκοντο, &c.

So that if I could in any part subscribe to the opinion of *Aristarchus* for the rejection of this book, it should be only for the former part of it, but I am persuaded from the nobleness of the verses, that the whole is genuine.

VERSE

XI.

VERSE 232. *Thus in the regions of eternal shade.*] I think it will not be improper here to particularize from whence Antiquity rais'd the fictions concerning Hell, and the nature of it, as we have it in *Diodorus Siculus*.

Pluto (observes that Author) was the first that introduc'd the rites of sepulture, and other ceremonies bestow'd on the dead: This is the reason why the Ancients imagin'd him to be the King of the dead.

Rhadamanthus is said to have been the most just man in the world, he severely punish'd robbers and other notorious offenders, and from his singular reputation for integrity was feign'd to be the judge of the good and bad after death; and for the same reason *Minos* was joyn'd with him in the same dignity.

Homer borrow'd his fictions from *Orpheus*, *Orpheus* from the *Ægyptians*: it was *Orpheus* who introduced the opinion of the pains of the damn'd, and of the *Elysian* fields, and taught that the souls of the dead were conducted by *Mercury* into the infernal mansions: (a proof that he was call'd *Ψυχοπομπός* before the days of *Homer*.) *Diodorus* proceeds and mentions the beginning of this book, how *Homer* feigns that *Mercury* leads the shades of the dead by the Ocean, the *Leucadian* rock, and the gates of the sun: A plain instance that he look'd upon this book as the genuine work of *Homer*. All these fables (continues *Diodorus*) are of *Ægyptian* extract; by the Ocean, *Homer* means *Nilus*; by the gates of the sun, he means *Heliopolis*, a city sacred to the Sun; the meadow into which the shades are conducted, denotes the pleasant meadows full of canes adjoining to *Memphis*; and the dead are feign'd to reside there, because it was the general burial place amongst the *Ægyptians*. Concerning *Cocytus*, *Acheron*, &c. the Reader may consult the first Note upon the eleventh *Odyssey*.

Plutarch in his treatise of *Isis* and *Osiris* agrees with *Diodorus* concerning the extraction of these fables from *Ægypt*, and mentions at *Memphis* the gates of lamentation and oblivion; that is, of *Lethe*, and *Cocytus*; which being open'd at the burial of the dead, give a doleful and groaning sound. From hence they are thus describ'd by *Homer* in the tenth *Odyssey*.

And

*And where slow rolling from the Stygian bed
Cocytus' lamentable waters spread,
Where the dark rock o'erhangs th' infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmurs make.*

These observations give light to most of *Homer's* fictions concerning hell, and shew that his Poetry is built upon the customs of Antiquity.

Macrobius explains all these particulars after a different manner: This solution supposes a state of pre-existence of the soul: If (says that Author) "To die, be the same as to go to the infernal regions; "to enjoy the supernal, is then to live; and therefore before Philosophy prevail'd, the body it self was suppos'd to be the infernal receptacle of the Soul, into which she descended as into a prison, from above; this was thought the sepulchre of the soul, and the cave of *Pluto*. The river of Oblivion denotes the error of the soul, which forgets the Majesty of the former state she enjoy'd before she enter'd the body: *Phlegethon*, the ardor of our desires, and flames of anger: *Acheron* all our words and actions that bring us into sorrows; so likewise, *Styx* implies our hatred, *Cocytus* our grief and lamentation. Thus also the punishments in hell are verify'd upon earth: the Vultur which preys upon the liver of *Tityus*, is the sting of a guilty conscience; the ambitious man is the *Sisyphus*, who is eternally aspiring, and yet always disappointed; the avaritious man is the *Tantalus* who starves amidst his plenty, &c.

By joyning these two interpretations together, we have at once the double pleasure of a beautiful fable and instructive moral; from the whole we may collect, that altho' the ancients were ignorant of the true nature of a future state, yet that they believ'd it, and expected there would be punishments and rewards in it. This note is of use to explain several passages in the eleventh *Odyssey*.

XII.

VERSE 236. *The ground himself had purchas'd with his pain.* *Eustathius* very well explains these words, in which the Greek may be construed to signify that *Laertes* had purchas'd this place of his retirement by his labour and industry: But probably *Homer*

intends to express an allotment or portion of ground which was assign'd *Laertes* by the public, as a reward for his heroic labours in war, and bravery in conquering his enemies, like that mention'd in the *Iliad*.

*The Lycians grant a chosen space of ground,
With woods, with vineyards, and with harvests crown'd.*

It may either be so, or *Homer* intending solely to paint the laborious life of *Laertes*, added this circumstance of his encreasing his rural cell by his industry, as an instance of it; tho' the latter is more suitable to the character of a King.

XIII.

VERSE 266. -----Gloves against the thorn.] *Casaubon* in his Remarks upon *Athenæus*, lib. 12. cap. 2. affirms, that anciently neither the *Greeks* nor the *Romans* ever wore any covering on their hands, which are now used so universally, that they are worn by the meanest people; but this place is an instance of *Casaubon's* mistake: 'Tis true, *Xenophon* gives this practice as an argument of the luxury and delicacy of the *Persians*, who suffer'd no part of the body to be expos'd to the air, but wore ἢ περὶ ἀγκυαῖς ταῖς χερσὶ χεῖρας, ἢ δακτυλήθεας ἔχουσι, "gloves upon their hands, and coverings on their very fingers." *Pliny* the Younger mentions the same custom amongst the *Romans*, *Manus Hieme manicis muniebantur! ut ne cæli quidem asperitas ullum studiis tempus eriperet*. This then is the difference; the *Persians* wore these hand-coverings out of effeminacy and delicacy; whereas in *Greece* they were used only out of necessity, as a defence in rural labour, as appears from *Laertes*, they being never mention'd upon any other occasion, either in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*.
Dacier.

XIV.

VERSE 267. In this array the kingly Gard'ner stood,
And clear'd a Plant, encumber'd with its wood.]
This is the first appearance of *Laertes*, he is the very picture of melancholy, his dress, his employ, and solitary life all discover a fix'd

fix'd sorrow and contempt of the world. It has been a dispute whether we are to ascribe this retreat of *Laertes* to a meaness of spirit, who forsakes his station, and is unequal to adversity; or to wisdom, and a noble neglect of the pomp and splendor of the world, by which he prefers a little rural retreat to all the magnificence of a Palace, and a small garden to all the dominions of a King. *Plutarch* severely censures his conduct: "A person (observes that writer) who wastes his age in his bed, or in trivial affairs, makes himself an object of contempt, as *Homer* teaches by the examples of *Nestor* and *Laertes*: *Nestor*, by engaging in the war of *Troy*, obtain'd the utmost veneration; while *Laertes*, who abandon'd himself to solitude, was despis'd universally." I am unwilling to subscribe to this observation, being of opinion that the silent virtues of a good man in solitude are more amiable than all the noisy honours of active life. The picture of *Laertes* is undoubtedly drawn very naturally; a tender father is afflicted for the loss of a brave and beloved son, this bitter ingredient gives a disrelish to all the vanities of life; he is depriv'd of an object that he valu'd above the world, he therefore neglects it, as having nothing worthy of his cares, and abandons it for privacy and tranquillity. *Menedemus* in *Terence* is the very copy of *Laertes* in *Homer*; an instance that he thought *Homer's* an exact representation of human nature: and the applause with which that Comedy was receiv'd, shews that all *Rome* was of the same judgment. Sorrow loves to be alone, it rather seeks for amusements than business and glory; and it may perhaps be true, that it shews more greatness of soul to resign a kingdom than to conquer it. Pride, ambition, and guilty passions have rais'd many to the top of human glory; but it evidences that a person is not influenced by vicious sentiments, who knows how to moderate his desires, and is able to retire from the splendor of a Crown into obscurity. *Tully* mentions the manner of life in *Laertes*, without condemnation; the place is to be found in his *Cato Major*, where he speaks of the innocent amusements of old age, and illustrates his assertions by the example of *Laertes*. *Homerus Laertem lenientem desiderium, quod capiebat e filio, colentem agrum & stercorantem facit*. But *Tully* mistakes *Homer*, for *Laertes* is not found dunging his ground.

Perhaps instead of λισσέδοντα, he read κοπήσοντα, as it is used in the seventeenth *Odyssy*.

---'Οδυσ-

-----Ὀδυσῆος τέμεν' ἄγχα κοπήσοντες.

Or perhaps he quoted by memory. I will only add, that *Tully* in his retirement at *Tusculum*, used to write to his friends, that he there led the life of *Laertes*: and *Tully* was too sensible of his own worth, to speak any thing to the disparagement of it.

XV.

VERSE 279. *Not so: his judgment takes the winding way.*] It has been objected, that *Ulysses* here acts contrary to filial piety, and permits a tender father to continue in his sorrows, when it was in his power immediately to make him happy, by a discovery of his person; they likewise condemn the *κετόμενα ἔπεα*, which *Homer* puts into the mouth of *Ulysses*. It must be allow'd, that those words are frequently us'd by the Poet in a bad sense, and signify *heart-wounding*, or *reproachful words*; but here they are not so to be understood; they only imply, that *Ulysses* *blam'd* *Laertes* *out of tenderness* for taking no more care of his person; this is not a reproach, but the language of fondness and affection: or perhaps the Poet meant to express that this enquiry rais'd images of sorrow in the soul of *Laertes*, and wounded his heart by naming the lost *Ulysses*. *Eustathius* solves the former objection by saying that *Ulysses* delay'd the discovery, lest the suddenness of joy should prove fatal to *Laertes*. But *Homer* undoubtedly paints according to nature; *Ulysses* bursts into tears at the sight of his father, yet restrains them, and tries if after twenty years absence he was known by him; this delay raises the Reader's curiosity, makes him, as it were, present at the interview, and impatient to hear the manner of the discovery: Besides, this procedure excellently agrees with the general character of *Ulysses*, who is upon all emergencies master of his passions, and remarkable for disguise and an artful dissimulation; this disguise has a very happy effect in this place, it holds us in a pleasing suspense, and makes us wait with attention to see the issue of the interview.

VERSE

XVI.

VERSE 298. *I read a Monarch in that princely air.*] The words in the *Greek* are not without obscurity, and *Eustathius* explains them two ways; they may either signify, that *Laertes* appears to be a person of such distinction that he ought to live with more delicacy and dignity; viz. to bath, and after a due repast to sleep in state; or they imply, that *Laertes* shews the dignity of a King in his person, who comes from the bath, and dines in state. *Ulysses* cannot compare *Laertes* to a King who is fresh from the bath, and drest royally, for he tells us, he is cover'd with sweat and dust; he therefore means that his personage is noble, and like a King, that therefore he ought to live like a King, with respect to his food and his bath, and to indulge his age by allowing it ease and refreshment.

XVII.

VERSE 353. ----- *From Alybas I came.*] *Ulysses* is inexhaustible in his fictions; he here accommodates the names of persons and places to his fortunes: *Alybas* is suppos'd to be a city of *Italy*, afterwards called *Metapontium*. It is placed by others in *Thrace*. It is here introduced to denote, the wandrings of *Ulysses* by the sea, or ἄλῃ: the word *Aphidas* denotes his generosity, which spares nothing towards his friends. He feigns himself to be the grandson of Πολυπήμων, to represent the multitude of his sufferings; his name is *Eperitus*, from ἐπήρις, the same with περιμάχης from ἐρίζω, to shew the struggle that he has met with in all his adventures, as well as the toils in the war of *Troy*, and against other enemies. *Eustathius*.

XVIII.

VERSE 369. ----- and sorrowing spread
A cloud of ashes on his hoary head.]

This was a common practice amongst the ancient orientals, in token of the extremity of sorrow; it was used amongst the *Hebrews* as well as *Greeks*; thus *Ezek.* xxvii. 30. *They shall cast dust upon their heads.* *Job* ii. 12. *They rent every one his mantle, and*

sprinkled dust upon their heads. Thus also *Achilles* in the eighteenth of the *Iliad*;

*His purple garments, and his golden hairs,
Those he deforms in dust, and these he tears.*

Homer calls it κόνιν αἰθαλόεσσαν, which does not mean that *Laertes* threw glowing embers on his head, for he was in his garden, where such ashes were not to be found, but he means ξήραν, or dry dust, such as arises from substances consum'd by fire, or resembling ashes. *Eustathius*.

XIX.

VERSE 371 Trembling with agonies, &c.] The Greek expression is remarkable,

-----ἀνὰ ῥῖνας δὲ οἱ ἦδ' ἤ
Δριμὺ μέν' ὅ περ ἐτυψεν-----

A sharp sensation struck his nostrils. *Eustathius* judges, that the meaning is, that *Ulysses* perceived himself ready to burst into tears; a kind of a pricking sharp sensation being felt in the nostrils before the eruption of tears. *Casaubon* more fully explains it; he observes that all violent passions cause a sensation in the nostrils, arising from the ebullition of the spirits, which mount toward the brain, and endeavouring to free themselves from restraint find a vent by the nostril, and crouding thro' it, dilate it in their passage; this is evident from animals, and the nobler kinds of them, as the bull, the horse, the lion, whose nostrils always dilate when mov'd to anger. A similar expression is found in the first *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*.

Καὶ οἱ αἰὲ δριμύνα χολὰ ποτὶ ῥινὴ κάθηται.

He speaks of the anger of the God *Pan*, but it is applicable to all violence of passion. *Aristotle* (observes *Dacier*) quotes this verse as apply'd by *Homer* to express anger, *Cap.* 8. of his *Morals* to *Nicomachus*, but he is evidently in an error; for there is here

no

no mention of anger: he undoubtedly trusted to his memory, it being sorrow arising from filial tenderness which moves *Ulysses*.

Dacier.

XX.

VERSE 389. *The sev'ral trees you gave me long ago,
While yet a child -----]*

The word in the original is *παιδνός*, which signifies *a very young boy*: *Homer* uses it to express the age, when out of a childish simplicity *Ulysses* ask'd his father to grant him such and such trees. Such requests are very natural in children, and we see (says *Dacier*) the same practis'd every day; Parents out of fondness indulge the requests of their children in such little particularities, and a bird, an horse, &c. continues the child's favourite for many years. It must be allow'd, that no Poet ever follow'd nature so faithfully as *Homer*. *Virgil* perhaps has reach'd his noblest elevations and sublimities, but there is a greater variety of natural incidents, more exact pictures of human life in *Homer* than in all other Poets. Some Painters excel in the boldness of their figures, and know how to draw a Heroe or a God, but are less happy in lower subjects; but *Homer* draws universally, and is excellent upon all occasions; he paints the largest figures or the least sketches equally natural, and with equal beauty.

XXI.

VERSE 438. *And proud Nericus trembled as I storm'd.]* I doubt not but the Reader has observ'd, that *Laertes* uses the very turn of language and manner of self-commendation so remarkable in almost all the speeches of *Nestor*: this is to be ascrib'd to the nature of old age in general, which loves a little to boast, and relates the exploits of youth with the utmost satisfaction; or as *Horace* describes it,

----- *Laudator temporis acti*

Se puero -----

I will only add, that the reason why *Homer* describes *Laertes* enlarg'd with strength and majesty by *Minerva* is to reconcile the future story to probability; *Laertes* acts the Heroe, engages
at

at the head of his friends, and kills the leader of his enemies; this might appear to be an exploit too great for a weak old man wasted away with sorrows: the Poet therefore knowing that he had lost his natural vigour thro' age, supplies the defect with preternatural strength, and by this method renders him equal to his future actions.

XXII.

VERSE 451. *Who nurs'd the children, and now tends the fire.*] We are not to imagine that this *Sicilian* was the wife of *Dolius*; *Homer* gives her the title of mother to his children, because she had the care of their education; for he adds, ἡ σφέας τέτφε, she was their nurse, not their mother. *Dacier.*

XXIII.

VERSE 481. *The rest in ships are wafted o'er the main.*] To understand this we must remember, that many of the Suitors came from the neighbouring Islands, *Samos*, *Zacynthus*, &c. and therefore they are said to be transported by sea, to be buried in their native countries: this custom prevailed over all the oriental world: But there may be a particular reason why this is done by the *Ithacans*; they might intend to raise those several Islands to engage against *Ulysses*, and draw them to arms by such moving spectacles. *Dacier.*

XXIV.

VERSE 509. *Hear me, ye Peers and Elders of the land.*] There is great art in the speeches of *Medon* and *Eupithes*: *Eupithes* said that *Ulysses* had slain the bravest of the *Greeks*; *Medon* allows it, but adds, that it was done by the will of the Gods: the consequence therefore is, that to fight against *Ulysses* upon this account, is to fight against the Gods. *Eupithes* applies to their revenge, *Medon* to their fears; *Eupithes* sheds tears to move their compassion, *Medon* intimidates them by averring that the assistance of the Gods was visible on the side of *Ulysses*. The persons likewise whom *Homer* employs to plead against *Eupithes* are well chosen; *Halitherses* is a Prophet, *Medon* an Herald, and both

both persons esteem'd sacred by their offices; this is the reason why the *Greeks* are said to be struck with awe at their appearance.

Dacier, &c.

XXV.

VERSE 518. ----- *Halitherfes spoke.*] The speech of *Medon* had a good effect upon the audience; for *Homer* adds, that the whole assembly grew afraid; *Halitherfes* perceiv'd it, and seconds it. He insists upon a new head of persuasion, and sets forth the justice of the late action of *Ulysses*: the Suitors were slain (says he) for their crimes, and you are guilty for not restraining their outrages; and then to deter them from their present designs, he represents their danger in engaging against their King. From these speeches (observes *Eustathius*) *Homer* draws the probability of the future part of the story; he divides the enemy, and wins over almost half of their numbers; whereas, had they proceeded unanimously, *Ulysses* must necessarily have perish'd by their power.

It is observable, that tho' *Phemius* accompanies *Medon*, yet he is silent; the reason is, he as it were speaks by the mouth of *Medon*, he was witness to the assistance of heav'n on the part of *Ulysses*, and approves and confirms by his presence the truth of his testimony. It is thus on the stage where the whole Chorus was anciently suppos'd to speak by the mouth of their *Prolocutor*. *Dacier, &c.*

XXVI.

VERSE 542. *Minerva thus to cloud-compelling Jove.*] *Homer*, to give importance to the conclusive action of his Poem, introduces *Jupiter* and *Minerva* in debate about the event of it. At the beginning of the *Odyssey* he describes the Gods in consultation for the re-establishment of *Ulysses*: In the conclusion of it, we see *Jupiter* himself rewarding the virtue and bravery of *Ulysses*, and decreeing him to reign in peace and tranquillity. This is carry'd on with great judgment: we are fully satisfy'd that the action of the *Odyssey* is compleated in the happiness of the Heroe, when we hear *Jupiter* giving his sanction to it. Besides, it leaves a noble image of the greatness of *Ulysses*, and of the

VOL. V.

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whole

whole story of the *Odyssey*, upon the Reader's mind, when we see it is of such weight as to engage *Jupiter* in its favour. Thus in imitation of *Homer*, toward the conclusion of the *Aeneid*, *Virgil* describes *Jupiter* and *Juno* in debate concerning the decisive action between *Turnus* and *Aeneas*.

XXVII.

VERSE 553.

----- Since Ulysses' hand

Has slain the Suitors, heav'n shall bless the land.]

The design of the *Odyssey* is to shew virtue rewarded, and vice punish'd; here, to introduce this act of justice with the greater solemnity, *Jupiter* is represented giving his assent to it: "Let there be peace (says that Deity) but let justice be done, and the guilty punish'd;" the Reader must necessarily be satisfy'd with the equity of the cause of *Ulysses*, when he hears *Jupiter* himself directing in it. Besides, this conduct of *Homer* presents us with an excellent moral; it shews us that the Deity is the governour of human affairs, and arbiter of peace and war; as he directs, the scenes of blood are open'd or clos'd, and the words of *Homer*, διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βελη, may be apply'd to the *Odyssey* as well as the *Iliad*.

XXVIII.

VERSE 573. *Four friends alone Ulysses' cause embrace.]* The Poet tells us the exact number of the party of *Ulysses*, which consisted of ten persons under the direction of *Dolius*, *Laertes*, and *Ulysses*: How many were under *Eupithes* is uncertain, we therefore are at liberty to suppose them more or less superior in number; *Medon* and *Halitherses* had withdrawn almost half of his assistants, and by that method reduc'd the enemy to a greater equality: it is probable that they had no very extraordinary inequality, for the onset is so sudden, that the friends of the dead Suitors could not have time to embody; besides, it appears from the sixteenth *Odyssey*, that of the whole band of Suitors, twelve only were *Ithacans*, the rest came from the adjacent Islands, and therefore none of their friends could as yet be arriv'd to assist *Eupithes*, and consequently this party consisted solely of *Ithacans*, and were not perhaps greatly superior to *Ulysses*.

Ulysses. This observation likewise furnishes us with a reason why the enemy was so easily defeated, by so small a body of men as engaged for *Ulysses*.

XXIX.

VERSE 606. *Full at Eupithes drove the deathful spear.*] *Eustathius* calls this an admirable incident, or change of fortune in favour of *Ulysses*. The son of *Antinous* is slain by the son of *Laertes*, and the father of *Antinous* by the father of *Ulysses*. We now see *Ulysses* happy in his wife, his son, and his father; victorious over his enemies, and his subjects submitting to his authority; and therefore the action is now compleat, and terminates with the *Odyssey*.

XXX.

VERSE 630. --- - *The Virgin-seed of Jove*

In Mentor's form, confirm'd the full accord.]

The meaning of the passage is no more than this, when stripped of its poetical ornaments: *Mentor*, a person of great wisdom, acts as a mediator between the King and his subjects, he regulates the conditions of peace, and ratifies it with sacrifices to the Gods; this being an act of wisdom, Poetry ascribes it to *Minerva*.

I must observe with what dignity *Homer* concludes the *Odyssey*: To honour his Heroe, he introduces two Deities, *Jupiter* and *Pallas*, who interest themselves in his cause: He then paints *Ulysses* in the boldest colours, as he rushes upon the enemy with the utmost intrepidity, and his courage is so ungovernable, that *Jupiter* is forc'd to restrain it with his thunder. It is usual for Orators to reserve the strongest arguments for the conclusion, that they may leave them fresh upon the Reader's memory; *Homer* uses the same conduct, he represents his Heroe in all his terror, he shews him to be irresistible, and by this method leaves us fully possess'd with a noble idea of his magnanimity.

It has been already observ'd, that the End of the action of the *Odyssey* is the re-establishment of *Ulysses* in full peace and tranquillity, this is not effected, till the defeat of the Suitors' friends:

friends: and therefore if the Poet had concluded before this event, the *Odyſſey* had been imperfect. It was neceſſary that the Reader ſhould not only be inform'd of the return of *Ulyſſes* to his country, and the puniſhment of the Suitors, but of his re-eſtabliſhment by a peaceful poſſeſſion of his regal authority; which is not executed, till theſe laſt diſorders rais'd by *Eupithes* are ſettled by the victory of *Ulyſſes*, and therefore this is the natural concluſion of the action.

This book opens with the morning, and ends before night, ſo that the whole ſtory of the *Odyſſey* is comprehended in the compaſs of one and forty days. *Monſieur Dacier* upon *Ariſtote* remarks, that an Epic Poem ought not to be too long: we ſhould be able to retain all the ſeveral parts of it at once in our memory: If we loſe the idea of the beginning when we come to the concluſion, it is an argument that it is of too large an extent, and its Length deſtroys its Beauty. What ſeems to favour this deciſion is, that the *Æneid*, *Iliad*, and *Odyſſey* are conformable to this rule of *Ariſtote*, and every one of thoſe Poems may be read in the compaſs of a ſingle day.

I have now gone through the Collections upon the *Odyſſey*, and laid together what occurred moſt remarkable in this excellent Poem. I am not ſo vain as to think theſe Remarks free from faults, nor ſo diſingenuous as not to confeſs them: All Writers have occaſion for indulgence, and thoſe moſt who leaſt acknowledge it. I have ſometimes uſed *Madam Dacier* as ſhe has done others, in tranſcribing ſome of her Remarks without particularizing them; but indeed it was through inadvertency only that her name is ſometimes omitted at the bottom of the note. If my performance has merit, either in theſe, or in my part of the tranſlation (namely in the ſixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books) it is but juſt to attribute it to the judgment and care of Mr. *Pope*, by whoſe hand every ſheet was corrected. His other, and much more able aſſiſtant, was Mr. *Fenton*, in the fourth and the twentieth books. It was our particular requeſt, that our ſeveral parts might not be made known to the world till the end of it: And if they have had the good fortune not to be diſtinguiſhed from His, we ought to be the leſs vain, ſince the

the resemblance proceeds much less from our diligence and study to copy his manner, than from his own daily revival and correction. The most experienced Painters will not wonder at this, who very well know, that no Critic can pronounce even of the pieces of *Raphael* or *Titian*, which have, or which have not, been worked upon by those of their school? when the same Master's hand has directed the execution of the whole, reduced it to one character and colouring, gone over the several parts, and given to each their finishing.

I must not conclude without declaring our mutual satisfaction in Mr. *Pope's* acceptance of our best endeavours, which have contributed at least to his more speedy execution of this great undertaking. If ever My name be numbred with the learned, I must ascribe it to his friendship, in transmitting it to posterity by a participation in his labours. May the sense I have of this, and other instances of that friendship, be known as long as His name will cause mine to last: And may I to this end be permitted, at the conclusion of a work which is a kind of monument of his partiality to me, to place the following lines, as an Inscription memorial of it.

LET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,
Or speaking marbles to record their praise;
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)
The mimic feature on the breathing stone;
Mere mortals! subject to death's total sway,
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day!

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,
A monument which Worth alone can raise;
Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust:
Nor 'till the volumes of th' expanded sky
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer dye:
Then sink together, in the world's last fires,
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.

If ought on earth, when once this breath is fled,
With human transport touch the mighty dead:
Shakespear, rejoice! his hand thy page refines;
Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines;

Observations on the Twenty-fourth Book.

*Just to thy fame, he gives thy genuine thought ;
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote ;
Prun'd by his care, thy lawrels loftier grow,
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.*

*Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael! time invades,
And the bold figure from the canvass fades,
A rival hand recalls from every part
Some latent grace, and equals art with art ;
Transported we survey the dubious strife,
While each fair image starts again to life.*

*How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre
Farr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire ?
This you beheld; and taught by heav'n to sing,
Call'd the loud music from the sounding string;
Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,
Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,
Tow'rs o'er the field of death; as fierce he turns,
Keen flash his arms, and all the Heroe burns;
With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,
He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight:
Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,
Start at the din that rends th' infernal shores;
Tremble the tow'rs of heav'n, Earth rocks her coasts,
And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.
To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay;
Here roars a torrent, there Mæanders play;
Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise,
Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies;
Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,
The gentle breezes breathe away and dye.
Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,
You paint the vale, or gild the azure way;
And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,
Sink without groveling, without rashness rise.*

*Proceed, great Bard! awake th' harmonious string,
Be ours all Homer! still Ulysses sing.
How long * that Heroe, by unskilful hands,
Stript of his robes, a Beggar trod our lands?
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost:*

* *Odyssëy*, lib. 16.

O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;
Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head;
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.
But you like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;
Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses train,
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire:
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:
Like theirs, our Friendship! and I boast my name
To thine united-----For thy FRIENDSHIP'S FAME.

This labour past, of heavenly subjects sing,
While hov'ring angels listen on the wing,
To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies:
Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,
From thy own Life transcribe th' unerring laws:
Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend;
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,
And men more fierce: When Orpheus tunes the lay,
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.



POST-



P O S T S C R I P T.

By Mr. P O P E.



Cannot dismiss this work without a few observations on the true Character and Style of it. Whoever reads the Odyfsey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the same character, or of the same sort of spirit, will be grievously deceived, and err against the first principle of Criticism, which is to consider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its author. The Odyfsey is a moral and political work, instructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images examples and precepts, of civil and domestic life. *Homer* is here a person

*Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis,
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, & hospes:
Qui quid sit pulcrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Plenius & melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.*

The Odyfsey is the reverse of the Iliad, in *Moral, Subject, Manner* and *Style*; to which it has no sort of relation, but as the story happens to follow in order of time, and as some of the same persons

are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connexion many have been misled to regard it as a continuation or second part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconsistent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common Reader should fall into this mistake, when so great a Critic as *Longinus* seems not wholly free from it. Although what he has said has been generally understood to import a severer censure of the *Odyfsey* than it really does, if we consider the occasion on which it is introduced, and the circumstances to which it is confined.

“ The *Odyfsey* (says he) is an instance, how natural it is to a great Genius, when it begins to grow old and decline, to delight it self in Narrations and Fables. For, that *Homer* composed the *Odyfsey* after the *Iliad*, many proofs may be given, &c. From hence in my judgment it proceeds, that as the *Iliad* was written while his *Spirit* was in its greatest vigor, the whole structure of that work is Dramatick and full of action; whereas the greater part of the *Odyfsey* is employ’d in Narration, which is the taste of *Old Age*: So that in this latter piece we may compare him to the setting Sun, which has still the same greatness but not the same ardor, or force. He speaks not in the same strain; we see no more that *Sublime* of the *Iliad* which marches on with a constant pace, without ever being stopp’d, or retarded: there appears no

VOL. V. Y y y more

“ more that hurry and that strong tyde of mo-
 “ tions and passions, pouring one after another:
 “ there is no more the same fury, or the same
 “ volubility of diction, so suitable to action, and
 “ all along drawing in such innumerable images of
 “ nature. But *Homer*, like the Ocean, is always
 “ great, even when he ebbs and retires; even when
 “ he is lowest and loses himself most in Narra-
 “ tions and incredible Fictions: As instances of this,
 “ we cannot forget the descriptions of tempests,
 “ the adventures of *Ulysses* with the *Cyclops*, and
 “ many others. But tho’ all this be *Age*, it is
 “ the *Age* of *Homer* ----- And it may be said
 “ for the credit of these fictions, that they are
 “ *beautiful Dreams*, or if you will, the *Dreams*
 “ of *Jupiter himself*. I spoke of the *Odyssey* on-
 “ ly to show, that the greatest Poets when
 “ their genius wants strength and warmth for the
 “ *Pathetic*, for the most part employ themselves
 “ in painting the *Manners*. This *Homer* has done,
 “ in characterizing the Suitors, and describing their
 “ way of life; which is properly a branch of Co-
 “ medy, whose peculiar business it is to represent
 “ the manners of men.”

We must first observe, it is the *Sublime* of which
Longinus is writing: That, and not the nature of
Homer's Poem, is his subject. After having highly
 extoll'd the sublimity and fire of the *Iliad*, he justly
 observes the *Odyssey* to have less of those qualities,
 and to turn more on the side of moral, and refle-
 ctions

ctions on human life. Nor is it his business here to determine, whether the *elevated spirit* of the one, or the *just moral* of the other, be the greater excellence in it self.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is speaking, can not well be meant of the general Spirit and Inspiration which is to run through a whole Epic Poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuosity necessary in some parts, to image or represent actions or passions, of haste, tumult, and violence. It is on occasion of citing some such particular passages in *Homer*, that *Longinus* breaks into this reflection; which seems to determine his meaning chiefly to that sense.

Upon the whole, he affirms the *Odyfsey* to have less sublimity and fire than the *Iliad*, but he does not say it wants the sublime or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that those fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that those manners are ill painted. If *Homer* has fully in these points accomplish'd his own design, and done all that the nature of his Poem demanded or allowed, it still remains perfect in its kind, and as much a master-piece as the *Iliad*.

The Amount of the passage is this; that in his own particular taste, and with respect to the *Sublime*, *Longinus* preferr'd the *Iliad*: And because the
Odyfsey

Odyſſey was leſs active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of *Homer*.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that *Homer's* Age might determine him in the choice of his ſubject, but not that it affected him in the execution of it: And that which would be a very wrong inſtance to prove the decay of his Imagination, is a very good one, to evince the ſtrength of his Judgment. For had he (as *Madam Dacier* obſerves) compos'd the Odyſſey in his youth, and the *Iliad* in his age, both muſt in reaſon have been exactly the ſame as they now ſtand. To blame *Homer* for his choice of ſuch a ſubject, as did not admit the ſame incidents and the ſame pomp of ſtyle as his former; is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he muſt ever after only copy himſelf.

The *Battle of Conſtantine*, and the *School of Athens*, are both pieces of *Raphael*: Shall we cenſure the *School of Athens* as faulty, becauſe it has not the fury and fire of the other? or ſhall we ſay, that *Raphael* was grown grave and old, becauſe he choſe to repreſent the manners of old men and Philoſophers? There is all the ſilence, tranquillity and compoſure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry and tumult in the other, which the ſubject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the Painter or Poet be young or old, who deſigns and performs in this manner,

manner, it proves him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master not only of his art, but of his discretion.

Aristotle makes no such distinction between the two Poems: He constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of Epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the *Odyssey* that *Horace* gives the preference, in the Epistle to *Lollius*, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of *Longinus*; and that the particulars he chuses to extoll, are those very *fictions* and *pictures of the manners* which the other seems least to approve. Those fables and manners are of the very essence of the work: But even without that regard, the fables themselves have both more invention and more instruction, and the manners more moral and example, than those of the *Iliad*.

In some points (and those the most essential to the Epic Poem) the *Odyssey* is confessed to excel the *Iliad*; and principally in the great end of it, the *Moral*. The conduct, turn, and disposition of the *Fable* is also what the Criticks allow to be the better model for Epic writers to follow: Accordingly we find much more of the Cast of this Poem than of the other in the *Aeneid*, and (what next to that is perhaps the greatest example) in the *Telemachus*. In the *Manners*, it is no way inferior: *Longinus* is so far from finding any defect in these, that he rather taxes *Homer* with painting them too minutely. As to

the *Narrations*, although they are more numerous as the occasions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix nor more circumstantial, than the conversations and dialogues of the *Iliad*. Not to mention the length of those of *Phenix* in the ninth book, and of *Nestor* in the eleventh (which may be thought in compliance to their characters) those of *Glaucus* in the sixth, of *Aeneas* in the twentieth, and some others, must be allow'd to exceed any in the whole *Odyssey*. And that the propriety of style, and the numbers, in the *Narrations* of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the Genius of *Homer* had suffer'd any decay; we must consider, in both his poems, such parts as are of a similar nature, and will bear comparison. And it is certain we shall find in each, the same vivacity and fecundity of invention, the same life and strength of imaging and colouring, the particular descriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The *Odyssey* is a perpetual source of Poetry: The stream is not the less full, for being gentle; tho' it is true (when we speak only with regard to the *Sublime*) that a river, foaming and thund'ring in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more strikes, amazes and fills the mind, than the same body of water, flowing afterwards thro' peaceful vales and agreeable scenes of pasturage. The

The *Odyſſey* (as I have before ſaid) ought to be conſider'd according to its own nature and deſign, not with an eye to the *Iliad*. To cenſure *Homer* becauſe it is unlike what it was never meant to reſemble, is, as if a Gardiner who had purpoſely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a ſpecimen of his ſkill in the ſeveral kinds, ſhould be blamed for not bringing them into *pairs*; when in root, ſtem, leaf, and flower, each was ſo entirely different, that one muſt have been ſpoil'd in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who ſaw this Poem was “ *partly of the nature of Comedy,*” ought not for that very reaſon to have conſider'd it with a view to the *Iliad*. How little any ſuch reſemblance was the intention of *Homer*, may appear from hence, that although the character of *Ulyſſes* there was already drawn, yet here he purpoſely turns to another ſide of it, and ſhows him not in that full light of glory but in the ſhade of common life, with a mixture of ſuch qualities as are requiſite to all the loweſt accidents of it, ſtrugling with miſfortunes, and on a level with the meaneſt of mankind. As for the other perſons, none of them are above what we call the higher Comedy: *Calypſo*, tho' a Goddeſs, is a character of intrigue; the *Suitors* are yet more approaching to it; the *Phæacians* are of the ſame caſt; the *Cyclops*, *Melanthius*, and *Irus*, deſcend even to droll characters: and the ſcenes that appear throughout, are generally of the comic kind; banquets,

quets, revels, sports, loves, and the pursuit of a woman.

From the Nature of the Poem, we shall form an Idea of the *Style*. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the *Odyfsey* is not always cloath'd in the majesty of verse proper to Tragedy, but sometimes descends into the plainer Narrative, and sometimes even to that familiar dialogue essential to Comedy. However, where it cannot support a sublimity, it always preserves a dignity, or at least a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an easy, pure, perspicuous description even of a *low action*. There are numerous instances of this both in *Homer* and *Virgil*; and perhaps those natural passages are not the least pleasing of their works. It is often the same in History, where the representations of common, or even domestic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the liveliest impression on the reader.

The question is, how far a Poet, in pursuing the description or image of an action, can attach himself to *little circumstances*, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter Painting is to be consulted, and the whole regard had to those circumstances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confused, idea of the thing.

Epithets

Epithets are of vast service to this effect, and the right use of these is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to distinguish when to speak simply, and when figuratively: But whenever the Poet is oblig'd by the nature of his subject to descend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated style would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forc'd upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowness, the more the image would be broken, and consequently obscure.

One may add, that the use of the grand style on little subjects, is not only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanicks: 'Tis using a vast force to lift a *feather*.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, that the *low actions of life* cannot be put into a figurative style without being ridiculous, but *things natural* can. Metaphors raise the latter into Dignity, as we see in the *Georgicks*; but throw the former into Ridicule, as in the *Lutrin*. I think this may very well be accounted for: Laughter implies censure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of censure; therefore these may be elevated as much as you please, and no ridicule follows: but when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in Art, because it is vicious in Morality. The *Bees* in *Virgil*, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous

by having their actions and manners represented on a level with creatures so superior as men; since it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of Ridicule.

The use of pompous expression for low actions or thoughts is the *true Sublime* of *Don Quixote*. How far unfit it is for Epic Poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the Mock-Epick. It is so far from being the Sublime of *Tragedy*, that it is the cause of all *Bombaste*; when Poets instead of being (as they imagine) constantly lofty, only preserve throughout a painful equality of fustian: That continu'd swell of language (which runs indiscriminately even thro' their lowest characters, and rattles like some mightiness of meaning in the most indifferent subjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the Players have learned from it; and which is not *speaking*, but *vociferating*.

There is still more reason for a variation of style in *Epic Poetry* than in *Tragic*, to distinguish between that *Language of the Gods* proper to the *Muse* who sings, and is inspir'd; and that of *Men* who are introduced speaking only according to nature. Farther, there ought to be a difference of style observ'd in the speeches of human persons, and those of Deities; and again, in those which may be called set harangues or orations, and those which are only conversation or dialogue. *Homer* has more of the latter than any other Poet: what *Virgil* does by two or three words

words of narration, *Homer* still performs by speeches: Not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almost unknown to *Virgil*. This renders his Poems more animated, but less grave and majestic; and consequently necessitates the frequent use of a lower style. The writers of Tragedy lye under the same necessity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction which they perpetually use, would be improper even in Orations design'd to move with all the arts of Rhetorick: This is plain from the practice of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*; and *Virgil* in those of *Drances* and *Turnus* gives an eminent example, how far remov'd the style of them ought to be from such an excess of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that *Language of the Gods* we have been speaking of, or that of a *Muse* under inspiration.

To read thro' a whole work in this strain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill; which is not half so agreeable as sometimes gradually to rise, and sometimes gently to descend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reason that so few Poets have imitated *Homer* in these lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preserving that mixture of Ease and Dignity essential to them. For it is as hard for an Epic Poem to stoop to the Narrative with success, as for a Prince to descend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatness.

The

The *sublime* style is more easily counterfeited than the *natural*; something that passes for it, or sounds like it, is common in all false writers: But nature, purity, perspicuity, and simplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exist.

The most plain Narration not only admits of these, and of harmony (which are all the qualities of style) but it requires every one of them to render it pleasing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a share of the Sublime, may pass notwithstanding any defects in the rest, nay sometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer in his lowest narrations or speeches is ever easy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He shows not less *invention*, in assembling the humbler, than the greater, thoughts and images; nor less *judgment*, in proportioning the style and the versification to these, than to the other. Let it be remember'd, that the same Genius that soar'd the highest, and from whom the greatest models of the *Sublime* are derived, was also he who stoop'd the lowest, and gave to the simple *Narrative* its utmost perfection. Which of these was the harder task to *Homer* himself, I cannot pretend to determine; but to his Translator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations must be) that of the latter has been much the more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the *Iliad*; he

he will, and he ought to be disappointed. Were the original otherwise, it had been an offence against nature; and were the translation so, it were an offence against *Homer*, which is the same thing.

It must be allow'd that there is a majesty and harmony in the *Greek* language which greatly contribute to elevate and support the narration. But I must also observe that this is an advantage grown upon the language since *Homer's* time; for things are remov'd from vulgarity by being out of use: And if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a dead one from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a Translator, from a different cause: *Homer* seems to have taken upon him the character of an Historian, Antiquary, Divine, and Professor of Arts and Sciences; as well as a Poet. In one or other of these characters he descends into many particularities, which as a Poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserv'd by a faithful Translator, who in some measure takes the place of *Homer*; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts therefore are requisite to supply these disadvantages, in order to dignify and solemnize these plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some use has been made to this end, of the style of *Milton*. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old Abbey stones into a building, which I have sometimes seen to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality requisite to a new work; I mean without rendring it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought always to accompany Narration or Dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling on an old *Roman* way: but then the road must be as *good*, as the way is *ancient*; the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops by sudden abruptnesses, or puzzled by frequent turnings and transpositions: No man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks: And let our love to Antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbish another. The imitators of *Milton*, like most other imitators, are not *Copies* but *Caricatura's* of their original; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places: Whereas it should have been observed of *Milton*, that he is not lavish of his exotick words and phrases every where alike, but employs them much more where the subject is marvellous vast and strange, as in the scenes of Heaven, Hell, Chaos, &c. than where it is turn'd to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradise, the
loves

loves of our first parents, the entertainments of Angels, and the like. In general, this unusual style better serves to awaken our ideas in the descriptions and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower sort of narrations, the character of which is simplicity and purity. *Milton* has several of the latter, where we find not an antiquated affected or uncouth word, for some hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of *Michael* in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventur'd (contrary to the practice of all other Epic Poets) to imitate *Homer's* Lownesses in the *Narrative*, should not also have copied his plainness and perspicuity in the *Dramatic* parts: Since in his speeches (where clearness above all is necessary) there is frequently such transposition and forced construction, that the very sense is not to be discover'd without a second or third reading: And in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preserve the true character of *Homer's* style in the present translation, great pains has been taken to be easy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plausible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleased all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of those Gentlemen who join'd with me shown as much of the severity of a friend to me,
as

as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction. What assistance I receiv'd from them, was made known in general to the publick in the original Proposals for this work, and the particulars are specify'd at the conclusion of it; to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The Reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have bestowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health which God has been pleased to make my portion. At the least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greatest and most ancient of Poets, with some dignity; and I hope, with as little disadvantage as the *Iliad*. And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the *Odyssey*? I think it a sufficient answer to say, that *Homer* himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I design'd to have ended this Postscript here; but since I am now taking my leave of *Homer*, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulg'd if I make use of this last opportunity,
to

to say a very few words about some reflections which the late Madam *Dacier* bestow'd on the first part of my Preface to the *Iliad*, and which she publish'd at the end of her translation of that Poem*.

To write gravely an answer to them would be too much for the reflections; and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the Author. It is owing to the industry of that learned Lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of *Homer's* beauties, which were hidden from them before in *Greek* and in *Eustathius*. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great Poet, and I hope that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary Critick, I should not have apprehended their effect, and should therefore have been silent concerning them: but since they are Madam *Dacier's*, I imagine that they must be of weight; and in a case where I think her Reasoning very bad, I respect her Authority.

I have fought under Madam *Dacier's* banner, and have wag'd war in defence of the divine *Homer* against all the Hereticks of the age. And yet it is Madam *Dacier* who accuses me, and who accuses me of nothing less than betraying our common Cause. She affirms that the most declar'd enemies of this Author have never said any thing against

VOL. V.

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him

* *Seconde Edition, a Paris, 1719.*

him more injurious or more unjust than I. What must the world think of me, after such a judgment pass'd by so great a Critick? the world, who decides so often, and who examines so seldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almost always the slave of Authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so much accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be byass'd?

All this however has happen'd, and Madam *Dacier's* Criticisms on my Preface flow from the very same error, from which so many false criticisms of her countrymen upon *Homer* have flow'd, and which she has so justly and so severely reprov'd; I mean the error of depending on injurious and unskilful *translations*.

An indifferent translation may be of some use, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no translation ought to be the ground of *Criticism*, because no man ought to be condemn'd upon another man's explanation of his meaning: Could *Homer* have had the honour of explaining his, before that august Tribunal where Monsieur *de la Motte* presides, I make no doubt but he had escap'd many of those severe animadversions with which some *French* Authors have loaded him, and from which even Madam *Dacier's* translation of the *Iliad* could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our *Island-tongue* was as necessary to Madam
Dacier

Dacier in my case, as the knowledge of *Greek* was to *Monfieur de la Motte* in that of our great Author; or to any of those whom she styles *blind Censurers*, and blames for condemning what they did not understand.

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty translation of part of my Preface, than those blind censurers might have known of *Homer's* even from the translation of *la Valterie*, which preceded her own.

It pleas'd me however to find, that her objections were not level'd at the general Doctrine, or at any essentials of my Preface, but only at a few particular expressions. She propos'd little more than (to use her own phrase) to *combate two or three Similes*; and I hope that to combat a Simile is no more than to fight with a shadow, since a Simile is no better than the shadow of an Argument.

She lays much weight where I lay'd but little, and examines with more scrupulosity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

These unlucky Similes taken by themselves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant translator; or there may have fallen from my pen some expressions, which taken by themselves likewise, may to the same person have the same effect. But if the translator had been master of our tongue, the general tenor of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the passages objected to, would have sufficiently determined him

as

as to the precise meaning of them: And if Madam *Dacier* had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employ'd it with more temper, she would not have answered Paraphrases of her own, which even the translation will not justify, and which say more than once the very contrary to what I have said in the passages themselves.

If any person has curiosity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my Preface, on some mangled parts of which these reflections are made, he will easily discern that I am as orthodox as Madam *Dacier* her self in those very articles on which she treats me like an Heretick: He will easily see that all the difference between us consists in this, that I offer *opinions*, and she delivers *doctrines*; that my imagination represents *Homer* as the greatest of human Poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending *Homer* against me, who (if I mistake not) had carry'd my admiration of him as far as it can be carry'd without giving a *real* occasion of writing in his defence.

After answering my harmless Similes, she proceeds to a matter which does not regard so much the honour of *Homer*, as that of the times he liv'd in; and here I must confess she does not wholly mistake my meaning, but I think she mistakes the state of the question. She had said, the Manners of those times were so much the better the less they were like

like ours: I thought this required a little qualification, I confess that in my own opinion the world was mended in some points, such as the custom of putting whole nations to the sword, condemning Kings and their families to perpetual slavery, and a few others. Madam *Dacier* judges otherwise in this; but as to the rest, particularly in preferring the simplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, she owns we agree. This I thought was well, but I am so unfortunate that this too is taken amiss, and call'd adopting or (if you will) stealing *her* sentiment. The truth is she might have said *her words*, for I used them on purpose, being then professedly citing from her: tho' I might have done the same without intending that compliment, for they are also to be found in *Eustathius*, and the sentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to say to this whole Remark, only that in the first part of it Madam *Dacier* is displeased that I don't agree with her, and in the last that I do: But this is a temper which every polite man should over-look in a Lady.

To punish my ingratitude, she resolves to expose my blunders, and selects two which I suppose are the most flagrant, out of the many for which she could have chastiz'd me. It happens that the first of these is in part the Translator's, and in part her own, without any share of mine: She quotes the end of a sentence, and he puts in *French* what I never wrote in *English*. "*Homer* (I said) open'd a new and bound-

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“ less walk for his imagination, and created a world
 “ for himself in the invention of Fable;” which he
 translates, *Homere crea pour son usage un monde
 mouvant, en inventant la fable.*

Madam *Dacier* justly wonders at this nonsense
 in me; and I, in the Translator. As to what I
 meant by *Homer's* invention of Fable, it is after-
 wards particularly distinguish'd from that extensive
 sense in which she took it, by these words. “ If
 “ *Homer* was not the first, who introduced the Dei-
 “ ties (as *Herodotus* imagines) into the religion of
 “ *Greece*, he seems the first who brought them into
 “ a *System of Machinery* for Poetry.

The other blunder she accuses me of is, the
 mistaking a passage in *Aristotle*, and she is pleased
 to send me back to this Philosopher's treatise of Po-
 etry, and to her Preface on the *Odyssey* for my
 better instruction. Now tho' I am saucy enough
 to think that one may sometimes differ from *Ari-
 stotle* without blundering, and tho' I am sure one
 may sometimes fall into an error by following him fer-
 vily; yet I own that to quote any Author for what
 he never said is a blunder; (but by the way, to cor-
 rect an Author for what he never said, is somewhat
 worse than a blunder.) My words were these. “ As
 “ there is a greater variety of Characters in the *Iliad*
 “ than in any other Poem, so there is of Speeches.
 “ Every thing in it has manners, as *Aristotle* expresses
 “ it; That is, every thing is acted or spoken: very
 “ little passes in narration.” She justly says that “ E-
 “ very

“very thing which is acted or spoken, has not necessarily manners merely because it is acted or spoken.” Agreed: But I would ask the question, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor spoken? if not, then the whole *Iliad* being almost spent in speech and action, almost every thing in it has Manners: since *Homer* has been prov’d before in a long paragraph of the Preface, to have excell’d in drawing Characters and painting Manners, and indeed his whole Poem is one continued occasion of shewing this bright part of his talent.

To speak fairly, it is impossible she could read even the translation, and take my sense so wrong as she represents it; but I was first translated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expression indeed was not quite exact; it should have been, “Every thing has manners as *Aristotle* calls them.” But such a fault methinks might have been spared, since if one was to look with that disposition she discovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find some mistakes which no context can redress; as where she makes *Eustathius* call *Cratisthenes* the *Phliasian*, *Callisthenes* the *Physician* *. What a triumph might some slips of this sort have afforded, to *Homer*’s, hers and my enemies, from which she was only screen’d by their happy ignorance? How unlucky had it been, when she insulted Mr. *de la Motte* for omitting a material passage in the † speech of *Helen* to *Hector*,
Il.

* *Dacier Remarques sur le 4^{me} livre de l’Odyss.* pag. 467.

† *De la Corruption du Gout.*

Il. 6. if some champion for the moderns had by chance understood so much *Greek*, as to whisper him, that there was no such passage in *Homer*?

Our concern, zeal, and even jealousy, for our great Author's honour were mutual, our endeavours to advance it were equal, and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as she could in mine. It was one of the many reasons I had to wish the longer life of this Lady, that I must certainly have regain'd her good opinion, in spite of all mis-representing Translators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as passionate, an admirer of *Homer* as her self. For that was the first condition of her favour and friendship; otherwise not one's Taste alone, but one's Morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's Religion have been unsuspected, who did not implicitly believe in an Author whose doctrine is so conformable to holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expressing their Belief, some purely by public and general acts of worship, others by a reverend sort of reasoning and enquiry about the grounds of it; 'tis the same in Admiration, some prove it by exclamations, others by respect. I have observed that the loudest huzza's given to a great man in a triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancy'd it the same with the rabble of Criticks, a desire to be distinguish'd from them has turn'd me to the more moderate, and I hope, more rational method. Tho' I am a Poet,

I would not be an Enthusiast; and tho' I am an Englishman, I would not be furiously of a Party. I am far from thinking my self that Genius, upon whom at the end of these remarks Madam *Dacier* congratulates my country: One capable of "correcting *Homer*, and consequently of reforming mankind, and amending this Constitution." It was not to *Great Britain* this ought to have been apply'd, since our nation has one happiness for which she might have preferr'd it to her own, that as much as we abound in other miserable misguided Sects, we have at least none of the blasphemers of *Homer*. We stedfastly and unanimously believe, both his Poem, and our Constitution, to be the best that ever human wit invented: That the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we despise any *French* or *English* man whatever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. Far therefore from the Genius for which Madam *Dacier* mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful Translator, and a quiet Subject.





I N D E X.

The first Number marks the Book, the second the Verse.

A N T I Q U I T Y.

A.

[*Customs and Opinions of Antiquity.*]

TO joyn vocal with instrumental Music, 1. 199. — 4. 23. — 8. 40, 307.
Weaving, the employment of Queens and the greatest Princesses, 1. 455. as also Spinning, 4. 178.
Dogs kept as instances of State by Kings, 2. 14. — 20. 183.
Washing before meat, 1. 183. making libations on all solemn occasions, 2. 470. See Note 39. 3. 57, 506, &c.
Honours paid to Old Age, 3. 66.
Pyracy esteem'd honourable, 3. 88. See the Note.
The art of beating gold into leaves, 3. 555.
Bathing of strangers, 3. 593. Performed by Virgins of the best quality, *ibid.* See the Notes. 4. 58.
Arrows poyson'd, but not used in war, 1. 341. See the Notes.
The art of inlaying with Ivory, &c. 4. 87. — 21. 10.
Sports of the Ancients: Chels, 1. 141. throwing the Javelin, and Quoits, 4. 848. — 17. 193. leaping, racing, wrestling and boxing, 8. 125. shooting thro' the rings, 19. 661.
Ploughing with Mules, 4. 860. with Oxen, 8. 130.
Skill in Navigation, 5. 345.
The belief of the Ancients in Amulets or charms, 5. 440. See Note 29.
Princesses accusom'd to wash their own

robes, 6. 35, 105. by treading them in Cisterns. See Note 11. The sport of the ball, 6. 113. Embroidery, 7. 125. — 19. 265. Women employ'd to turn the Mill, 7. 133. — 20. 133.

They believ'd that the Gods appear'd in the form of men, 6. 175. — 7. 255. in light, 19. 50. They believ'd in Demons, 5. 509. That there were good and bad. See Note 33. That they inflicted diseases, *ibid.* Authors of calamities, 10. 71. — 11. 78. — 12. 352. — 24. 357.

Their opinions of Ghosts, 11. 46, 180, 248, 261. That the Gods had commerce with women, 11. 291. That infernal Furies aveng'd violence offer'd to Parents, 2. 157. — 11. 340.

The Father's patrimony divided by lot amongst all the children, 14. 239.
The mother's dowry refunded by the son, if sent home upon the death of the husband, 2. 153.

Adultery atton'd by a pecuniary Mulct, 8. 358. The daughter's dower in such cases restor'd by the father. Note 31.

Selling of slaves, 14. 327.

Suretyship practis'd in the days of Homer, 8. 386. Banishment, the punishment of murder, 23. 120. See Theoclymenus, 15. 301. That the Gods, visible or invisible at pleasure, appear in the form of strangers, 17. 578. — 16. 175. That the person of Kings was inviolable, 16. 417. Their belief in Prodigies, 20. 415. Their use of Sulphur in purifying polluted places, 22. 527. — 23.

I N D E X.

52. The Nuptial chamber seen only by the nearest relations, 23. 243. Altars erected by public roads for the devotion of travellers, 17. 244. That sneezing was ominous, 17. 625. They believ'd that charms and Music could stanch blood, 19. 526. Children nurst with wine, milk, and honey, 20. 83. Sponges used to cleanse the tables, 20. 189. See the Note. 22. 488. Altars built in groves, 20. 343.

AUGURY and OMENS.

Omen of two Eagles, 2. 171. From a casual voice, 1. 362.—2. 44, 245.—20. 123. See the Notes. From an Eagle trussing a fowl, 15. 180. From an hawk tearing a dove, 20. 302.—15. 366. From an Eagle destroying a flock of Geese, 19. 618. From thunder in a clear sky, 20. 128.—21. 453.

Antinous, 1. 490. His character, Note 43. lib. 1. Replies to *Telemachus*, 2. 95, 341. Lays an ambush to intercept *Telemachus*, 4. 1100. His speech, 16. 378. Slain by *Ulysses*, 22. 20.

Antiphus, Son of *Ægyptius*, slain by *Cyclops*, 2. 25.

Amphialus, victor in the leap, 8. 131.

Antilochus, Son of *Nestor*, slain before *Troy*, 3. 135. By *Memnon*, 4. 256. His bones buried in the urn of *Achilles*, 24. 27. See the Note.

Agamemnon returns from *Troy*, 3. 234. is murder'd, 386.—4. 700. Relates his own story, 11. 491. His conference in Hell with the Ghost of *Amphimedon*, 24. 128.

Asphalion, attendant on *Menelaus*, 4. 297.

Anticlus, 4. 387.

Ajax Oileus slain for his presumption by *Neptune*, 4. 674. *Ajax Telamon*, his story, 11. 665.

Asteris, a small Island, 4. 1104.

Alcinous, King of *Phæacia*, 6. 18. His Palace, 7. 107. Calls a Council, 8. 4. Gives presents to *Ulysses*, 8. 425. Sends him to his country, 13. 80.

Arete, wife of *Alcinous*, 7. 70. Her excellent character, 92.

Arethusa, 13. 470.

Athens describ'd, 7. 103.

Antiphates, King of the *Læstrigons*, 10. 120.

Artacia, a stream, 10. 121.

Acheron, an infernal river, 10. 609.

Anticlea, mother of *Ulysses*, 11. 187.

Dies thro' sorrow for *Ulysses*, 240.

Amithaon, son of *Cretheus*, 11. 315.

Alcmena, mother of *Hercules*, 11. 325.

Amphithea, 19. 478.

Amphion, 11. 342.

Ariadne, her History, 11. 398.

Achilles, his conference in Hell with *Ulysses*, 11. 577. With the Ghost of *Agamemnon*, 24. 35. His funeral describ'd, 24. 60.

Argo, a Ship so nam'd, 12. 83.

Argus, the Dog of *Ulysses*, 17. 345.

Amphiaraus, 15. 269.

Amphinomus, 16. 367. His character, 410. His speech, 416. Slain by *Telemachus*, 22. 110.

Autolycus, Grandfather to *Ulysses*, 19. 457.

Agelaus, a Suitor, 20. 387. threatens *Mentor*, 22. 235, 277. Slain, 24. 364.

Amphimedon slain by *Telemachus*, 22. 313. His shade relates the death of the Suitors to *Agamemnon* in Hell, 24. 145.

Æ.

Ægythus corrupts *Clytemnestra*, wife of *Agamemnon*, 3. 310. Slain by *Orestes*, 242, 386.—1. 40. Reigns seven years in *Mycenæ*, 3. 388.—4. 701.—11. 483.

Ægyptius, faithful to *Ulysses*, his speech at the opening of the assembly of *Ithacans*, 2. 33.

Ægyptus, or the *Nile* so called anciently, 3. 383.—17. 510.

Ægypt, famous for simples, 4. 318. and Pharmacy, 321.

Ægæ, sacred to *Neptune*, 5. 489.

Æolia, the Island of *Æolus*, 10. 1.

Æolus, King of the Winds, 10. 20. Binds them in a bag, and delivers them to *Ulysses*, *ibid*.

Æson, Son of *Cretheus*, 11. 314.

Æthon, 19. 214.

C.

I N D E X.

C.

Calypso out of love detains *Ulysses*, 5.
21. Her speech to *Mercury*, 5. 149.
to *Ulysses*, 257.
Clytonius, victor in the race, 8. 131.
Cyprus, sacred to *Venus*, 8. 395.
Cicons, repulse *Ulysses*, 9. 51.
Cyclops, the fertility of the country,
9. 120. Their manners, 125. *Poly-
pheme* describ'd, 9. 220. His Cave,
252. Destroys the companions of
Ulysses, 9. 342.
Circe, an Enchantress, 10. 160. Her
Palace, 241. Transforms the com-
panions of *Ulysses* into beasts, 277.
Takes *Ulysses* to her bed, 412. She
sends him to the shades below, 10.
576. Instructs him in his future
voyages, 12. 51.
Cocytus, a river in Hell, 10. 610.
Cimmerians, a land of darkness, 11. 16.
Cretheus, Husband of *Tyro*, 11. 314.
Chloris, 11. 341.
Chromius, Son of *Neleus*, 11. 349.
Castor, 11. 369. His story, 370.
Clymene, 11. 405.
Clytemnestra, Wife of *Agamemnon*, mur-
ders her Husband, 11. 506.
Cassandra murder'd, 11. 527.
Cetæans, a people of *Myfia*, 11. 636.
Charybdis, 12. 125.
Crete, 13. 307. — 14. 271.
— contains ninety Cities, 19. 196.
Cretans, remarkable lyars, 14. 411. See
the Note.
Cydonians, fam'd for Archery, 19. 200.
Cnossus, capital of *Crete*, 19. 204.
Ctesippus, a *Samian*, 20. 353. Slain by
Philetus, 22. 317.

D.

DESCRIPTIONS.

Of *Minerva* descending to *Ithaca*, 1.
125. Of Sailing, 2. 460. Of a Sacrifice,
3. 535. Of the Palace of *Menelaus*,
4. 82. Of *Nepenthe*, 4. 30. Of the
various shapes of *Proteus*, 4. 563,
615. Of *Elysium*, 4. 764. Of the
descent of *Mercury*, 5. 56. Of the
Isle and bower of *Calypso*, 5. 75. Of
a storm, 5. 375. Of *Ulysses* fainting,
5. 580. Of Heaven, 6. 53. The
grove of *Pallas*, 6. 349. Of the Pa-

lace of *Alcinous*, 7. 107. Of his gar-
dens, 141. Of the land of *Lotos*, 9.
100. Of a man in a fright, 10. 290,
303. Of an infernal Sacrifice, 10.
625. — 11. 45. Of a stone heav'd
against a mountain, 11. 736. Of its
rushing down, 738. Of the *Sirens*,
12. 51. Of the erratic rocks, 12.
70. Of *Scylla*, 12. 90. Of *Charyb-
dis*, 12. 125. Of a storm, 12. 370,
476. Of old Age, 13. 455, 497.
Of the landscape about *Ithaca*, 17.
230. Of a beggar, 17. 410. Of a
charitable man, 17. 500. — 19. 93.
Of a strong person, 18. 75, 85. Of
a single combat, 18. 102. Of insol-
ent men in power, 18. 156. Of a
drunken person, 18. 281. Of the e-
vening Star, 18. 153. Of hunting
the Boar, 19. 493. Of tuning a lyre,
446. Of the twanging of the string,
21. 440. Of bending a bow, 21.
ibid. Of the flight of an arrow, 21.
461. Of *Ulysses* beginning a fight,
22. 1. Of hanging, 22. 503. Of the
nuptial apartment of *Ulysses*, 23. 185.
Of the funeral of *Achilles*, 24. 60.
Of the victory of *Ulysses*, 24. 620.

Diocleus, Prince of *Pheræ*, 3. 619. —
15. 210.
Deiphobus, 4. 375. — 8. 565.
Dolius, master of the fruit-groves to
Ulysses, 4. 973.
Demodocus, a Poet, 8. 40. is blind,
56. His song to the *Pheacians*, 64.
His song of *Mars* and *Venus*, 307.
Dancing describ'd, 8. 303.
Dance with the ball, 6. 410.
Dodona, famous for the Oracles of *Ju-
piter*, 14. 369. — 19. 340.
Dmetor, King of *Cyprus*, 17. 525.
Dolius assists *Ulysses*, 24. 566.
Dorians settled in *Crete*, 19. 203.
Deucalion, 19. 208.
Demoptolemus heads the Suitors, 22.
268. Slain, 293.
Demastorides slain, 22. 325.

E.

Ephyre, 1. 337. — 2. — noted for
poisons, 371.
Elis, fam'd for a breed of horses, 4.
858. — 21. 374.
Eurymachus, his speech, 1. 508. His
character, Note, lib. 1. 43. His speech,
2.

I N D E X.

2. 207. — 16. 452. Slain by *Ulysses*, 22. 96.
Euryclea, a sage matron, nurse to *Ulysses*, and attendant on *Telemachus*, 1. 540. Her fondness to *Telemachus*, 2. 406. Her speech to *Penelope*, 4. 980. Knows *Ulysses*, 19. 537. Tells *Penelope* of *Ulysses*'s return, 23. 5.
Eidothea, a Sea Nymph, daughter of *Proteus*, 4. 494. — She instructs *Menelaus* to surprize *Proteus*, 4. 550.
Elysium, 4. 764.
Eumelus, King of *Theffaly*, 4. 1050.
Eurymedusa, nurse to *Nausicaa*, 7. 15.
Echeneus, an aged Counsellor to *Alcinous*, 7. 209. — 11. 428.
Elatreus, victor in the game of the Quoit, 8. 138.
Euryalus, victor in wrestling, 8. 134. affronts *Ulysses*, 8. 175. repairs the wrong, 441.
Eurytus, his skill in archery, 8. 256. Slain by *Apollo*, *ibid.*
Eurylochus, 10. 235. His terror described, 290, 303. His speech, 507. — 12. 330, 403.
Elpenor, 10. 659. Breaks his neck thro' drunkenness, 666. meets *Ulysses* at the entrance of Hell, 11. 65. His obsequies, 12. 11.
Enipeus, a river, 11. 283.
Ephialtes, a Giant, his story, 11. 376.
Eryphyle betrays her husband for gold, 11. 406.
Eurypylus slain by the son of *Achilles*, 11. 636.
Erratic rocks, 12. 70.
Eumæus, master of the Swine to *Ulysses*, 14. 5. His lodge, 10. His piety and hospitality, 65. Informs *Ulysses* of the riots of the Suitors, 14. 115. of the affairs of his family, 15. 375. of his own history, 15. 440. the Son of a King, 15. 445. Assists *Ulysses* in fight, 22. 215, 296.
Etroneus, 15. 156.
Echetus, a savage tyrant, 18. 96, 143. — 21. 329.
Eurytion, the Centaur, 21. 317.
Euryades slain by *Telemachus*, 22. 294.
Elatus slain by *Eumæus*, 22. 296.
Eurydamas slain by *Ulysses*, 22. 312.
Eupithes raises the *Ithacans* against *Ulysses*, 24. 490.

G.

Greeks sail from *Troy* to *Tenedos*, 3. 191. To *Lesbus*, 205. To *Eubæa*, 211. To *Gereftus*, 216. To *Sanium*, by *Athens*, 352. To the *Malæan Cape*, 361. To *Crete*, 371. To *Cydon*, and *Gortyna*, *ibid.* To the *Phæstian coast*, 380. To the *Nile*, 383. See *Note 35.*
 Gods subordinate, 5. 130. — 6. 391. — know one another, 5. 100. appear in the form of strangers, 17. 578. in light, 19. 50.
 Ghosts, their appearance, 11. 46. Ignorant of what passes in the world, 11. 565.
Gorgon, 11. 785.
 Grotto of the *Nereids*, 13. 125.

H.

Hælitheses, an Augur, his speech, 2. 189.
Hercules, his shade in Hell, 11. 741. Slays *Iphitus*, 21. 30.
Hermione, daughter of *Helen*, married to *Neoptolemus* son of *Achilles*, 4. 74.
Helen, her majestic air, 4. 156. Her speech, 185. Her skill in drugs, 315. She relates an adventure of *Ulysses*, 335. Her skill in embroidery, 15. 139. Interprets an omen, 15. 195.
 Happiness of a private life, 1. 279. — of kingly power, 1. 495. — of a married life, 6. 223.
 Herds of *Apollo*, 12. 160, 315.

I.

Jupiter, 1. 41. Convenes the Gods. His speech, *ibid.* The conference between him and *Neptune*, 13. 145. Commands the re-establishment of *Ulysses*, 24. 548.
Ithaca, the description of it, rough and mountainous, 4. 821. — 9. 25. — 13. 285. — 14. 3. — 19. 127.
Idomeneus, 13. 310. — 14. 279.
Iphima, sister to *Penelope*, 4. 1049.
Iasion lov'd by *Ceres*, 5. 161.
Ismarus, 9. 41.
Jocasta, Queen of *Thebes*, 11. 330. Hangs herself, *ibid.*
Iphiclus, a *Phylacian*, 11. 354.

I N D E X.

Iphimedia, mother of two Giants, 11. 375.
Irus, a beggar, 18. 10. Insults *Ulysses*, 18. 15. Chastis'd by *Ulysses*, 18. 115.
Icmalius, excellent in Mechanics, 19. 69.
Iphitus, 21. 18, 25. Slain by *Hercules*, 21. 30.

L.

Leocritus, one of the Suitors, his speech, 2. 275. Slain by *Ulysses*, 22. 327.
Laerces, 3. 540. Gilds the horns of the bullock before the sacrifice, 3. 555.
Libya, the description of it, 4. 105. Ewes bear three lambs each year, *ibid.* See the Notes.
Leucothea, a Sea Nymph, preserves *Ulysses*, 5. 425.
Laodamus, son of *Alcinous*, 8. 121. Victor at the Gauntlet, 141.
Lotophagi, 9. 107.
Lachæa, an Island, the description of it, 9. 135.
Lamos, seat of the *Læstrigons*, 10. 93.
Læstrigons, a race of Giants, slay the friends of *Ulysses*, 10. 130.
Laertes, his solitary life, 11. 226. — 15. 375. — 16. 148. The interview between him and *Ulysses*, 24. 261. Arms, and kills *Eupithes*, 24. 576, 608.
Leda, 11. 365.
Leiodes, his tryal of the bow, 21. 152. Slain, 22. 347.
Leucadian rock, 24. 17.

M.

M O R A L I T Y.

God not the author of man's sin, 1. 40. Free-will asserted, *ibid.* God favours the just, 1. 85. is omnipotent, 3. 286. Duty to Parents recommended, 1. 387. — 2. 148.
 Folly and vice inseparable, 2. 320.
 Piety to strangers, 4. 37.
 The anger of Heaven not easily appeas'd, 3. 178.
 Man dependent upon God, 3. 63. Angry when man offends, 4. 477.
 We ought to rely on Heaven, 4. 1079.
 Piety to persons in distress, 6. 235, 245. — 14. 66.
 Virgin modesty commended, 6. 347.

Friendship held sacred, 8. 240. Friend equal to a brother, 635. Friendship continues after death, 11. 575.
 The Gods appeas'd by prayer, 8. 623.
 Lying detestable, 3. 26. — 11. 450. — 14. 427.
 Sacrilege punish'd with death, 12. 495.
 The power of the Gods irresistible, 16. 280.

Minerva, 1. 55. Pleads with *Jupiter* for the return of *Ulysses*. Her speech to *Telemachus*, 2. 305. To *Jupiter*, 5. 12. Restrains a storm, 5. 490. Appears to *Ulysses*, 13. To *Telemachus*, 15. 1. Warns *Telemachus* of the Suitors ambush, 34. Appears to *Ulysses*, 16. 168. — 20. 40. Assists *Ulysses*, 22. 226, 330. Intercedes with *Jupiter* for the re-establishment of *Ulysses*, 24. 541.
Mentes, King of *Taphos*, 1. 136. His speech to *Telemachus*, 1. 227.
Mentor, friend of *Ulysses* and *Telemachus*, 2. 253. Attends him to *Pyle*, 3. 27. His prayer, 3. 69. Assists in the destruction of the Suitors, 22. 228.
Mercury sent to *Calypso*, 5. 38. His pleasantries, 8. 377. Appears to *Ulysses*, 10. 330. Patron of industry and arts, 15. 336. Of faith and stratagem, 19. 458. Conducts the souls of the Suitors to Hell, 24. 1.
Maron, Priest of *Apollo*, 9. 230.
Moly, powerful against enchantment, 10. 365.
Megara, wife of *Hercules*, 11. 327.
Mæra, 11. 305.
Minos, 19. 205. An infernal Judge, 11. 698.
Melampus, a Prophet, 11. 357. — 15. 253.
Melanthius outrages *Ulysses*, 17. 260. — 20. 225. Assists the Suitors, 22. 153. His death, 22. 510.
Melantho, maid to *Penelope*, 18. 367. — 19. 77.
Mulius, 18. 468.
Malea, 3. 366. — 19. 217.
Mars surpriz'd by *Vulcan*, 8. 345.
Medon, Herald to the Suitors, 4. 903. Informs *Penelope* of the Suitors designs, 16. 426. His character, 17. 195. See the Note. Spar'd by *Ulysses*, 22. 415. Persuades the *Ithacans* to

I N D E X.

to peace, 24. 508.
Menelaus, his voyages, 3. 351, 386.
 receives *Telemachus* hospitably, 4. 36.
 His further voyages, 98. Continues
 his speech, 119. 225. He relates his
 own adventures, 4. 473. Promis'd
Elysium without dying, 775. dis-
 misses *Telemachus*, 15. 168.

N.

Neptune, why incens'd against *Ulysses*,
 1. 89. Raises a storm, 5. 375. Ship-
 wrecks *Ulysses*, 5. 403.
Neion, 1. 139.
Nestor, 3. 50. His speech, 81, 125.
 His hospitality, 448.
Nepenthe, 4. 302. Its qualities, 305.
Noemon lends *Telemachus* a bark, 2. 434.
 Discovers it to the Suitors, 9. 853.
Nauficaa, daughter of *Alcinous*, 6. 23.
 Relieves *Ulysses*, 6. 257.
Neleus, Father of *Nestor*, 11. 343.
Neritus, a mountain of *Ithaca*, 13. 399.

O.

Orestes, Son of *Agamemnon*, 3. 245. —
 11. 559.
Orion, belov'd by *Aurora*, 5. 155.
Orion, a Giant, 11. 380, 703.
Ogygia, 7. 337.
 Orator describ'd, 8. 190.
Otus, a Giant, his story, 11. 377.
Orsilochus, 13. 312. — 21. 19.
Ortygia, 15. 438.
 Omens. See *A. Customs of Antiquity*.

P.

Phemius, a Poet, 1. 197. His song to
 the Suitors, 1. 421. Spared by *U-*
lysses, 22. 415. Persuades the *Itha-*
cans to peace, 24. 506.
Penelope, her character, 1. 321. —
 2. 106. Her warm speech to *Me-*
don, 4. 906. to the Suitors, 16. 434.
 Her transport at the return of *Tele-*
machus, 17. 52. Her wise conduct,
 18. 195. Her speech, 18. 210, &c.
 255, 293. The interview between
 her and *Ulysses*, 23. 93, 165. She owns
 him, 23, 211.
Pisistratus, son of *Nestor*, 3. 47. At-
 tends *Telemachus* to *Sparta*, 611. His
 speech to *Menelaus*, 4. 208, 255.
 Returns from *Sparta*, 15. 160.

Philoctetes's skill in Archery, 3. 231.
 — 8. 251.

Phrontes, Pilot to *Menelaus*, dies sud-
 denly, 3. 355.

Polycaste, daughter of *Nestor*, bathes
Telemachus, 3. 593.

Peon, God of Pharmacy, 4. 321.

Philomelides conquer'd by *Ulysses*, 4.
 463.

Pharos, an Island in the mouth of *Nile*,
 4. 479.

Proteus, 4. 563.

Phocæ, the flocks of *Proteus*, 4. 543.

Phantom appears to *Penelope*, 4. 1047.

Polypus, a fish, 5. 550.

Pheacia, (now *Corfu*) 6. 6. The peo-
 ple ignorant and effeminate, 6. 11.
 Their Manners, 320. — 8. 289.
 Their chief City describ'd, 311.
 The common Islanders rude, 327.
 — 7. 21, 41. The better people
 given to hospitality. See *Note* 30.
lib. 6.

Pâphos, sacred to *Venus*, 8. 396.

Poetry, the honours due to it, 8. 521.

— 17. 466. The gift of Heaven,
ibid. Ascrib'd to Inspiration, 531.

See *Note*. 42. — 22. 383.

Phedon, King of *Thesprotia*, 19. 329.

Polites, Companion of *Ulysses*, 10. 258.

Phlegethon, a burning river in Hell, 10.
 608.

Pelias, King of *Iolcos*, 11. 311.

Pheres, son of *Cretheus*, 11. 314.

Periclimenus, 11. 348. His wonderful
 qualities. *Note* 24.

Pollux, his story, 11. 368.

Phædra, 11. 395.

Procris, 11. 395.

Peleus, father of *Achilles*, 11. 605.

Pero, a great beauty, 11. 350. — 15. 259.

Phorcys, the bay of it describ'd, 13.
 117, 393.

Phœnicians, great Sailors, 13. 316. No-
 ted for falsehood, 14. 319. Skill in
 Astronomy, 15. 440. See the *Note*.

Polyphides, a Prophet, 15. 273.

Peiræus, 15. 581.

Parnassus, 19. 468, 494.

Pandarus, 20. 78.

Philetius, a faithful servant to *Ulysses*,
 20. 134. His speech to *Ulysses*, 20.
 249. — 21. 205. Assists him in the
 fight, and kills *Ctesippus*, 22. 316.

R.

I N D E X.

R.

Reithrus, 1. 138.
Rhadamanthus, 4. 766.
Rhexenor dies suddenly, 7. 81.

S.

SIMILITUDES.

From things animate.

From a Lion's tearing young Fawns, 4. 450. — 17. 140. From a Shepherd tending his flocks, 4. 558. From a fatted Ox killed in the stall, 4. 719. From a Lioness defending her whelps, 1041. From water-fowl, 5. 64. From a Sea-mew, 5. 428. From children rejoicing for the recovery of a father, 5. 506. From a fish call'd a *Polypus*, 5. 550. From *Diana* dancing with her Nymphs, 6. 116. From a Lion rushing from a wood to seize his prey, 6. 152. From a matron seeing an Husband dying, 8. 571. From a Shipwright boring with a wimble, 9. 457. From an Armourer tempering iron in water, 465. From Calves frisking round their dams, 10. 485. From a fisher, 12. 300. From a bat clinging to a beam, 12. 514. From a ploughman wearied with labour, 13. 39. From the motion of horses in a race, 13. 98. From the dropping down of a crow, 14. 341. From a father receiving an only son after long absence, 16. 17. From an Eagle or Vultur lamenting for her young, 16. 238. From the music of Poetry, 17. 609. From the Nightingale, 19. 595. From a mastiff, 20. 20. From a man in hunger, 20. 32. From the roaring of a bull, 21. 52. From a Lyrist tuning his harp, 21. 440. From the voice of a Swallow, 21. 449. From the Breeze-fly, 22. 335. From Vulturs seizing their prey, 22. 337. From fishing, 22. 425. From a Lion standing over his prey, 22. 441. From birds caught in a snare, 22. 505. From a sailor escaping from a wreck, 23. 248. From the screaming of Bats, 24. 10.

Similitudes from things inanimate.

From an heap of thorns driven by the wind, 5. 417. From sheaves of corn tost by a whirlwind, 470. From a Peasant preserving fire in embers, 5. 630. From pouring silver over gold, 6. 275. From the motion of the leaves of a poplar, 7. 135. From snows dissolving, 19. 238.

Suitors, their luxury and riot, 1. 137, 189, 290. — 4. 430. Throughout the whole *Odyssey*.
Sparta seated in a vale, 4. 2. Fam'd for dancing, 15. 2.
Syria, an Island, 15. 437. Fruitful and healthful, *ibid*.
Sidon, famous for works in metals, 4. 835. — 15. 130.
Styx, an infernal river, by which the Gods swear, 5. 237.
Sentences, their use in Poetry, 7. *Note* 33.
Ships of *Alcinous* instinct with thought, 8. 605. Transform'd into a rock, 13. 190.
Salmonesus, 11. 281.
Sisyphus, his punishment in Hell, 11. 735.
Sirens describ'd, 12. 51, 221.
Scylla, a dreadful rock, 12. 90, 240.
Sicily, why so call'd, 20. 456. See the *Note*.

T.

Telemachus, 1. 148. His hospitality, his speech to *Mentes*, 1. 203. convenes a council, 2. 10. His speech, 2. 47, 147, 2. 236. His prayer to *Minerva*, 296. Lands in *Pyle*, 3. 6. His speech to *Nestor*, 90. To *Mene-laüs*, 4. 425. Sets sail for *Ithaca*, 15. 310. Lands, 15. 359. Confers with *Eumæus*, 16. 57. With *Penelope*, 17. 52. With *Ulysses*, 16. 91. Knows him, 206. His tryal of the bow, 21. 130. Kills *Amphinomus*, 22. 105.
Temese, 1. 410. Famous for metals. See the *Note*.
Thone, King of *Ægypt*, 4. 316.
Thyestes, 4. 690.
Thrace, sacred to *Mars*, 8. 394.
Troy, the taking of it, 8. 550.
Telemus, a Prophet, 9. 595.

Tiresias,

I N D E X.

Tiresias, 10. 583. — 11. 112. — Tells *Ulysses* his fate, 126.
Tyro, her History, 11. 281.
Tityus, his punishment in hell, 11. 709.
Tantalus, his punishment, 11. 720.
Taphians practise piracy, 15. 469.
Theoclymenus, an Augur, 15. 310. explains an omen to *Telemachus*, 15. 371. To *Penelope*, 17. 170. Interprets a prodigy, 20. 421.
Thesprotians, 16. 19, 309, 330.

U.

Ulysses, his character, 2. 79. Detain'd by *Calypso*, 4. 753. His adventure in *Troy*, 335. Mourns for his country, 5. 105, 193. His speech to *Calypso*, 5. 273. He builds a raft, 5. 300. Sets sail, 5. 345. Is shipwreck'd, 403. Thrown upon an unknown shore, 580. Passes the night in a wood, 615. His address to *Nausicaa*, 6. 175. He is reliev'd by her, 227. Entertain'd by *Alcinous*, 7. 250. His speech before the *Phæacians*, 8. 183. Out-throws all the *Phæacians*, 210. His challenge to the *Phæacians*, 230. Relates his adventures to the *Phæacians*, 9. 21. The story of the *Cicones*, 9. 50. Of the *Lotophagi*, 95. Of *Cyclops*, 217. *Ulysses* escapes, 549. Receiv'd by *Æolus*, 10. 1. Sails to the *Læstrigons*, 10. 91. To *Circe*, 157. Descends to Hell, 11. 27. Confers with his mother *Anticlea*, 186. With *Agamemnon*, &c. 485. Sets sail toward his country, 13. 90. Lands, 13. 138. Goes to *Eumæus* in disguise

of a beggar, 14. 40. Amuses him with invented stories, 14. 220. Continues the conference, 15. 326. Discovers himself to *Telemachus*, 16. 206. Goes to his Palace, 17. 410. Begs of the Suitors, 17. 438, &c. Beats *Irus*, 18. 115. His moral discourse to *Amphinomus*, 18. 156. His conference with *Penelope*, 19. 128. Is discover'd by *Euryclea*, 19. 544. Makes himself known to *Eumæus* and *Philæti*, 21. 213. Draws the bow, 21. 464. Kills *Antinous*, 22. 20. *Eurymachus*, 22. 96, &c. Hangs the female servants that were false to him, 22. 500. Makes himself known to *Penelope*, 23. 211. To *Laertes*, 24. 250, 375. Engages the *Ithacans*, 24. 620. and regains his kingdom, 632.

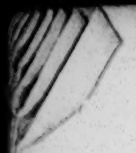
V.

Vision appears to *Nausicaa*, 6. 25. To *Penelope*, 19. 627.
Vulcan surprizes *Mars* and *Venus*, 8. 315.

W.

Women, when young and beautiful, seldom wise, 7. 379. — The evils they occasion, 11. 530. Not to be trusted, 545. Women fond of soldiers, 14. 246. — Fond of the second husband and his children, 15. 25.
 Wooden horse, 8. 555.
 Wines of *Maren*, 9. 240.







H O M E R's
B A T T L E
O F T H E
F R O G S and M I C E.

Corrected by Mr. *P O P E.*





Names of the MICE.

PSYCARPAX, *One who plunders Granaries.*
Troxartas, *A Bread-eater.*
Lychomile, *A Licker of Meal.*
Pternotractas, *A Bacon-eater.*
Lychopinax, *A Licker of Dishes.*
Embafichytros, *A Creeper into Pots.*
Lychenor, *A Name from Licking.*
Troglodytes, *One who runs into Holes.*
Artophagus, *Who feeds on Bread.*
Tyroglyphus, *A Cheese-Scooper.*
Pternoglyphus, *A Bacon-Scooper.*
Pternophogus, *A Beacon-eater.*
Cnissodiocetes, *One who follows the Steam of Kitchens.*
Sitophagus, *An Eater of Wheat.*
Meridarpax, *One who plunders his Share.*

Names of the FROGS.

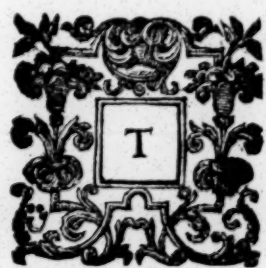
PHYSIGNATHUS, *One who swells his Cheeks.*
Peleus, *A Name from Mud.*
Hydromeduse, *A Ruler in the Waters.*
Hypsiboas, *A loud Bawler.*
Pelion, *From Mud.*
Seutlæus, *Call'd from the Beets.*
Polyphonus, *A great Babbler.*
Lymnocharis, *One who loves the Lake.*
Crambophagus, *Cabbage-eater.*
Lymnifius, *Call'd from the Lake.*
Calaminthius, *From the Herb.*
Hydrocharis, *Who loves the Water.*
Borborocates, *Who lies in the Mud.*
Prassophagus, *An Eater of Garlick.*
Pelusius, *From Mud.*
Pelobates, *Who walks in the Dirt.*
Prassæus, *Call'd from Garlick.*
Craugasides, *From Croaking.*





H O M E R's
BATTLE of the FROGS and MICE.

B O O K I.



O fill my rising Song with sacred Fire,
Ye tuneful *Nine*, ye sweet Celestial Quire!
From *Helicon*'s imbow'ring Height repair,
Attend my Labours, and reward my Pray'r.
The dreadful Toils of raging *Mars* I write,
The Springs of Contest, and the Fields of Fight;
How threatening *Mice* advanc'd with warlike Grace,
And wag'd dire Combats with the *croaking* Race.
Not louder Tumults shook *Olympus*' Tow'rs,
When Earth-born Giants dar'd Immortal Pow'rs.
These equal Acts an equal Glory claim,
And thus the *Muse* records the Tale of Fame.

Once on a time, fatigu'd and out of Breath,
And just escap'd the stretching Claws of Death,
A Gentle *Mouse*, whom Cats pursu'd in vain,
Fled swift-of-foot across the neighb'ring Plain,
Hung o'er a Brink, his eager Thirst to cool,
And dipt his Whiskers in the standing Pool;
When near a courteous *Frog* advanc'd his Head;
And from the Waters, hoarse-resounding said:

VOL. V.

H h h h

What

BATTLE of the FROGS and MICE.

What art thou, Stranger? What the Line you boast?
 What Chance hath cast thee panting on our Coast?
 With strictest Truth let all thy Words agree,
 Nor let me find a faithless Mouse in thee.
 If worthy Friendship, poffer'd Friendship take,
 And ent'ring view the pleasureable Lake:
 Range o'er my Palace, in my Bounty share,
 And glad return from hospitable Fare.
 This silver Realm extends beneath my Sway,
 And me, their Monarch, all its Frogs obey.
 Great *Phygnathus* I, from *Peleus*' Race,
 Begot in fair *Hydromede*'s Embrace,
 Where by the nuptial Bank that paints his Side,
 The swift *Eridanus* delights to glide.
 Thee too, thy Form, thy Strength, and Port proclaim
 A scepter'd King; a Son of Martial Fame;
 Then trace thy Line, and Aid my guessing Eyes.
 Thus ceas'd the *Frog*, and thus the *Mouse* replies.

Known to the Gods, the Men, the Birds that fly
 Thro' wild Expanses of the midway Sky,
 My Name resounds; and if unknown to thee,
 The Soul of Great *Psycarpax* lives in me.
 Of brave *Troxartas*' Line, whose sleeky Down
 In Love compress'd *Lychomilé* the brown.
 My Mother she, and Princess of the Plains
 Where-e'er her Father *Pternotroctas* reigns:
 Born where a Cabin lifts its airy Shed,
 With Figs, with Nuts, with vary'd Dainties fed.
 But since our Natures nought in common know,
 From what Foundation can a Friendship grow?
 These curling Waters o'er thy Palace roll;
 But Man's high Food supports my Princely Soul.
 In vain the circled Loaves attempt to lye
 Conceal'd in Flaskets from my curious Eye,

BATTLE of the FROGS and MICE.

3

In vain the Tripe that boasts the whitest Hue,
 In vain the gilded Bacon shuns my View,
 In vain the Cheeses, Offspring of the Paile,
 Or honey'd Cakes, which Gods themselves regal.
 And as in Arts I shine, in Arms I fight,
 Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to Flight.
 Tho' large to mine the human Form appear,
 Not *Man* himself can smite my Soul with Fear.
 Sly to the Bed with silent Steps I go,
 Attempt his Finger, or attack his Toe,
 And fix indented Wounds with dext'rous Skill;
 Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel.
 Yet have we Foes which direful Dangers cause,
 Grim *Owls* with Talons arm'd, and Cats with Claws,
 And that false *Trap*, the Den of silent Fate,
 Where *Death* his Ambush plants around the Bait:
 All-dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
 The potent Warriors of the tabby Vest;
 If to the dark we fly, the Dark they trace,
 And rend our Heroes of the *nibbling* Race.
 But me, nor Stalks, nor watrish Herbs delight,
 Nor can the crimson Radish charm my Sight,
 The Lake-resounding *Frogs* selected Fare,
 Which not a *Mouse* of any Tastecan bear.

As thus the downy Prince his Mind exprest,
 His Answer thus the croaking King addrest.

Thy Words luxuriant on thy Dainties rove,
 And, Stranger, we can boast of bounteous *Jove*:
 We sport in Water, or we dance on Land,
 And born amphibious, Food from both command.
 But trust thy self where Wonders ask thy View,
 And safely tempt those Seas, I'll bear thee thro':
 Ascend my Shoulders, firmly keep thy Seat,
 And reach my marshy Court, and feast in State.

He

BATTLE of the FROGS and MICE.

He said, and bent his Back ; with nimble Bound
 Leaps the light Mouse, and clasps his Arms around,
 Then wond'ring floats, and fees with glad Survey
 The winding Banks resembling Ports at Sea.
 But when aloft the curling Water rides,
 And wets with azure Wave his downy Sides,
 His Thoughts grow conscious of approaching Woe,
 His idle Tears with vain Repentance flow,
 His Locks he rends, 'his trembling Feet he rears,
 Thick beats his Heart with unaccustom'd Fears ;
 He sighs, and chill'd with Danger, longs for Shore :
 His Tail extended forms a fruitless Oar,
 Half-drench'd in liquid Death his Pray'rs he spake,
 And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful Lake.

So pass'd *Europa* thro' the rapid Sea,
 Trembling and fainting all the ven'rous Way ;
 With oary Feet the Bull triumphant rode,
 And safe in *Crete* depos'd his lovely Load.
 Ah safe at last ! may thus the *Frog* support
 My trembling Limbs to reach his ample Court.

As thus he sorrows, Death ambiguous grows,
 Lo ! from the deep a Water-*Hydra* rose ;
 He rolls his sanguin'd Eyes, his Bosom heaves,
 And darts with active Rage along the Waves.
 Confus'd, the Monarch sees his hissing Foe,
 And dives, to shun the fable Fates, below.
 Forgetful *Frog* ! The Friend thy Shoulders bore,
 Unskill'd in Swimming, floats remote from Shore.
 He grasps with fruitless Hands to find Relief,
 Supinely falls, and grinds his Teeth with Grief,
 Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
 And sinks, and strives, but strives with Fate in vain.
 The weighty Moisture clogs his hairy Vest,
 And thus the *Prince* his dying Rage exprest.

BATTLE of the FROGS and MICE.

5

Nor thou that fling'st me flound'ring from thy Back,
As from hard Rocks rebounds the shatt'ring Wrack,
Nor thou shalt 'scape thy Due, perfidious King!
Pursu'd by Vengeance on the swiftest Wing :
At Land thy Strength could never equal mine,
At Sea to conquer, and by Craft, was thine;
But Heav'n has Gods, and Gods have searching Eyes:
Ye *Mice*, ye *Mice*, my great Avengers rise!

This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping dy'd.
His Death the young *Lychopinax* espy'd,
As on the flow'ry Brink he pass'd the Day,
Bask'd in the Beams, and loyter'd Life away:
Loud shrieks the *Mouse*, his Shrieks the Shores repeat;
The nibbling Nation learn their Heroe's Fate:
Grief, dismal Grief ensues; deep Murmurs sound,
And shriller Fury fills the deafen'd Ground.
From Lodge to Lodge the *sacred Herald*s run,
To fix their Council with the rising Sun;
Where great *Troxartas* crown'd in Glory reigns,
And winds his length'ning Court beneath the Plains;
Pfycarpax' Father, Father now no more!
For poor *Pfycarpax* lies remote from Shore;
Supine he lies! the silent Waters stand,
And no kind Billow wafts the *Dead* to Land!



B O O K II.

WHEN rosy-finger'd Morn had ting'd the Clouds,
 Around their *Monarch-Mouse* the Nation crouds;
 Slow rose the Sov'reign, heav'd his anxious Breast,
 And thus, the Council fill'd with Rage, addrest.

For lost *Pfycarpax* much my Soul endures,
 'Tis mine the private Grief, the publick, yours.
 Three warlike Sons adorn'd my nuptial Bed,
 Three Sons, alas! before their Father dead!
 Our eldest perish'd by the rav'ning *Cat*,
 As near my Court the *Prince* unheedful fate.
 Our next, an Engine fraught with Danger drew,
 The Portal gap'd, the Bait was hung in View,
 Dire *Arts* assist the *Trap*, the *Fates* decoy,
 And Men unpitying kill'd my gallant *Boy*!
 The last, his *Country's* Hope, his *Parent's* Pride,
 Plung'd in the Lake by *Phygnathus*, dy'd.
 Rouse all the War, my Friends! avenge the Deed,
 And bleed that *Monarch*, and his *Nation* bleed.

His Words in ev'ry Breast inspir'd Alarms,
 And careful *Mars* supply'd their Host with Arms.
 In verdant Hulls despoil'd of all their Beans,
 The buskin'd Warriors stalk'd along the Plains:
 Quills aptly bound, their bracing Corselet made,
 Fac'd with the Plunder of a *Cat* they flay'd:
 The Lamp's round Bos affords their ample Shield;
 Large Shells of Nuts their cov'ring Helmet yield;
 And o'er the Region, with reflected Rays,
 Tall Groves of Needles for their Lances blaze.
 Dreadful in Arms the marching *Mice* appear;
 The wond'ring *Frogs* perceive the Tumult near,
 Forsake the Waters, thick'ning form a Ring,
 And ask and hearken, whence the Noises spring.

When

BATTLE of the FROGS and MICE.

7

When near the Croud, disclos'd to publick View,
The valiant Chief *Embafichytros* drew:
The sacred Herald's Scepter grac'd his Hand,
And thus his Words exprest his King's Command.

Ye *Frogs!* the *Mice*, with Vengeance fir'd, advance,
And deckt in Armour shake the shining Lance:
Their hapless Prince by *Phygnathus* slain,
Extends incumbent on the watry Plain.

Then arm your Host, the doubtful Battel try;
Lead forth those *Frogs* that have the Soul to die.

The Chief retires, the Crowd the Challenge hear,
And proudly-swelling yet perplex'd appear.
Much they resent, yet much their *Monarch* blame,
Who rising, spoke to clear his tainted Fame.

O Friends, I never forc'd the *Mouse* to Death,
Nor saw the Gasps of his latest Breath.
He, vain of Youth, our Art of Swimming try'd,
And vent'rous, in the Lake the Wanton dy'd.
To Vengeance now by false Appearance led,
They point their Anger at my guiltless Head.
But wage the rising War by deep Device,
And turn its Fury on the crafty *Mice*.
Your *King* directs the Way; my Thoughts elate
With Hopes of Conquest, form Designs of Fate.
Where high the Banks their verdant Surface heave,
And the steep Sides confine the sleeping Wave,
There, near the Margin, clad in Armour bright,
Sustain the first impetuous Shocks of Fight:
Then, where the dancing Feather joins the Crest,
Let each brave *Frog* his obvious *Mouse* arrest;
Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a Foe,
'Till countless Circles whirl the Lake below;
Down sink the *Mice* in yielding Waters drown'd;
Loud flash the Waters; and the Shores resound:

The

BATTLE of the FROGS and MICE.

The *Frogs* triumphant tread the conquer'd Plain,
And raise their glorious Trophies of the slain.

He spake no more: his prudent Scheme imparts
Redoubling Ardour to the boldest Hearts.
Green was the Suit his arming Heroes chose,
Around their Legs the Greaves of Mallows close,
Green were the Beets about their Shoulders laid,
And green the Colewort, which the Target made.
Form'd of the vary'd Shells the Waters yield,
Their glossy Helmets glist'ned o'er the Field:
And tap'ring Sea-reeds for the polish'd Spear,
With upright Order pierc'd the ambient Air.
Thus dress'd for War, they take th' appointed Height,
Poize the long Arms, and urge the promis'd Fight.

But now, where *Jove's* irradiate Spires arise,
With Stars surrounded in Æthereal Skies,
(A solemn Council call'd) the brazen Gates
Unbar; the Gods assume their golden Seats:
The Sire superior leans, and points to show
What wond'rous Combats Mortals wage below:
How strong, how large, the num'rous Heroes stride!
What Length of Lance they shake with warlike Pride!
What eager Fire, their rapid March reveals!
So the fierce *Centaur*s ravag'd o'er the Dales;
And so confirm'd, the daring *Titans* rose,
Heap'd Hills on Hills, and bid the Gods be Foes.

This seen, the Pow'r his sacred Visage rears,
He casts a pitying Smile on worldly Cares,
And asks what heav'nly Guardians take the List,
Or who the *Mice*, or who the *Frogs* assist?

Then thus to *Pallas*. If my Daughter's Mind
Have join'd the *Mice*, why stays she still behind?
Drawn forth by sav'ry Steams they wind their Way,
And sure Attendance round thine Altar pay,

Where

Where while the Victims gratify their Taste,
They sport to please the Goddess of the Feast.

Thus spake the Ruler of the spacious Skies;
But thus, resolv'd, the blue-ey'd Maid replies.
In vain, my Father! all their Dangers plead,
To such, thy *Pallas* never grants her Aid.
My flow'ry Wreaths they perulantly spoil,
And rob my chrystal Lamps of feeding Oil.
(Ills following Ills!) but what afflicts me more,
My Veil, that idle Race profanely tore.
The Web was curious, wrought with Art divine;
Relentless Wretches! all the Work was mine!
Along the Loom the purple Warp I spread,
Cast the light Shoot, and crost the silver Thread;
In this their Teeth a thousand Breaches tear,
The thousand Breaches skilful Hands repair,
For which vile earthly Dunns thy Daughter grieve,
(The Gods, that use no Coin, have none to give.
And Learning's Goddesses never less can owe,
Neglected Learning gains no Wealth below.)
Nor let the *Frogs* to win my Succour sue.
Those clam'rous Fools have lost my Favour too.
For late, when all the Conflict ceast at Night,
When my stretch'd Sinews work'd with eager Fight;
When spent with glorious Toil, I left the Field,
And sunk for Slumber on my swelling Shield;
Lo from the Deep, repelling sweet Repose,
With noisy Croakings half the Nation rose:
Devoid of Rest, with aking Brows I lay,
'Till Cocks proclaim'd the crimson Dawn of Day.
Let all, like me, from either Host forbear,
Nor tempt the flying Furies of the Spear;
Lest heav'nly Blood (or what for Blood may flow)
Adorn the Conquest of a meaner Foe.

Some daring Mouse may meet the wond'rous Odds,
 Tho' Gods oppose, and brave the wounded Gods.
 O'er gilded Clouds reclin'd, the Danger view,
 And be the Wars of Mortals Scenes for you.

So mov'd the *blue-ey'd Queen*; her Words persuade,
 Great *Jove* assented, and the rest obey'd.

BOOK III.

NOW Front to Front the marching Armies shine,
 Halt ere they meet, and form the length'ning Line:
 The Chiefs conspicuous seen and heard afar,
 Give the loud Signal to the rushing War;
 Their dreadful Trumpets deep-mouth'd Hornets sound,
 The sounded Charge remurmurs o'er the Ground,
 Ev'n *Jove* proclaims a Field of Horror nigh,
 And rolls low Thunder thro' the troubled Sky.

First to the Fight the large *Hypsiboas* flew,
 And brave *Lychenor* with a Javelin flew.
 The luckless Warrior, fill'd with gen'rous Flame,
 Stood foremost glitt'ring in the Post of Fame;
 When in his Liver struck, the Jav'ling hung;
 The *Mouse* fell thund'ring, and the Target rung;
 Prone to the Ground he sinks his closing Eye,
 And soil'd in Dust his lovely Tresses lie.

A Spear at *Pelion Troglodytes* cast,
 The missive Spear within the Bosom past;
 Death's sable Shades the fainting *Frog* surround,
 And Life's red Tide runs ebbing from the Wound.
Embafichytros felt *Seutlaus'* Dart
 Transfix, and quiver in his panting Heart;
 But great *Artophagus* aveng'd the slain,
 And big *Seutlaus* tumbling loads the Plain,

And

BATTLE of the FROGS and MICE.

II

And *Polyphonus* dies, a *Frog* renown'd,
For boastful Speech and Turbulence of Sound;
Deep thro' the Belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
And breath'd his Soul against the Face of Day.

The strong *Lymnocharis*, who view'd with Ire,
A Victor triumph, and a Friend expire;
And fiercely flung where *Troglodytes* fought;
With heaving Arms a rocky Fragment caught,
(A Warrior vers'd in Arts, of sure Retreat,
But Arts in vain elude impending Fate ;)
Full on his sinewy Neck the Fragment fell,
And o'er his Eye-lids Clouds eternal dwell.

Lychenor (second of the glorious Name)
Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring Aim;
Thro' all the *Frog* the shining Jav'lin flies,
And near the vanquish'd *Mouse* the Victor dies.

The dreadful Stroke *Crambophagus* affrights,
Long bred to Banquets, less inur'd to Fights,
Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the Steep,
And wildly flound'ring flashes up the Deep;
Lychenor following with a downward Blow,
Reach'd in the Lake his unrecover'd Foe;
Gasping he rolls : a purple Stream of Blood
Distains the Surface of the silver Flood;
Thro' the wide Wound the rushing Entrails throng,
And slow the breathless Carcass floats along.

Lymnifus good *Tyroglyphus* assails,
Prince of the *Mice* that haunt the flow'ry Vales,
Lost to the milky Fares and rural Seat,
He came to perish on the Bank of Fate.

The dread *Pternoglyphus* demands the Fight,
Which tender *Calaminthus* shuns by Flight,
Drops the Green Target, springing quits the Foe,
Glides thro' the Lake, and safely dives below.

But

But dire *Pternophagus* divides his Way
 Thro' breaking Ranks, and leads the dreadful Day.
 No nibbling Prince excell'd in Fierceness more,
 His Parents fed him on the savage Boar;
 But where his Lance the Field with Blood imbru'd,
 Swift as he mov'd, *Hydrocharis* pursu'd,
 'Till fall'n in Death he lies, a shatt'ring Stone
 Sounds on the Neck, and crushes all the Bone,
 His Blood pollutes the Verdure of the Plain,
 And from his Nostrils bursts the gushing Brain.

Lycopinax with *Borbocætes* fights,
 A blameless *Frog*, whom humbler Life delights;
 The fatal Jav'lin unrelenting flies,
 And Darkness seals the gentle Croaker's Eyes.

Incens'd *Prassophagus* with spritely Bound
 Bears *Cnissiodortes* off the rising Ground,
 Then drags him o'er the Lake depriv'd of Breath,
 And downward plunging, sinks his Soul to Death.
 But now the great *Psycarpax* shines afar,
 (Scarce he so great whose Loss provok'd the War)
 Swift to Revenge his fatal Jav'lin fled,
 And thro' the Liver struck *Pelusius* dead;
 His freckled Corps before the Victor fell,
 His Soul indignant sought the Shades of Hell.

This saw *Pelobates*, and from the Flood
 Heav'd with both Hands a monstrous Mass of Mud,
 The Cloud obscene o'er all the Hero flies,
 Dishonours his brown Face, and blots his Eyes.
 Enrag'd, and wildly sputtering, from the Shore
 A Stone immense of Size the Warrior bore,
 A Load for lab'ring Earth, (whose Bulk to raise,
 Asks ten degen'rate *Mice* of modern Days.)
 Full on the Leg arrives the crushing Wound;
 The *Frog* supportless, writhes upon the Ground.

Thus

Thus flush'd, the Victor wars with matchless Force,
 'Till loud *Craugasides* arrests his Course,
 Hoarse-croaking Threats precede! with fatal Speed
 Deep thro' the Belly run the pointed Reed,
 Then strongly tugg'd, return'd imbru'd with Gore,
 And on the Pile his reeking Entrails bore.

The lame *Sitophagus*, oppress'd with Pain,
 Creeps from the desp'rate Dangers of the Plain;
 And where the Ditches rising Weeds supply
 To spread their lowly Shades beneath the Sky,
 There lurks the silent *Mouse* reliev'd from Heat,
 And safe embour'd, avoids the Chance of Fate.

But here *Troxartes*, *Phygnathus* there,
 Whirl the dire Furies of the pointed Spear:
 But where the Foot around its Ankle plies,
Troxartes wounds, and *Phygnathus* flies,
 Halts to the Pool, a safe Retreat to find,
 And trails a dangling Length of Leg behind.
 The *Mouse* still urges, still the *Frog* retires,
 And half in Anguish of the Flight expires:

Then pious Ardor young *Prassæus* brings,
 Betwixt the Fortunes of contending Kings:
 Lank, harmless *Frog*! with Forces hardly grown,
 He darts the Reed in Combats not his own,
 Which faintly tinkling on *Troxartes*' Shield,
 Hangs at the Point, and drops upon the Field.

Now nobly tow'ring o'er the rest appears
 A gallant Prince that far transcends his Years,
 Pride of his Sire, and Glory of his House,
 And more a *Mars* in Combat than a *Mouse*:
 His Action bold, robust his ample Frame,
 And *Meridarpax* his resounding Name.
 The Warrior singled from the fighting Crowd,
 Boasts the dire Honours of his Arms aloud;

Then strutting near the Lake, with Looks elate,
 To all its Nations threats approaching Fate.
 And such his Strength, the silver Lakes around
 Might roll their Waters o'er unpeopled Ground.
 But pow'rful *Jove*, who shews no less his Grace
 To *Frogs* that perish, than to human Race,
 Felt soft Compassion rising in his Soul,
 And shook his sacred Head, that shook the Pole.
 Then thus to all the gazing Pow'rs began
 The Sire of *Gods*, and *Frogs*, and *Mice*, and *Man*.

What Seas of Blood I view! what Worlds of slain!
 An *Iliad* rising from a Day's Campaign!
 How fierce his Jav'lin o'er the trembling Lakes
 The black-furr'd Hero *Meridarpax* shakes!
 Unless some fav'ring Deity descend,
 Soon will the *Frogs'* loquacious Empire end.
 Let dreadful *Pallas* wing'd with Pity fly,
 And make her *Ægis* blaze before his Eye:
 While *Mars* refulgent on his ratling Car,
 Arrests his raging Rival of the War.

He ceas'd, reclining with attentive Head,
 When thus the glorious God of Combats said.
 Nor *Pallas*, *Jove*! tho' *Pallas* take the Field,
 With all the Terrors of her hissing Shield,
 Nor *Mars* himself, tho' *Mars* in Armour bright
 Ascend his Car, and wheel amidst the Fight;
 Not these can drive the desp'rate *Mouſe* afar,
 Or change the Fortunes of the bleeding War.
 Let all go forth, all Heav'n in Arms arise,
 Or launch thy own red Thunder from the Skies.
 Such ardent Bolts as flew that wond'rous Day,
 When Heaps of *Titans* mix'd with Mountains lay,
 When all the Giant-Race enormous fell,
 And huge *Enceladus* was hurl'd to Hell.

'Twas

'Twas thus th' Armipotent advis'd the Gods,
When from his Throne the Cloud-Compeller nods,
Deep lengthning Thunders run from Pole to Pole,
Olympus trembles as the Thunders roll.
Then swift he whirls the brandish'd Bolt around,
And headlong darts it at the distant Ground;
The Bolt discharg'd inwrap'd with Light'ning flies,
And rends its flaming Passage thro' the Skies,
Then *Earth's* Inhabitants, the Nibblers, shake:
And *Frogs*, the Dwellers in the *Waters*, quake.
Yet still the *Mice* advance their dread Design,
And the last Danger threatens the croaking Line,
'Till *Jove*, that inly mourn'd the Loss they bore,
With strange Assistants fill'd the frighted Shore.

Pour'd from the neighb'ring Strand, deform'd to View,
They march, a sudden unexpected Crew!
Strong Sutes of Armor round their Bodies close,
Which, like thick Anvils, blunt the Force of Blows;
In wheeling Marches turn'd oblique they go;
With Harpy Claws their Limbs divide below;
Fell Sheers the Passage to their Mouth command;
From out the Flesh their Bones by Nature stand;
Broad spread their Backs, their shining Shoulders rise;
Unnumber'd Joints distort their lengthen'd Thighs;
With nervous Cords their Hands are firmly brac'd;
Their round black Eye-balls in their Bosom plac'd;
On eight long Feet the wond'rous Warriors tread;
And either End alike supplies a Head.
These, mortal Wits to call the *Crabs* agree;
The Gods have other Names for things than we.
Now where the Jointures from their Loins depend,
The Heroes Tails with sev'ring Grasps they rend.
Here, short of Feet, depriv'd the Pow'r to fly,
There, without Hands, upon the Field they lie.

Wrench'd

16 BATTLE of the FROGS and MICE.

Wrench'd from their Holds, and scatter'd all around,
The bended Lances heap the cumber'd Ground.
Helpless Amazement, Fear pursuing Fear,
And mad Confusion thro' their Host appear:
O'er the wild Waste with headlong Flight they go,
Or creep conceal'd in vaulted Holes below.

But down *Olympus* to the Western Seas
Far-shooting *Phœbus* drove with fainter Rays;
And a whole War (so *Jove* ordain'd) begun,
Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving Sun.

F I N I S.

